

THE MASSACHUSETTS CAPITOL, BOSTON.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

*(AND BAY STATE MONTHLY)*

An Illustrated Monthly

DEVOTED TO THE

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, EDUCATIONAL  
AND GENERAL INTERESTS

OF THE

NEW ENGLAND STATES AND PEOPLE

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VOLUME V

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BOSTON  
ARTHUR P. DODGE

1887

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THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
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BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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Vol. V. No. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

Whole No. 25.

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**DISTINCTIVE TRAITS OF JOHN B. GOUGH.**

BY PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D.

(The following remarks were contained in a letter written by Prof. PARK to be read at the memorial service on the Sabbath after Mr. Gough's interment.)

IN these days, when every one is aiming to resemble some other one, we are impelled to inquire whether any other man like Mr. Gough ever did or ever will come upon the stage of life. He had an individuality all his own; and one of his distinctive traits was a combination of such qualities as are commonly distributed among several men, instead of being united in one man. Was he a man of genius? He was original, both in his thoughts and his feelings, and was distinguished for traits seeming to be inconsistent with each other, yet forming an admirable unity in this single individual. He was born to be an artist. He had an accurate eye, a deft hand, which, with all its infirmities, never lost its cunning, and he had both a delicate and an accurate taste for all that is beautiful. He executed some works of art, which will be highly prized by men of genius in our own land and in England. He was born to be an orator as well as an artist. Here was a singular union of his distinctive traits. There was no art in his oratory. His eloquence was nature itself. His body was lithe and seemed to be formed for those gestures that expressed the action of his versatile mind. He never learned to make gestures; they made themselves. He never stood before a mirror and practiced gesticulation. His oratory was the spontaneous outburst of his

personality. It depended on his character and derived its magnetic force from the original genius which lay behind it. I have seen him move his hand in such a way as fully expressed his thought before he had uttered a word. I have seen him move his foot in such a way as to make it unnecessary for him to move his lips.

His peculiar nervous organization made him unlike other men. It facilitated his fall into vice. Men would have apologized for his evil habits if he had not risen from them. They would have been called the penalty of genius. Sensitive as he was, we wonder that he did not lose his life when he lost his virtue. It has been said that he was trained in the school of penury. This is true. It has also been said that he was trained in the school of vice. This is not true. He was educated by his resistance to vice. It has been said that innocence never rises into virtue until it is tried. Mr. Gough's trial continued through life. It proved him to have been a hero. We do not expect that a man so tremblingly alive as he was to the power of temptation will remain firm and constant in resisting the evil which had once subdued him. We knew the impressibility of Mr. Gough's nature; we knew the perils of his excitable temperament; yet we felt as sure of his steadfastness and perseverance as if his temperament had been phlegmatic.

As a lecturer, Mr. Gough was a preacher of righteousness. He pressed upon the conscience the homely virtues. We scarcely believe ourselves when we say that he was born with powers fitting him to be a minister of the gospel, and also a theatrical performer. If he could have retained his health amid the seductions of the greenroom, he might have been eminent in the histrionic profession. Was it to be expected that his genius for comedy and tragedy would be employed during a long life in warning men against the very vices associated with the plays of the theatre? He was an imaginative man. He was also a mechanic. He had been an indigent book-binder, and he became a connoisseur of beautiful books. His library was full of costly volumes, rare specimens of the typographical art, rich and elegant pictures, on which he was wont to make choice criticisms. Very seldom can we find a private library more attractive than his to the lover of the fine arts. Outwardly his books were splendid; inwardly they were solid and instructive. They were classic treatises on all sub-



jects interesting to the general reader. They were not kept for show, but for information. Some of them he referred to; some he read; some he studied; by all he was stimulated to a love of letters. He had no ambition to be a learned man or a devourer of books, but he aimed to do good by his lectures, and to enrich them with thoughts suggested by the great masters of literature. He was so facetious and nimble-witted that he obtained the reputation of being a most amusing companion. He was amusing, but he was likewise edifying. He did not close a conversation or a lecture without some instructive remarks. He combined a marvelous clearness of perception with a marvelous quickness of intuition. While addressing a promiscuous assembly he detected at a glance when he should make a transition "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Being aware that "tears dry fast," he suddenly turned weeping into laughter. Being aware that ludicrous images will not long retain the interest of a sound mind, he suddenly turned the laughter into serious contemplation. His sallies of humor smoothed the way for solemn appeals; and his impressive admonitions gained a new power from the dazzling wit which introduced them. His facetious words attracted the giddy multitude to his lecture room, and men who would not listen to an orthodox sermon were impressed by his equally orthodox admonitions. Some have imagined that he was not a reasoner. He did see and feel the force of an argument, but he was distinguished by a ready and sharp insight rather than by a cumbrous logic. His rapid intuition outran the syllogism. In the first premise he foresaw the conclusion which others were laboring to prove. He was not a thoroughly read theologian, but he was more. He had an instinct darting into the truth and needing no chain of argumentation to insure his evangelical faith. From his familiar converse many well-instructed clergymen have derived fruitful maxims. He felt what he said. His prayers at the family altar were expressions of deep thought and honest feeling. Their reverential spirit was a kind of touchstone for sound doctrine.

During a warm but pleasant evening in 1844, I was walking with Prof. B. B. Edwards across the village green in Andover, and noticed that the Old South meeting-house was dimly lighted. Influenced by mere curiosity, we looked into the house and saw a young

man, apparently a boy, standing on the platform and addressing eighty or ninety auditors. Our attention was arrested by his musical voice. At that time its tones were like those of a flute. We were affected by his plaintive intonations. He seemed to be in a melancholy mood. Still, his facetious words chased his sorrowful accents swiftly as a weaver's shuttle glides with the woof through the warp of the fabric. We did not know the name of the young man, but we inwardly predicted that his frail body would be early consumed by his ardent mind. This was the penniless young man who was to spend more than forty years in raising thousands of inebriates from the gulf into which he had fallen. This was the uneducated young man who was to support many penniless youths in academies and colleges. This was the diffident young man who was to address the students and the professors of American and British universities, jurists, statesmen, clergymen, members of a Senate and members of a Parliament and to draw tears from their eyes while he retained his self-command. Reflecting on the act that he delivered nine thousand lectures to eight million five hundred thousand hearers, and left an example which is itself an impressive sermon to us all, and that he passed through unnumbered trials, perils, diseases, persecutions, we are reminded of the duty which he often exemplified:

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.  
His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY CALVERT WILSON.

WHEN Fletcher wrote his since well known and oft quoted lines, "Give me the making of a people's ballads and I care not who may make its laws," he recognized the wide-spread influence that a popular author always exercises over the minds of his readers, who in a civilized and cultured country form the masses of the people. As reason and justice necessarily form the basis upon which all legislative enactment is either urged or opposed, so do ballads impress us with the justice and strength of an argument, or Don Quixote-like laugh away its absurdities. Fichte, the German philosopher, calls the man of letters, "a priest continually unfolding the god-like to man."

Recognizing the great power and importance of a national literature in moulding the character of our people, and, in determining their influence upon our country's happiness and prosperity, we do not think that we can ask of our legislators too stringent measures for the encouragement and effectual protection of its authors, which it seems possible to secure by means of an international copyright only.

The principle of the rights of property is established upon so firm a basis, that it is considered the "key-stone of the arch of society." Is it not most important that this principle should embrace, under its protective provisions, all classes of property equally and impartially?

Now when a violation of these rights becomes so palpable an injustice that it outrages a large and most influential class of our population,—for as Mr. Carlyle says, "as it is the spiritual always that determines the material," the men of letters must be regarded as a most important class of our population—does not every sentiment of honor, every principle of justice call for a reconstruction of legislation, better adapted to the protection of this class of property?

In 1819 a copyright law seemed to American writers and inventors necessary to the protection of their property at home, and

Congress was empowered to "promote the progress of science and the useful arts, by securing for a limited time to authors and inventors exclusive rights to their respective writings and inventions."

How, we would ask, has Congress "promoted the progress of science,"—which, as logicians tell us, is knowledge in theory in contradistinction to art, the application of these theories—when it refuses to throw around our struggling literature the only protection, which in its competition with older, longer established nations, it can find, in the international copyright.

On February 2, 1837, Mr. Clay presented to the Senate, a memorial signed by fifty-seven English authors, representing the "injury to their reputation and property by need of a law to secure to them within the United States the exclusive rights to their respective writings," and requesting legislative remedy.

Mr. Clay very properly insisted that honor, justice and even morality demanded the passage of this law, and urged it with all the power of his matchless eloquence, closing his argument with a brilliant tribute to Sir Walter Scott, "whose writings," he said, "were dear alike to our country as to England, and read and enjoyed from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and yet he had received no compensation from American publishers for his labor, where an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, made his genius capable of greater efforts, and relieved his closing hours from the burden of debt and toil."

We maintain that the necessity for an international copyright grows more and more imperative every day. Our best men become more and more conscious of the evil effects of this injustice to foreign authors, and a retributive Nemesis, which follows nations as well as individuals, already comes to us in the form of a inferior national literature.

How can this be otherwise, when an American writer finds it almost an impossibility to dispose of his literary work, with the splendid literature of other nations attainable at little or no expense? Thoroughness and efficiency in literary work are the result of years of study, possibly of severe privations, and in giving our young literati increased protection, we obligate them to strive for greater excellence.



In 1838, Mr. Edward Everett Hale memorialized Congress, setting forth the impolitic as well as unjust construction of our law, and asking that it be made international. This called forth many counter petitions from publishers and booksellers, which caused its failure.

Even at this remote date we blush to quote the principal objection, that, incorporated into the printed report sent forth to the world, to our great discredit,—“by the enactment of an international copyright law in favor of British authors, the profits of trade and manufacture, and all the benefits arising from encouragement to national industry, would be for us ON THE WRONG SIDE of the ledger.”

Oh! short-sighted legislators! Our civilization, though a magnificent fabric, is little worth without the spirituality of sentiments of justice and integrity. With a traditional sensitiveness upon most questions affecting our national or individual honor, we were willing to say to the world, “this government is under no obligation to extend to foreigners exclusive copyright privileges.”

Human law unhappily finds it difficult to adjust antagonistic claims arising from different interests; we cannot legislate to destroy the motive of self-interest, for that we are told is the foundation of material progress; but here, by a singular paradox, that hectic of demagogism “the best interests of the masses” and justice become identical.

We make ethics a chief study in our schools and universities, it is ingrained with our Latin and Greek classics, we ally it with political science, making the latter, in its close relation to it, synonymous in the framing of laws of government for the continuance of our dignity and prosperity, and yet the syllogistic conclusion that “right is right,” in spite of all specious arguments, was never more applicable than in this question of the rights of both foreign and domestic authors to the protection of the international copyright.

In 1842, Mr. Clay again introduced his bill; in the same year, Mr. Irving; in 1843, Mr. Rufus Choate; in 1848, Mr. John Jay; in 1852, Mr. Sumner; and in 1866, Mr. John P. Baldwin, of Massachusetts; demonstrating conclusively the growing demand for this act of justice to foreigners, and protection for American writers.

Washington Irving, in 1842, writes to the editor of the Knicker-

bocker Magazine, citing a most flagrant instance of injustice done to an American author, a friend of his, just embarking upon the sea of literary life, whose works the publishers declined to accept upon the plea, that "they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, for which they had nothing to pay for copyright."

Should not such a statement as this at once have awakened our legislators to the necessity of most rigid protective measures for our American writers? Objecting strongly to communistic principles as regards material property, should we not as strenuously oppose the agrarian, who would seize upon the more sacred possessions of mental labor, and recognize no distinction of MEUM and TUUM. There is unfortunately no mechanism for the writer as for the inventor, which often enables him to make his work useless to others unless he will furnish them the key to unclosetheir treasures.

In 1873, the subject was very generally discussed in both Great Britain and the United States; and in referring to Mr. Morrill's adverse report in the Senate, we find, that while he concedes, that "both American and foreign authors are understood to be agreed, as well as the most important portion of American publishers," yet (to continue in the words of the report,) "the printers, type founders, binders, paper makers and others engaged in the manufacture of books, remonstrate against the measure, as calculated to diminish the popular sale and circulation of books, by raising the price thereof, and thus prejudicial to this branch of industry."

By what claim of justice or reason, we ask, would one branch of national industry expect to grow prosperous, or find employment, at the expense of another and more exalted one, without which they would not have the elemental material for their peculiar industry? It is an irrefutable fact of political economy, that the most intolerant agrarian becomes a conservative the moment he has anything to conserve. Let these same printers, type founders and binders become popular authors, and where would we find more zealous partisans for an international copyright?

In unreflecting obedience to the popular cry, our legislators tell us that it will diminish the circulation and advance the price of books. Would it not be a great advantage to the majority of our young readers if most of the light literature of the day was unat-

tainable? Statistics show that works on science and art are not now materially cheaper here than in England, and are rarely found in cheap editions. Our public libraries increase in number and size every year, and make all these works accessible to those who cannot buy them. We are told that "the masses of the people and buyers do not ask it." They have never been appealed to, and we feel so assured of their strict sense of justice and honor as a people, that we are prepared to say, that the supporters of this argument are misled by their construction of the advantages to what are termed "the masses." To a nation of honorable men the stigma of "literary piracy" is a source of constant mortification. We know of a very popular English writer, who is so prejudiced against Americans on this account, that she has repeatedly refused to meet them. Are we to be like the professional prophet, "glad of the harm that gives us a certain credit?" In the words of Charles Lamb, "Do we fear to find repentance for a good action?" In further reporting his committee Mr. Morrill said: "In construing the constitution, reference should be had to the condition of affairs at the period of its adoption." Here we agree with the Senator; as at the time of the framing of our constitution we had no literature, it was not necessary to legislate upon the subject.

This committee summed up the conclusion of their adverse report in these words: "That no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity, or of constitutional law."

A modern writer, in asking for a test of justice and benevolence, says: "It is with the man who has the public ear, and uses it to the advantage of the poor fellows who may be hindered of their dues, if their pretensions are treated with scorn." Must we not then ask of our legislators, who more than any one else have the public ear, to use every advantage for the benefit of our authors, than whom no class are more "hindered of their dues," or persistently denied just compensation for their labor?

No philosophic reasoning will enable us to find a present good in a long tolerated evil. There are times when under the most abnormal circumstances, instinct and aspiration seek to evolve from the mistakes of the past a blessing for the future.

Already a decadence in our literature is apparent; most of our brilliant writers of the last generation are passing away, and where will we find others to fill their places? Where will we look for our Websters, our Clays and Calhouns, our Prescotts, Motleys and Bancrofts, our Drapers, Emersons, Irvings, Hawthornes, Coopers, our Longfellows and Whittiers? We see but little promise in our young literature of to-day of doing so under the most favorable auspices. No one can deny that our sources of intellectual growth would have a long needed stimulus, and that its tone would be commensurately elevated by proper protection. Carlyle, in his "Hero Worship," speaks so pathetically of the author, "ruling from his grave after death whole nations and generations, who would not give him bread while living." In speaking of Dr. Samuel Johnson, he says: "The largest soul in all England, and provision made for it of fourpence half-penny a day!" Now that the subject is more generally understood and discussed, we feel assured of the ultimate passage of the bill. Our own Congress is making a more earnest effort in that direction, and the Gladstone Government introduced a bill into the House of Commons to carry into effect the terms of the convention of Berne last September. The Queen is authorized, by order in council to direct, that, as regards literary and artistic works first published in a foreign country, the author shall have copyright therein, for a period not exceeding the period for which authors are given a copyright in Great Britain.

This is of course to be reciprocal; it is to be hoped, that the provision of Senator Hawley's bill now before our Congress, requiring the republication of foreign works in this country, will not exclude us from the benefits of this bill should it become a law. The bill is said, in principle, to be very much the same as that introduced by a New York member of the Forty-Eighth Congress, and which the Judiciary Committee unanimously reported favorably; but a motion to suspend the rules and pass the bill failed of its two-thirds vote, though a large majority of the members voted in its favor.

In our political blessings we have so much for which to thank the spirit of noble self-abnegation of our forefathers, our independence and liberty of person, the institutions which give us our

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honorable place among nations, all won for us by their swords. A modern writer tells us truly that "the eminence, the nobleness of a people, depend on its capability of being stirred by memories, and of striving for what are called spiritual ends,"—ends which consist, not in immediate material possessions, but in the satisfaction of a great feeling, a consciousness of noble justice.

Shall not we of this generation bequeath these spiritual ends,—for justice and right are indeed spiritual—as a heritage to our descendants, and give them an honorable place among the world's scholars? Side by side with the memories of our forefather's struggles with the sword for national existence, let us leave those of our struggles with the pen for a national literature,—which we are told is the only part of a nation's glory that survives its physical destruction.

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## THE BROWNINGS.

BY IDA A. AHLBORN.

ELIZABETH.

The peaks of light lay in her view,  
Their glory flames the verses through;  
And still you feel her question you:  
Is God?

ROBERT.

His greatness is a faith sublime,  
That sees beyond all space and time  
And sings through measure and through rhyme:  
God is.

**A BOQUET OF WEEDS.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOMESPUN."

AS GOETHE, the German poet and philosopher, says the simplest pleasures are the more lasting, so may it be true that the plants we thoughtlessly trample under our feet yield a fragrance, whose place in the associations the rarest odors of rich exotics can never successfully dispute.

A weed is ordinarily a thing to be pulled up and flung away. Yet of the list of weeds that are familiar by their names to the ear, what one is there that, on being mentioned, cannot start some of the happiest of human thoughts and remembrances? Weeds are so homely and unassuming that they root themselves in the heart as they do by the roadside and in the garden. They bear the most endeared of familiar names, too. They are indigenous; savoring of soil and locality together; suggestive of domestic and individual experience; and in close sympathy with the common life of man. This it is that keeps them so fast in the affections, even when they are confessedly obstructive and worthless. A catalogue that should give the names of all the weeds with which we have an acquaintance from our childhood, would kindle far more pleasure in the thought than a companion schedule of foreign plants with invertebrate botanical titles, slow in the pronunciation and quick to be forgotten.

The names of weeds are poetic, for the reason that they have a human rather than a scientific signification. They are plants that grow by our doorsteps, about the sink drain, along the roadside, in the trodden paths, and always just where we are most likely to meet them. They are common. We like them without thinking why, and, like the friends of childhood and youth, we cherish them when we are unconscious of it. The gentle Cordelia knew her father was "as mad as the vex'd sea," because she saw him coming crowned, not with laurels or the honored growths of the garden, but

—“ With rank fumiter and furrow weeds,  
With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.”

Even then the weed was esteemed a worthless thing. In his moments of real or affected despondency, Byron can think of nothing with which to liken his life but a fruitless weed, flung by the ocean on a rock. But nature works faultlessly with her compensations. We may despise these humble harvests of unwelcome sowing, yet the sweat which is the cost of their eradication is nothing like the sweat of many another burden we are called to bear; and it may be disputed in all seriousness whether their submissive way of asking hospitality of us does not turn the edge of our hostility. Weeds, moreover, are among the very few things in this world that, though in sheer wantonness we destroy them, never fail of recompensing us for our pains with no less generous a supply. We may continue cutting them up forever, but they will keep coming all the thicker and assert themselves with a still more submissive persistency.

Strolling across lots, beyond the confines of gardens and orchards, they greet me in populous and thrifty colonies. The very thistle that is the farmer's special aversion, suggests on the instant the crest of Scotland and the purple of old Tyre, while it offers its couch of down to the morning bee to wallow in. To him it is the bed of royalty itself, with the brightness of the sky to tint its tapestries and gild its canopy. The nettle that I see growing by the edge of the stone-heap suggests the poet's immortal strawberry underneath. Its sting is resentful, but so minute a set of spines successfully defends its graceful stateliness and leafy dignity. Path-weed is a plain plant, which, with hardhack, dogtoes, motherwort, spearmint, and balm, binds up in the recollection with those fragrant decoctions or savory compresses which so soothe provoking ailments in midwinter.

Next, I leap the fence or the wall, and strike across toward the wood. In its half-shadows springs up a family of untutored plants, hardly to be named as weeds, though their native allies on the score of commonness. There is spearmint and pennyroyal,

that in their gathered bunches will make an upper chamber fragrant with wood-thoughts from harvest time to planting. There is elecampane, and princess pine, and bloodroot, and wake-robin, and gold-thread, and meadow rue; squirrel corn, and Solomon's seal; bellwort, and a host more, to entice the feet of one who finds companionship in pleasant associations into the sequestered wood paths across which the hen partridge troops her shy brood in the early days of autumn.

By the roadside grow yarrow and tansy, and all manner of herbs that rank with the weeds; vervain, mullein, brake,—all worthless practically, yet precious from the habit of association, that affectionately invite familiar feet to trample them without hesitation, dressing the old country ditches and stony banks along the roads with their grateful greenery; alluring the thoughts to the homeliest hospitalities; self-supporting; waiting on the bounty of no cultivator's hand; a largess of nature herself; and a hint of plenty where poverty alone is mistakenly supposed to reign. If we had the seeing eyes to discover the true beauty that is folded away in a roadside weed as well as in the aristocratic scion of the hot-house, there would be no such idle impatience that God had not distributed the wealth of His creation in a spirit of more equal profusion. And what and who are we, that we presume to compute the comparative value of weeds and exotics, and to rate them according to our near-sighted and fantastic rules of rank and vegetable royalty!

The native nursery of the weed is the garden. There it waxes fat almost with impunity, defying the sharpest blades and the most diligent hands. It springs up along the alleys and walks, runs in and out the rows of nascent vegetables, derides you quietly at evening when you walk forth in the cool of the day to glory in your morning accomplishment, and seems imperturbably resolved to maintain its footing both as the domestic man's companion and tormentor. Bless the faithful persistency of these friendly weeds in the garden! There are none to speak a kindly word for them, and I will fain pluck up the courage to do it myself. It is not uttered, of course, as a cultivator, but as a lover of all that rejoices to live on the fruitful bosom of our common mother. The pusley is an admitted nuisance and pest; the little chickweed mats the

ground with a damp barrenness; the vigorous dock and veiny plantain sprout along the course of the drain with a luxuriant confidence that all but defies the uprooting hand; and, from gate to summer-house, and from paling to back-wall, there is a multitudinous host of intrusive visitors, "creeping, creeping everywhere," now boldly coming forward into sight and showing their strength, and now shying in among the concealments of the vegetable overgrowth, but, without the trouble they make, certain to be sadly missed, even as one might sensibly lament a sentiment vanished from his heart.

Sore visitors as they are, though nowise comparable to the parasites that prey on vegetation and fruit, and so blamably bent as they are on choking the more valuable growths, they nevertheless do somehow make to themselves friends among those who indulge mainly in recreations at their presence. And I verily believe that if a homesick exile from his dear garden-spot were to sit down to a chapter of lamentations over the departed happiness of a loved occupation, he would not forget, in his affectionate enumeration of familiar plants, the very Weeds, vile as we call them, over which so much toil was yearly spent to so little effective purpose.

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## TO THE AMHERST HILLS.

BY ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

Hills to the North! where, a slumbering lion,  
Tobey lies couched in his carven pride,—  
Unto eternity your inspiration  
For the beholder still shall abide.

Oft have I wandered your mighty sides over,  
Felt the wild vigor your summit gives,  
Climbed o'er your rocky spurs, roamed through  
your gorges,  
Lived the sweet life that a dreamer lives.



Hills to the East! where the early arbutus  
Tenderly trails o'er your pastured lands,  
Where, with its glory and crowning of spruces,  
High o'er the Orient, Pisgah stands.

Hills to the South? your most beautiful ramparts  
Come to my eyes whene'er I recall  
Blessed old Amherst,—my dear Alma Mater,  
Happy art thou in thy Southern wall.

Like a high soul, that from struggle and sorrow  
Gaineth a sweetness more pure and fine,  
So hath this rampart, ice-worn and storm riven,  
Grown to a loveliness more divine.

Hills to the West! but a curtain of beauty  
Suddenly rises before mine eyes,  
For on the nearer and dearer horizon  
Views of the College of love arise.

I can not look to those far away hill-tops,  
When in the interval thou art seen,  
Beautiful Hampton! the queen of the valley,—  
Amherst, the prince, saluteth its queen.

Lo! it is sunset; again I am standing  
On the high look-out of college tower;  
Over the meadows the bell of old Hadley  
Softly proclaimeth the twilight hour.

Up to the North where Sugar-loaf mountain  
Raises its table-bluff stern and bold,  
Loveliest monarchs of light and of darkness  
Seem to be laying their cloth of gold.

Thus while the waning light falls upon Amherst,  
The hills round about in their glory stand,—  
Happy old Amherst, they fitly may symbol  
Thy beauty and strength, that is still more grand.

**THE WAYSIDE INN, AT SUDBURY.**

BY WALLACE DOWNES.

“ Along the varying road of life,  
In calm content, in toil or strife,  
At morn or noon, by night or day  
As time conducts him on his way,  
How oft doth man by care oppressed  
Find at an inn a place of rest ! ”

Pre-eminent among those institutions whose existences are sacrificed to the innovation of the railroad is the tavern, or inn. In the old world and in the new, the tavern has always been the rendezvous where the village joker and wit were wont to meet and keep their fireside audiences in good humor by happy jest or wondrous story. It was also the delightful retreat where the Rip Van Winkle — or hen-pecked husband — of the neighborhood found sweet respite from the “strife of tongues” of the irate, and, sometimes, long-suffering wife at home. The latest gossips always found ready listeners there; and from its hospitable hearth there went out over the invisible wires, that seem to thread every country community, the most reliable and trustworthy information possible about everybody and everything.

But alas! for the old time inn with its jollity and good cheer. How rapidly it is becoming a thing of the past! The hotel, with “all the modern improvements,” has, by a very natural evolution, displaced it. A melancholy, tenantless ghost of itself, along some little-used country road, or some modernized fragment in a now thriving young town, is about all there is to be found, by our rapidly changing civilization, of the old time inn.

At the period when the inn stood recognized among the establishments for promoting good-will towards man, England was the most famous country as regards the number of them; but while America lacked in numbers, its inns failed naught in the quality of their good cheer and wit.

It seemed therefore that it would be a source of much delight to visit one of those ancient hostleries before it shall have succumbed

to the inevitable decrees of time. Thus thinking, I, one day in autumn, made a journey to the old "Wayside Inn, at Sudbury."

About an hour's ride on the Massachusetts Central Railroad brought us to the ancient town of Sudbury, on the outskirts of which we meet the old Boston and Worcester turnpike,—over which, but a generation ago, the stage-coach lumbered twice a week, conveying travellers and the mail.

As we walk along this road, the rare beauty of the surrounding country calls forth our admiration and adoration. Such a scene as this met our eyes! Far to the left, beyond sloping land and hollows, Mount Nobscot and the hills of Middlesex arise amid draperies of purpling mist; woodland stretches, over which the year has thrown the autumn garment embellished with tinges of the deep red and brown of the oak, the rich yellow of the maple, with here and there an inlay of green pines. From our right winds and glides, serpent-like, through the far expanse of moist, brown meadow-land, the Sudbury river, bearing silvery gleams. And withal a softening haze pervades the whole country about. Thus we travel, allured by the finery of nature; and the more we study and admire, the more our orisons go forth to her, that we may have a better conception of her wonderful, changing self.

Suddenly we are disturbed in our devotions and musings by the abrupt curving of the road; and we emerge from the labyrinthine way into an open space, where first meets the eye the mansion so appropriately named by Longfellow, the "Wayside Inn." The seclusion of this tavern is favorable to meditation, and has the admirable effect of inducing the rarest pleasures of fantasy and sentiment. It is surrounded by great oaks, which, although having lived at least two hundred and fifty years, still retain their majesty and stretch forth their branches, whose "race of leaves" dishevelled by the wind throw about fluttering shadows during the happy daytime, and at night, a strange, sombrous gloom. But as "change doth unknit the tranquil strength of man," so of trees; these—the tutelary spirits of the inn—by the climatic changes of many years, show the rough and wrinkled skin of old age. "Knotted with age, yet beautiful" they stand, "preserved through many a year by the reverence of our forefathers."

The building has few architectural details. It is a large, gabled-



roof, clapboarded house, three stories high, flanked on either side by an ell. It has no less than seventy-nine windows, out of every one of which beamed good cheer and welcome in former days, — but now coldness.

Before we seek admittance over the ancient threshold, — for the doors are not now thrown open to the general public as once they were so freely — let us sit down under the branches of one of these glorious oaks, and review somewhat of the past history of the house and those who were its hosts.

This building, as a tavern, (it is the oldest in the country), withstood and defied the fitful blasts and thundering storms, snows



THE WAYSIDE INN.

and frosts, for nearly two centuries, having been opened to the public in the year 1686, by David Howe, and was retained by four generations of that family. Thus it was that it was first named "The Howe Tavern, at Sudbury."

Colonel Ezekiel Howe, the son and heir of David, came into possession of it at his father's death in 1746. It was during the rule of the Colonel, (who, by the way, was a great dignitary in those days), that the 'sign of the red horse' was first displayed, from which circumstance the name of the inn was changed from that of "The Howe Tavern, at Sudbury," to that of "The Red Horse Tavern," — which name distinguished it from "The White

Horse," at Boston, and "The Black Horse," at Marlboro'. In 1796, the Colonel died, having been landlord some sixty years. The inn then came into the possession of his son, Adam, who held control forty years, then died; at whose death his son Lyman took up the "reins of government," and carried on the tavern until 1860; when there being no longer use for it,—the stage-coach having given way to the railroad—its doors were closed upon a public which had ever esteemed this public house superior to all others in this country.

The hospitality of such a place was of course proverbial.

At the termination of its career, the old sign bore on one side the painting of the prancing red horse, and on the other the initials of the past tavern-keepers (except Lyman), with the dates of the beginning of the possession of each, viz.:

D. H., 1686.

E. H., 1746.

A. Howe, 1796.

During both the French and Indian and the Revolutionary wars, the Red Horse Tavern was greatly desired, by the soldiers, as a resting place; the chief reason being, I suppose, because of its reputation of having the best liquor of any of its contemporaries.

Let us now lift the great brass knocker and seek admittance. The lady in charge, being informed of our desire to see the interior, kindly admits us.

On entering we are confronted by a wide hall running through the basement floor from portal to portal, with spacious rooms on either side.

We enter first a large, square, low-studded room, with wainscotted walls, and ceiling supported by great, rough-hewn oak beams. This was known as the "best room," or parlor. It is stripped of many of its ancient accoutrements, but the great fireplace still remains; on whose hearth, when the fire burned with all its wonted glow, how many vagaries and fancies were created within the souls of the illustrious ones who mused in its fire-light! For was it not from such a sight that Longfellow wrote?—

"The fire-light, shedding o'er all  
The splendor of its ruddy glow,  
Filled the whole parlor, large and low."

The lines cut on the window-panes by that old tarred-and-feathered loyalist, Major Molineux, are still exhibited. On one of the panes is cut the following rhyme,—

“What do you think?  
Here is good drink!  
Perhaps you do not know it.  
If not in haste, stop and taste,  
You merry folks will show it.”

On the other pane is cut the author's name and the date, viz. :

“Wm. Molineux, Jr., Esq.  
24 June, 1774, Boston.”

A copy of the original Howe coat-of-arms is displayed hanging over the fire-place. Over the crest, interwoven among scrolls, leaves and heraldic devices, painted in lively hues, the following genealogy is inscribed :

“Creation of The most Noble & Puissant, LD. Charl., How EL of Lancaster & BR. of How of Wormleighton 1st commisr of ye Treasury, 1st Gent<sup>r</sup> of ye bedchamb<sup>r</sup> to his Maj. Kt. of ye garter & one of ye Gov<sup>rs</sup>. of ye Charte<sup>r</sup> house, Creat<sup>d</sup> Bt. How of Worm. toll in ye country of Warwick Nov<sup>r</sup>. 18, 1606 in ye 4th of James ye 1st & EL of Lancaster, Jun, ye 8th, 1643 in ye 19th of Charl<sup>s</sup>. ye 1st, of this fam<sup>y</sup>. which deriv<sup>s</sup> them-selv<sup>s</sup>. from a young<sup>r</sup> branch of ye ant<sup>t</sup>. B<sup>vs</sup>. How's men . . . . fam. many ages Since in Eng<sup>d</sup>. among which were Hugh How ye father & Son great faver<sup>ts</sup>. of KN. E<sup>dw</sup>. ye 2<sup>d</sup> J<sup>n</sup>. How Esq<sup>r</sup>. son to J<sup>n</sup>. How of Hodinhull in ye country of Warw<sup>k</sup>.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

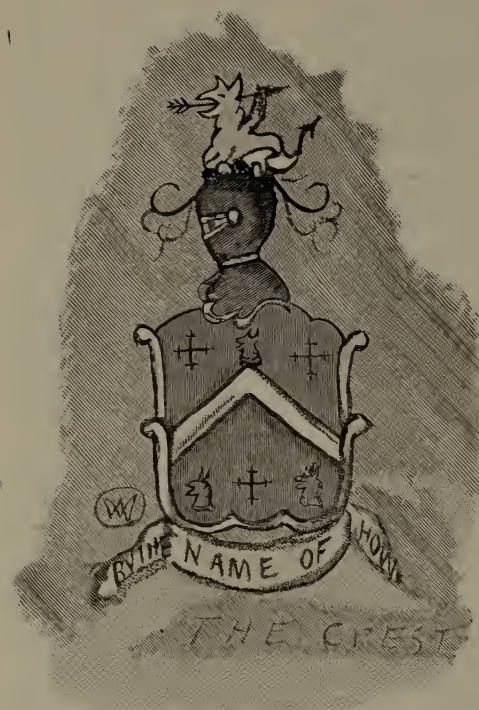
Below the shield the scroll reads, “By the name of Howe,” and below this scroll, the following description of the coat-of-arms is written :

Arms. He became Gules & Chevron Argent between 3 cros croslets & 3 wolfs heads of ye same crest on a wrath a Wyvern or Drag<sup>n</sup>. part D. per pale or & vert perced through ye mouth w<sup>th</sup> arow by ye Name of How. ye wolfs are ye fam<sup>s</sup> arms. cros<sup>s</sup> for Gt. Acct<sup>s</sup> done by ye 1st E. &c. &c. &c.

Lifting the old-fashioned latch by a great brass knob, we pull open the heavy oaken door and trn down the wide hall-way, but



are opposed in our passage by a large, wooden, five-bar gate. This gate divided the private from the public quarters. At the



end of the hall on the left we enter what was the "family sitting-room" of four generations of the Howe family. It is remarkable for nothing in particular except that its walls are covered with a curious kind of old-style wall-paper. Off this room is a long apartment which was utilized in getting up great dinners for special occasions. From the right of the hall we enter the "family dining room," which, like most of the rooms in the house, is of the square and low-studded style. It is supplied with two spa-

cious pantries, whose "good things" were kept from sight and whose appetizing odors were kept from the olfactory organ by the old-fashioned English double doors. Off this room is the famous tap-room, a rendezvous, in days of yore, of the greatest conviviality. Across one side of the room stretches a cavernous fire-place, in whose mouth great fires of oak burned. Then did "the crackling faggots fly" in all their glory, warming both the body and heart of those gathered about it. On another side stands the bar, fitted up with a wooden portcullis, which could be raised or lowered at will, and when closed drinks could be passed under it. The oak flooring of this room has been worn thinner than that of any other in the hostelry, by the tread of nearly two centuries. Across the ceiling the great beams are entirely blackened by steam rising from innumerable pots of "nut-brown

liquor." There can be no doubt but that this was the best patronized place in the whole house; and the several hosts must have had rules similar to the following (which were found in an old English inn), in order to preserve order and good humor in the assemblings:

“Call frequently.

Drink moderately.

Be good company.

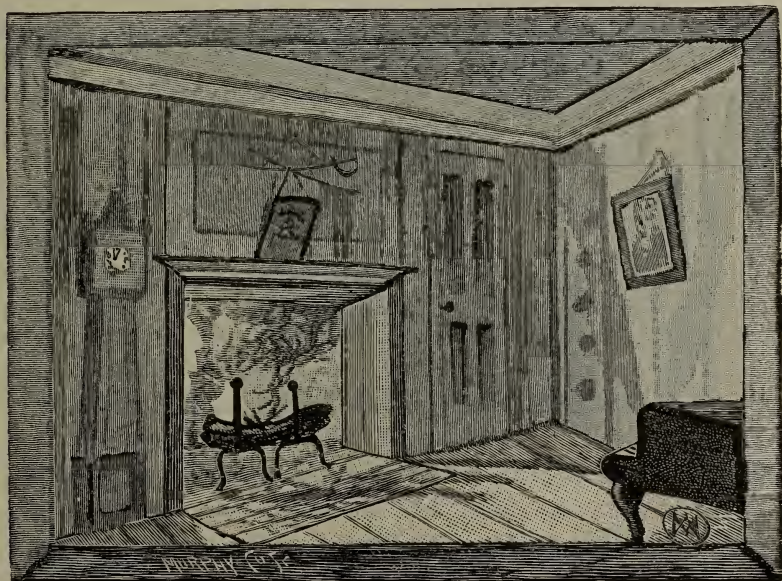
Part friendly.

Go home quietly.

Let these lines be no man's sorrow,

Pay to-day and I will trust to-morrow.”

We now ascend to the second story by a short, wide flight of creaking stairs. On this floor is the “Old Hall,” which was used



THE "BEST ROOM."

by the young men and maidens of Sudbury town in which to hold dancing parties, until, as years increased, and likewise dancers, it proved too small; and, therefore, the “New Hall” was built. It is about twice as large as the old one, and was added seventy years ago.

The next point of interest is the "La Fayette chambers." The 'suite' received its historic appellation from the supposed fact that La Fayette did once occupy it for a night. The walls of the rooms are covered with the oldest style of paper hanging found in this country, known as the "blue bell" pattern. The figure of the blue bell flower was stamped upon small squares of paper by hand, and square by square was laboriously placed upon the wall. The polished oak floors have been highly decorated with blue and brown flowers, painted in diamond checks.

These two rooms, making the suite, were the only apartments which were let in their entirety, and were accordingly very expensive. On passing into the next room we have a specimen of those which were not let in their entirety. This room, though quite small, was supplied with five beds, each of which was supposed to hold at least two individuals,—stage-drivers, peddlers, and the common lodgers occupied them. This chamber is easily and quickly accessible from the tap-room by a narrow stairway, and there must have been some remarkable manifestations in it, when the beds were occupied by a goodly number of "half spirited" fellows, who, possibly, had been driven from below on account of their too great hilarity, and who thought to rid themselves of the influences of Bacchus in the "communion of the drowsy god," but alas! could not "commune" with those lethean divinities.

Ascending another flight of crazy stairs brings us to the old attic, about which the spiders have strewn a great net-work of cobwebs. All about here were stretched beds innumerable, which were occupied by the very commonest lodgers.

There is an old room up here known as the "grain room," from the fact that during the Indian wars the grain was stored here to protect it from the savages. Places appear in the floor where great cracks have been covered with a axe-hewn boards, pieces of old boot leather, and cow-hide which never saw a tannery; and the walls are honeycombed with great holes, made by the rats.

We descended the three flights of stairs, which cry out most pitiably with the long-endured burdens.

We pass out of the venerable mansion of sublime effluence, which, with its traditions, inspired our great poet to write those delightful "Tales of a Wayside Inn," which will ever give it a celebrity and interest.



We find that we have spent a memorable afternoon; and now the sun has nearly gone to rest, and it is the time when the mighty oaks throw their sombrous gloom about.

We disappear down the labyrinthine road, feeling that the inspirations which we carry away shall be potent enough to exorcise all evil or inharmonious spirits—thoughts which labor to mar the happiness which we find in exercising good fellowship towards our fellow man.

Looking back we catch a farewell glance over the rising brow of a hillock, of which but a small portion is seen, darkened in the twilight.

As we proceed once more we fancy that we hear rumblings behind us, and instinctively our thoughts seek the inn.

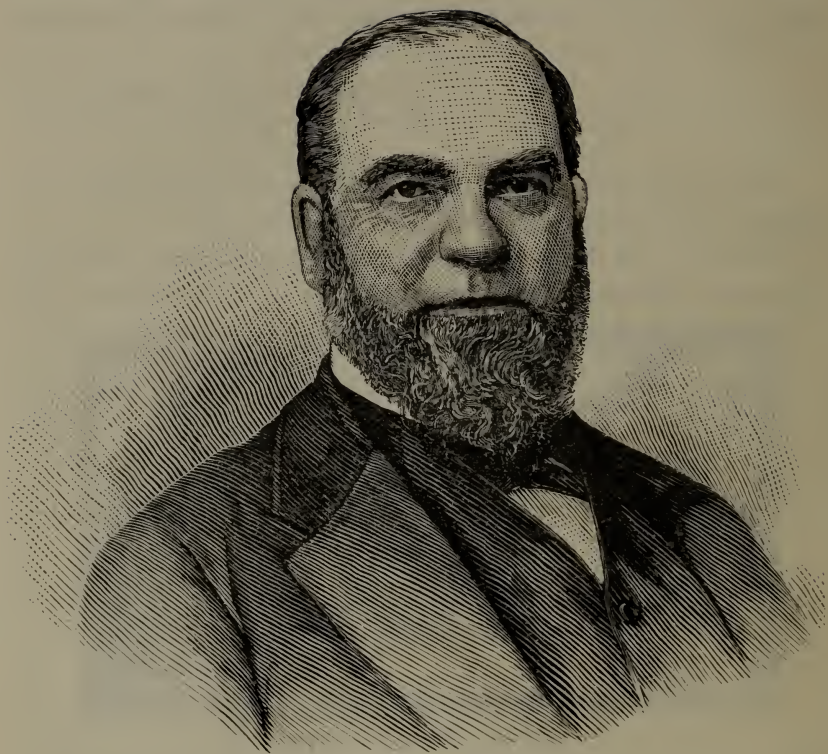
We seem to see the ponderous stage-coach just arrived. We hear the great commotion. There is mine jolly old host—Howe, just



SIGN OF THE "RED HORSE."

come forth with due courtesy to greet his newly arrived guests. Through the open doors great floods of light proceed from the tap-room, flecking the darkened road. Peals of merriment come from the same place, and are lost in echoes among the woods opposite. Then a loud blast is sounded and a cheer goes up, and off starts the coach again for Boston town, some twenty miles beyond. But ere it has passed beyond the meadows a suddenly rising mist envelops it, and it is hurried, as truant, back to the ages that are passed.

Mine was a day well spent at The Red Horse Tavern, or The Wayside Inn, at Sudbury Town.



JOSEPH ROBINSON BODWELL.

[Governor Elect of Maine.]

**JOSEPH ROBINSON BODWELL,**

Governor Elect of Maine.

BY CAPT. CHARLES E. NASH.

NEW ENGLAND is fertile in strong men; and, like her geological surface and her climate, her people are distinctive, and peculiarly her own. In building homes in the wilderness, the fathers and their children attained large development of mental and moral force, which the law of heredity soon fixed in succeeding generations. This robustness of character—shown in many forms of individuality—is as manifest to-day as ever, and is a potential factor all over the world; for in every civilized land are men of New England ancestry, distinguished in their various fields of activity for intelligence, enterprise, and high moral qualities. Not alone do statesmen and scholars give a country its eminence; New England would still have been great without her Webster or Longfellow. The tiller of the soil and the artisan were before either, and without them there could be neither statesman nor poet.

The subject of this sketch is a typical New England business man,—a product of the grand stimulative and educating forces of the land of his birth. His earliest colonial ancestor of whom there is public record was Henry Bodwell, a brave soldier in King Philip's war, (1675). His father, Joseph Bodwell, was a farmer in Methuen, Massachusetts, and occupied with his family for many years the homestead farm at the mouth of Spigot river. His mother's family name was Howe; she was a lady of culture and refinement.

Joseph Robinson Bodwell was born June 18, 1818. After the years of early childhood, like most farmers' sons, he was called to the work of the farm. It was in this school of manual labor, with toughened hands, skillful in the use of the simple tools of husbandry, that he passed his youth and early manhood. As all the energy of the hero may find scope in the cultivation of a single farm, so has New England homestead training ever been productive of the qualities that make distinguished men in the arena of

practical life. It was so in the case of the Methuen farmer's boy. Ruddy in health, of buoyant spirits, and resolute and self-reliant for whatever work or enterprise was before him, he early showed that superior individuality and force of character which we see in the mature man. While attending the district school — that grand institution which, to so many, constitutes the whole of their educational privilege — he earned money during evenings and the early mornings by making shoes. In 1838 he purchased in connection with his father, — largely with his own earnings — a farm in West Methuen, and with filial fidelity aided in its cultivation until his father's death in 1848.

While yet a farmer he took the steps that led him into the special business career in which he is so prominent. When capitalists began to utilize the water-power of the Merrimac at Lawrence, Massachusetts, Mr. Bodwell was employed to haul granite blocks from Pelham, New Hampshire, for the construction of a dam. In this capacity he became familiar with the art of quarrying and working granite. His long-cherished ambition to work in a wider and more lucrative field than a circumscribed country farm impelled him to concentrate all his energies in the direction of the granite industry. From this beginning he has been remarkably successful, rising from the position of humble employee, with goadstick and oxen, to the head of the granite business in the United States.

The State of Maine is rich in granite for architectural and other uses. The headlands and islands of Penobscot Bay had been the home of the sea-fowl, undisturbed by the quarryman's hammer, and worthless as property, until the quick perception of Mr. Bodwell, coupled with his practical knowledge and vigorous, enterprising, aggressive business qualities, showed that they could be transformed into quarries more valuable than gold mines. In 1852 Mr. Bodwell, in company with Hon. Moses Webster, began to work the quarries on Fox Island. Since then, under the inspiration of Mr. Bodwell and others endowed with his spirit and characteristics, these granite beds have been converted into scenes of busy industry, and made to yield material for the building of many magnificent national, state, civic and private edifices. Mr. Bodwell began operations here with one yoke of oxen, which he drove him-



self and shod with his own hands. From this beginning an association of capitalists organized under the name of the Bodwell Granite Company and elected the enterprising pioneer to its presidency; this position he still fills; under his management it has attained the stature of the leading granite company in the country.

Granite of lighter color and more delicate texture than that on the sea-coast is found in great abundance at Hallowell, on the Kennebec River, about forty miles inland. This is the most desirable kind for monumental and artistic purposes. These quarries had been abandoned for many years; Mr. Bodwell foresaw a popular demand for so handsome and valuable a quality of granite, and in 1866 removed with his family to Hallowell, where in 1870 was organized the now famous Hallowell Granite Company, of which he was then chosen, and still remains, president. The beautiful products of this association have been sent into nearly every State in the Union; its colossal statuary, like "*Faith*," at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the War Monument on Boston Common, rivalling white marble in its beauty, are to be found in all the great cities of the land, from Portland to New Orleans. The *Sphinx* in Mt. Auburn, the piece of sculpture which so arrests the attention of every visitor to that magnificent city of the dead, was carved from this quarry, as also some of the grandest edifices in the United States, like the Capitol at Albany.

Mr. Bodwell still retains his early love for agricultural pursuits. He owns and cultivates with success a large farm in Hallowell. His accurate judgment of the different kinds of live-stock, necessary to meet the demands of the country, led him to import a herd of thorough-bred Hereford cattle in 1879. This was a bold venture from which he did not expect financial success, but so favorable was the result that he has now become one of the largest importers of special blooded stocks in the country.

In public political life Mr. Bodwell has filled with ability various positions of trust and honor. He has twice represented his fellow-citizens in the Maine Legislature; two terms he served as Mayor of Hallowell; was delegate-at-large to the Chicago Convention in 1880, which nominated General Garfield. Friends have often pressed him in vain to accept nominations for higher offices; but he was induced to listen to the almost irresistible demand of the

Republican party of his adopted State, and accept the nomination for Governor, last June, and was elected in course by a handsome majority.

Mr. Bodwell is pre-eminently a business man. He possesses remarkable ability to project and execute large enterprises, which have uniformly been successful. Versatile and apparently equally efficient in diversified business departments, he is president of the Bodwell Water Power Company at Oldtown, Maine, a corporation which holds the largest water-power in New England. He carries on lumbering operations on the head-waters of the Kennebec river, and is a stock-holder and promoter in several railroad enterprises.

Mr. Bodwell, in his various enterprises, is a great employer of labor of all degrees of skill, from the simple drills-man to the artistic sculptor; from the woodsman, river-driver, millman and farm-hand, to the artist and designer of grand edifices and monuments; his various quarries are literally hives of industry. By his considerate treatment of his employees he holds in full measure their respect and esteem. No strike or lock-out ever occurred about his works. Having honorably risen, as if by gravitation, from the humble workingman to a lofty position in the business and financial world, his sympathies are too broad for injustice to exist which he can prevent. Mr. Bodwell's generous nature makes him strongly and practically philanthropic, without ostentation or desire for notoriety. Broad-brained and large-hearted, with the memory of his own early struggles fresh in his mind, he is quick to sympathize with those who are manfully wrestling with adverse circumstances. Many promising young men, assisted by his patronage, have entered upon business careers, whose usefulness and success are in some measure modelled after those of his own. A lover of knowledge, and a generous friend of education, his contributions to literary institutions have been liberal. He will be admiringly and lovingly remembered when the splendid granite structures he has helped to build shall have become old and picturesque ruins.

No act ever stained his business or personal honor and integrity; he has always worn the "white rose of a blameless life." His religious views have for their central thought the divine love and



care for the whole human race. His special affiliation is with the Universalist denomination. His domestic life is one of sweetness and joy. The strong and rugged side of his nature which the world sees, has love and gentleness for its obverse in the family circle. He married in 1848, Eunice daughter of Josiah Fox; she died in 1857, leaving one daughter, Persis M., who is now the widow of the late J. M. Paine of Hallowell. In 1859 he married Hannah C., sister of his former wife. Their only son, Joseph F., is a promising young man, now engaged in securing an education.

Born not to the purple, but to the simple inheritance of the average country boy,—obscurity, poverty, labor,—but with the manly brain and fibre that come from the rich, vigorous blood of puritan ancestry, disciplined to self-reliance in the stern school of practical life amid the peerless institutions and moral atmosphere of New England, Mr. Bodwell's magnificent career is a happy illustration of the grand flowering of New England civilization into men, strong and symmetrical, the honor of their generation and their country. To the youth of to-day his life is an example and an inspiration; the heritage that was his is theirs; his attainments and eminence are their possibilities.

## NICOLO CESI.

BY WILLIAM McARTHUR, LL. D.

## I.

"Is he mad, or a demon?"

"Both, I should imagine," was my unhesitating answer.

We were standing — my friend Jules Picot, who put the query, and myself — in the doorway of a cabaret not far from the fountain of Trevi, in one of the environs of Rome, regarding with amazement a singular display by the greatest violinist of the day, Nicolo Cesi. He was playing, inside the wine shop, to a group of persons in an humble sphere of life. My friend Picot and I had shortly before left the Colonna Palazzo where Cesi was engaged by its wealthy owner, at what might be considered fabulous remuneration, to render only two airs during the evening, and where he had evinced one of his capricious humors, — no extraordinary thing with him of late. On our way homeward, in which we took a circuit of a portion of the outskirts of the city, as the night was very fine, and attracted by the music, we discovered the man in this obscure wine shop, surrounded by a number of delighted — nay, enraptured — country people; Cesi obviously on the best of terms with his auditory, as were they with him.

It had long been my ambition to become a pupil of the great master; but rumor had credited him with a temper as vile as his genius was eminent; and it was accordingly a pleasant surprise to me to find the man so thoroughly good humored with his peasant audience.

My friend and I entered the shop, and after having paid for our wine we joined the crowd, to listen. Cesi's quick eye perceived us the moment we appeared, and he at once became sullen; twice he raised his violin to the position for playing, but each time quickly lowered it. He was however persuaded by his listeners to resume his performance. He then commenced to play a Romance of his own, to which we all listened so intently that each one felt his very breathing to be almost an intrusion. The master could never have played as he did on this occasion; for in that humble wine shop,

surrounded as he was by the tanned faces of the peasants, he elicited from his violin such melodious sounds as would not have been produced by him from that instrument in the concert rooms of any European city. The piece he essayed was the saddest and sweetest of melodies; each note went straight to the heart; and tears stood in the eyes of the impressionable Italians, many of them bearded, stalwart men.

The scene in itself was weirdly striking, and was one of those seldom witnessed by an Englishman. Under the swinging oil lamps Cesi's wild black eyes had all the unhappy restlessness of insanity, and his face grew white with the intensity of his passions. One could see by the expression of his countenance that each note came direct, as it were, from his very soul, and caused him agony; while his long nervous fingers seemed to caress the strings, so gently and dextrously was each movement performed.

It was some seconds after the musician had finished ere we realized the fact, and even then the delicious sounds we had been enjoying with such rapt attention seemed to float around and above. Then the moment's silent pause was succeeded by a burst of wild cheering.

Cesi then threw back his disordered hair from his heated brow, and nodded to my friend and me, who were standing slightly outside the group, the while waving his hand and smiling all around; but no one present could induce him to play again, and laughing gayly he left the house, followed by almost all the crowd; but so entranced had I become that it was only after I had proceeded some distance, that I missed my friend Picot from my side. Cesi went along, talking in a jocular strain with several of his humble admirers who kept well around him; and just as we all reached Mount Esquilinus, he wished us "*Buona notte*," and swiftly disappeared in the direction of the Baths of Trajan and Titus.

I found myself alongside a comely peasant, one Carlo Vatti, whom I knew as selling fruit at the Fountain of Trevi. The man, recognizing me, removed his hat, saying, as he fanned his heated brow before replacing it, "Ah, Signore, Cesi has led us a dance after him, but genius deserves to be honored everywhere."

I looked at the speaker in surprise, and then I realized where I was — in Rome.

Glad of the man's company, I took my way back to the interior of the city with Vatti, it being now past midnight, and my destination being close to the Porta del Popolo. Our conversation naturally dealt wholly with Cesi, and Vatti related to me many of his curious characteristics;—how he played nearly every night at that same wine shop, and how he always bade the company good night at the Esquiline Hill. My companion also dilated on Cesi's munificent generosity, and his charity to the poor in the cold winter season. "Ah, Cesi is great, Signore, yet he is mad. I remember him some years back, before he was so well known; he had then a very beautiful girl pupil with whom it is said he fell in love; they were married, and he used to leave Italy; however, he returned from foreign countries one night, and we never heard more of the lady; people say she died in one of the great cities, and Cesi never permits any allusion to her. I call to mind so often seeing them together of an evening in the Borghese Garden, and all Rome speculated on the probability of a marriage before many months would pass, between the maestro and his fair pupil. He was at that time quite sociable and genial, playing then for the nobles as graciously as he does now for the populace; but since his wife's death, Signor Cesi has never been the same,—and they say she would have been great too; for she was young then, barely sixteen, and played almost as well as Cesi himself did; and *Cielo!* how handsome she was, tall and graceful, with hair like the sunlight, and such hazel eyes. I heard, too, that she was English."

At the Fountain of Trevi we parted, I pursuing my way towards the Corso, where I found Jules Picot awaiting my arrival.

I could not help thinking all night about Cesi, and before morning broke I decided that, come what might, I should go to him that very day, and ask him to allow me to become his pupil.

## II.

CESI'S villa was, as regards locality, situated most charmingly among the ruins and the gigantic ilex bowers on the Esquiline Hill. It was some hours past noon by the time I reached the place. I perceived that the gardens were quite neglected. Everything around bore an air of languid repose, but it was the stillness of solitude. The atmosphere was laden with the perfume borne

on the warm breeze from the adjacent orange groves, and, although there were some evidences in the trailing vine of the labors of the husbandman of a bygone generation, all nature hereabouts appeared now to be surrendered to a condition of wildness as complete as if the hand of a destroyer had been stayed midway in its full career upon a cultivated garden. A ruined trellis here; a heap of tessellated tiles there; in one place the pedestal whereon stood once the now broken piece of statuary lying beside it, half concealed by tangled grass and creeping shrubs; broken fragments of the ruined curtilage walls spread about outside; — all bearing testimony to the withdrawal of the hand of man from a scene which, by the expenditure of a little care and the conservation of art, might have been rendered the fitting dwelling-place of a Catullus.

After having been detained a long time waiting, an aged man came out slowly across the stone courtyard in answer to my summons at the bell. He could tell me nothing save that his master was then from home, he having gone toward the city, but that in any event Signor Cesi never saw visitors, and it was therefore useless for me to remain. At first I actually thought of leaving, but after a few moments' deliberation I entered into conversation with the old servitor concerning his poultry yard. He invited me to see the fowl while being fed, and, as he scattered the grain about, I learned from him that Cesi lived absolutely alone, no one ever crossing the threshold save the musician himself, and my informant, Tito, who even himself saw very little of the maestro.

"I have simply to dress a good dinner, which he eats towards evening, by himself, after he has finished composing, and neither before nor after that, save to provide him with an early breakfast, do I see him. One whim of his," continued the old fellow, chuckling, "is that he must have covers laid for two, and then he locks the door on himself, and, to do him justice, he has a rare good appetite. He goes out after dinner, I believe, either to play at the palazzi of the nobility or to amuse himself."

"But does no one at all ever visit him? has he no pupils?" I inquired, "for that is why I am here."

"Well," responded the old man, glancing uneasily around, "unless it be the evil one himself—as I have little doubt—not a solitary individual sees him. Sometimes I hear sounds in his



rooms when he is out. But the holy saints preserve us," he ejaculated, crossing himself, "all Rome says he has bartered his soul as Paganini did, for his violin playing. You do not think, signor, that the devil eats as we do? I often intended to ask *il Padre Michele*. I dare say he will be able to tell me, for it might be a mortal sin, *povero me!* were I to be cooking victuals for the past year or more for his majesty," observed Tito, with a shudder, as he pointed downwards with his forefinger.

Smiling at the garrulous old man's conceit, I indulged him in his fancies, for it is generally useless to try reason, or to argue concerning the supernatural with an Italian; therefore I sat under the orange trees and said nothing, hoping each moment to see the great maestro; but Tito, when he had finished feeding his geese and chickens, told me sturdily that I should have to leave soon, as it was near dinner time and Signor Cesi was expected, else he should lose his place, and *in fede mia*, he added firmly, "that would be too much of a sacrifice for sake of gratifying a stranger's curiosity."

I saw the situation plainly then, and at last, aided by the bribe of ten liras, a substantial *douceur* in the eyes of an Italian peasant, Tito consented to accompany me through the edifice. It was in structure a gloomy Italian villa half in ruins, abounding in frescoes which Horace and Mæcenæ may possibly have gazed on, although the colors were still almost fresh. The vestibule was supported by marble pillars topped by Doric capitals, and on either side were to be seen some specimens of fine sculpture, including the "Orpheus and Eurydice" after Praxiteles. Inside the abode, dust lay upon everything thickly; the inlaid floor and the quaintly designed furniture of a dead age were covered with it; whilst in two or three of the chambers were to be seen several violins, and violins only; Cesi was a collector evidently, I thought, as I regarded them. At the furthest end of the dwelling I at length came upon the first signs of habitation; for, in a long, lofty room, whither my guide led me, in which were choicest frescoes and casts of the Laocœon and Apollo Belvidere, I observed Cesi's *escritoire*, of a modern style in ebony and gold, entirely out of harmony with the lofty Roman chamber. The *escritoire* was piled with manuscript parts. The atmosphere around was heavy with the odors of the



flowers which the nobles of Rome so lavishly bestowed on the great maestro ; some scattered around were already dead, others were nearly so, whilst on all the side tables and chairs, also in a large carved wardrobe, a medley of wearing apparel of all descriptions was distributed.

At the extreme end of the apartment a heavy velvet *portiere* depended over the entrance to what appeared to be a deep alcove, and deciding in my mind that this was Cesi's sleeping apartment, I left Tito's side, and stepping across the room, lifted the curtain, being curious to see the chamber in which the great musician slept and dreamed. Just as I raised it, however, and perceived that a door barred further progress, I heard, as I fancied, the faint sound of footsteps at the other side of the door.

Cesi must be there, I concluded. Here was my opportunity. Had old Tito spoken falsely about his being away? I had, however, the test ready.

"Tito," said I, "the dust of these rooms is so intolerable that I would give a deal for a drink of water. Will you kindly fetch me one?"

"Probably signor would prefer an orange."

"Certainly, good Tito, you may as well bring me both," I responded, as I slipped into his hand a few liras, which the old servant clutched eagerly as he departed.

"You will not leave this apartment till I return," stipulated Tito, "I shall be back presently."

Seizing the opportunity afforded by the old man's temporary absence, I tried the handle of the door, but finding it locked, I turned the key which was on the outside.

Upon opening the door I found it led into a room which was ablaze with waxlights, and standing in the centre of the apartment was the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld. I was struck dumb with wonderment at the scene around me. Not a vestige of daylight was visible, and in every available corner were gigantic candelabras holding lights. Behind the lady was a writing table, similar to the ebony one in the outer room, and on it rested a lamp having a pale pink globe that threw a subdued light over surrounding objects. I thought at first that I might be dreaming, and said under my breath, "This comes of drinking wine at break-

fast and then sitting in the sun;" but I felt my waking senses could not deceive me to such an extent, and that the scene before me was too palpable to sight to be anything but real. The girl, for in years she was scarcely more, stood watching me with dilated eyes, she then raised one hand to her brow, her lips parted, but her utterance entirely failed her for the moment. I approached her deferentially, and uttered in somewhat imperfect Italian an apology to "*La signorina*" (as I concluded her to be) for my intrusion, when she burst into tears, and addressing me in a tone of great agitation but of exquisite sweetness, exclaimed, "Do you not know me? I am Cesi's wife; you, Signore, must save me!"

I stood as if transfixed, but it was only for a moment, and I returned sympathetically,—

"Tell me everything, Signora; for at present I know nothing save what rumor states—all the world believe you dead."

"Dead!" she ejaculated in surprise. "No, I came here with Cesi, and have been detained here by stratagem. It seems for years—ages. Oh! for the blessed sunshine." She rushed past me to the outer room, and approaching the window placed her hands before her eyes to exclude the glare for the moment, and kneeling down was seized with a fit of hysterical weeping. "Oh, light! light!" she cried, so frantically that I thought she, too, must be demented, like Cesi. When, however, she turned her face to me I knew, from the intelligent expression of her beautiful, but sad eyes, that she was as sane as any one.

"Am I not right, Signore; this is the Poet's Hill? and I have been living here so long," she observed. She then stood quietly for a few seconds, looking out over the city, evidently lost in thought; until, straining my ears and hearing the sound in the stone vestibule below of old Tito returning from the garden, limping along with oranges, I touched her arm.

"Signora, why not leave now? Not an instant is to be lost."

I had scarcely spoken when we saw Cesi coming through the gardens toward the house. His wife drew far back, and wringing her hands exclaimed rapidly, "*Sono perduto!* He will kill you if he finds you here. Hide somewhere, quick—quick! and turn the key on me; Cesi forgot to take the key when he locked the door; but, Signore, stay near, say you will save me!"

I assured her that I would, and hurrying her across the room to the inner chamber, locked her in. Cesi was by this time in the stone courtyard outside, and I looked around for some safe retreat; there was none but the large wardrobe, and slipping behind a long cloak, from which, favored by the darkness of the place where I was crouched, I could see everything that transpired in the room. I held my breath to listen. It seemed an age till the musician entered, closely followed by Tito, bearing a large tray covered with dining requisites. Cesi looked in at the door without uttering a word, and then went across the apartment to his wife's room, and throwing aside the *portiere*, he entered. I just caught one glimpse of the interior, and of Signora Cesi's ghastly face as she bent over her writing, then the door was closed on them and locked on the inside. For a long while I could hear their voices, and Cesi in about half-an-hour came out of the room, this time carrying several large sheets of manuscript music and bringing the key also.

For at least two hours the maestro played divinely, and once or twice I nearly forgot where I was and was about to applaud. Daylight began to fade and still he played on; then, with an impatient exclamation, he laid down the violin, and, after marking something on the manuscript, he merely handed it back to his wife, who, on being called, had come to the door of the apartment for the purpose; and then, locking her in, he put on his hat, took the violin case in his hand and went out.

I at once came from my hiding place, and watched him in the purple twilight, going through the ilex grove, then I went and lifted the curtain to release the woman, but the key was gone. I tapped at the door, and assured her, as best I was able, that I would be there in the morning. She answered me hopefully from within, and then, after losing my way several times among the strange corridors of the building, I at length stood in the courtyard, and, hastily glancing around, hurried back to the Corso.

I was due that night at the salon of the Marchese Ruspoli; therefore, after changing my attire, I went early, especially as Cesi was to be there. The Marchese's salon was the gayest, yet the most exclusive in the city, and, in faultless evening dress, Cesi stood at the end furthest from the door, evidently in one of his best moods. La Signorina Lucia, the charming daughter of my hostess,

motioned to me as I entered, and after a few hurried sentences to her mother, I passed over to the young lady. Cesi was standing not far from us, and *la signorina* confided to me that the musician was, as a great favor, to play one of his new rhapsodies for the violin.

The whole attention of the company seemed to be centred on Cesi, and I perceived that he bore the homage rendered him with the most perfect *insouciance*. I had now the great satisfaction of hearing the rhapsody a second time that day; for it was what I had heard him play, or, it might be, rehearse, while I stood secreted in his wardrobe. After Cesi, having received all kinds of compliments, sat down, I approached him, and made some observation upon the transcendent merit of the production.

"It is my best yet, I feel sure," he said, as I fancied, with a tinge of pride, if not actual vanity, in his tone, "my best, though it had no existence till this morning. I had it barely finished when I left the house."

I laughed within myself at his little fib: for I had heard him practising the piece for two good hours. And then it was not new, either, inasmuch as he had been out till midday; but, of course, I made no observation on this, and he continued, meditatively: "Yes; it will be much better; much better."

"And is it possible," I queried, as if amazed, "that you only finished it before you left home?"

"Not only possible, but it is true. One half of it is only just written; the other half is still to be composed," was the answer, given with a look in which it was hard to know whether pride or affected humility had the greater mastery over the speaker, as he stared steadily at me, with an assumption of coolness that almost nonplussed me, knowing as much as I did of the whole affair.

"Then it is what you call an improvisation?" I ventured to interpose.

The idea seemed to cause him pique; for he moved away as he replied, frigidly: "An improvisation! Nay, what folly! It cost me many days of incessant thought and application; but until this evening it was not given to the world."

That night all my enthusiasm for Cesi died; and instead of following him to the wine shop, as otherwise I assuredly would



have done, I went home to think of nothing but his unhappily placed wife, and of her voice, which possessed a sweetness of melody that made one think of the cherubim.

## III.

AFTER hours spent in hunting through several shops in the Quarter Vespasiani for old keys, I went on the following evening to the villa on the Esquiline Hill; and after having successfully evaded Cesi, who passed me near the Baths of Trajan, and eluded the vigilance of old Tito, I got safely inside. Luckily, one key, almost skeleton in pattern, opened the door of the inner room.

Cesi's wife received me, and I shall never forget the look of relief and of gratitude that came over her face, as she expressed her thanks, "*Signore, Quanto le sono mai obbligato.*" I had, however, expected upon meeting her to find that she had made some preparations for a hurried departure, but instead, she seemed to have done nothing whatever in that respect; and her *négligé* robe of pale satin had nothing about it that would suggest the idea of an intention to leave.

I said as much to her, as I considered I had incurred a great personal risk, and my conduct might be deemed open to censure, in penetrating the privacy of any man's dwelling in this way, even though the mission I was on was dictated by disinterested motives, by humanity even.

"Everything but that, used as a wrap," said she, pointing to a long-hooded cloak, "has been taken from me; so I must only fasten the hood over my head. But, Signore, I am not quite ready yet. I have some work to do, and it is not near dusk."

I followed her to the writing table, and there lay Cesi's rhapsody of the night previous, with some additions and variations, apparently fresh-added, the ink being still wet.

I started and inquired, "Has he only now gone out?" Then recollecting that I had seen him near the Baths, I was about to inquire why the ink was so fresh. She had, however, seated herself, and seemingly paid no heed to my presence, for she was completely engrossed with her work—feverishly absorbed, but I could not avoid trying to solve the difficulty, and I therefore ventured to touch her lightly on the arm. She looked up with a start, and

said incoherently, "It must be done. Yes, it must;—and before night, too. He plays at the Vatican; his rival is to be there—Viosti. They should be friends—they must."

"But whose composition is it?" I inquired steadily, looking into her eyes as I spoke.

She flushed under my gaze, and answered confusedly, "His—of course."

"And what score are you writing now?" I asked.

"Will Signore forgive me for trying to deceive him? That is the explanation for my being kept here. I—I compose what Cesi plays."

"What!" I cried, "Is he so great a charlatan?"

The woman turned on me laughingly, starting to her feet and throwing down her pen. "Silence!" she exclaimed imperiously. "Say nothing against him. He is the greatest violinist the world has ever produced,—save one, perhaps, and all should revere him as such. My poor compositions but please him and afford him more leisure. He honors, aye, honors them by using them; and although, Signore," she said in a more mollified tone, "he has kept me here much against my will, he will always be Nicolo Cesi."

I urged nothing in reply, as I then discovered for the first time the reverence entertained by a pupil for a great master, amounting in this instance almost to love itself, had taken firm possession of Giulia Cesi, despite the man's selfish cruelty. And when I considered the inexplicable endurance by her of tyranny in its worst manifestations of eccentricity and avarice, the aphorism of Montaigne in reference to the self-abnegating devotion of some women, at once rushed to my mind, "Hero-worship is the supplement of infatuation. Where unbounded admiration predominates, every other sentiment and emotion becomes gradually extinct." Being careful, therefore, not to rudely disturb her predilections, nor to shatter the idol of her choice, I remained silent. For an hour or more the woman worked steadily, occasionally having recourse to a violin of most mellifluous tone which lay beside her, I sitting opposite her the while, conscious that never had I beheld so perfect a countenance and form, and even though her face was pallid, its color seemed to be rather the effect of inces-



sant intellectual labor and want of fresh air, than of bodily weakness.

Finally she ceased writing, and looked at me wildly, her large eyes becoming dilated. "Has my deliverance really come at last?" she half whispered, now recovering her feet with difficulty. "Oh! my friend, how can I ever thank you sufficiently. It all seems so strange to leave here and Cesi. But I cannot die," she exclaimed passionately. "No, I am too young for that; it is too early for life's volume to be closed on me in this prison-house."

Tears came to her relief. She then said, as if surmising that I was about to utter some disparagement of her hero, "Let us say nothing of my Cesi. If I have been of the slightest use to him, I am amply rewarded."

Upon my making an impatient gesture, for I felt that she was consuming valuable time, and began in consequence almost to regret the dangerous enterprise I was engaged in, the lady folded the long cloak around her form and pulled the hood well down over the sunny curls, which the fruit-seller had likened to sunlight; then, taking my arm, she was hurried by me through the various corridors of the villa, out into the twilight.

The signora stumbled a little at first, and had to close her eyes, but as we went down through the grove, the perfumed air, freshened as it was by the evening breeze, seemed to revive her, and to impart strength to her tottering limbs. In a brief space of time I brought her to the house of the sister of one of the *attachés* of the British Legation, with whom, without disclosing secrets, I had previously made arrangements for the reception of an English lady in whom I stated I took an interest; adding that, as possibly her case might become one requiring diplomatic aid, secrecy at present was all important.

Upon reaching my home I instructed my aged housekeeper, Marcella, whom I sent for that purpose, to see after the wants of my *protégé* and to remain with her for a time.

Returning to my friend's house in the course of half an hour, I found Cesi's wife reclining on a lounge. When she perceived me she hastily extended her hand, as under a grateful impulse.

"Do not say anything, Signora, I entreat," said I assuringly, "but take rest for a day or two. All arrangements for your safe withdrawal to England can be made."

"But my husband?" she inquired hurriedly.

"Oh! do not at present concern yourself about him. I go to the Vatican this evening to hear him and his rival, and I shall tell you all," I promised her.

Marcella having drawn the blinds and opened the windows for her fair charge, I went home to dress.

The Vatican party that evening was very small and select. Save for two or three honored outsiders, the company numbered only some of the Italian notables and highest ecclesiastics.

Viosti came punctually to time, but Cesi was so late that all had nearly given him up, and were momentarily expecting the entrance of one of the lay functionaries of the palace, with a note of apology, when he himself at length appeared. I alone was aware of the cause of his detention.

His clothes were in disarray, and his jet black hair was thrown back roughly from his forehead. He looked around wildly in quest of somebody, but the instant his eye lighted on Viosti he stood at his full height, then bowed with impressiveness to him.

"These two detest each other," whispered the Marquise di Ruspoli in my ear, "but you will see that Cesi beats the Florentine. We shall have a treat this evening, for our Roman is madder than ever."

Cesi, in whose mind a contest appeared to be raging, judging from the variableness of his demeanor, sullenly declined to lead, whereupon Viosti, with charming humility, politely produced his violin. There could be no doubt that the Florentine's playing was unexceptional, and that, proficient as he was, he excelled himself on this occasion, his tone being the sweetest imaginable. Once, while he compassed some extremely difficult passages in harmonies, we were struck with wonder at the accurate fingering which he displayed; even Cesi himself looked up and smiled, only, however, on recollecting himself, to relapse into sullen gloom. But, compared with the captivating beauty and weird loveliness of Cesi's style of execution, the Florentine's best effort, despite its rare toning and exquisite smoothness, and its delicacy of touch, was completely eclipsed. The other listeners evidently thought so too, for although they applauded both musicians severally, with hearty vigor and enthusiasm, their plaudits were intended in most

part for Cesi. He stood for a few moments tuning his fourth string, then my friend Ruspoli whispered to Viosti, "This is a new work of Cesi's, composed since morning, he informed me, in honor of the occasion, and the maestro has dedicated it to you. Is it not so, Maestro?" he inquired of Cesi.

Cesi looked at his rival a moment, then his face beamed and a kindly expression banished the sullenness from his brow.

"Yes," he replied, with unwonted gentleness of accent, yet so audibly that he was distinctly heard by all the assembly, "it is dedicated to my good and esteemed friend Signore Viosti, with my sincerest love and profoundest admiration."

A murmur of approval went around, and Viosti, who, to do him justice, was a man of naturally amiable parts, almost with tears in his eyes, and after the manner of Italians, publicly embraced Cesi, his sometime rival.

The first few bars of the rhapsody elated us all. This work of "Reconciliation," then, was what Giulietta Cesi had actually been engaged on while I sat watching and waiting for her that day. I could not fail to recognize an occasional bar here and there of the symphony. Could Cesi himself have spontaneously selected the subject? I inquired of myself. No, such was most unlikely. It appeared to me that his wife, before leaving finally, had suggested it, and that the man himself when he returned and discovered her justifiable flight from slow murder and found her composition on the desk ready for him—the last he knew she would ever compose for him, was so chastened by the incident of her departure, and so softened and subdued by the joy-inspiring strain, that his sterner nature had to yield, not without reluctance, to the dissolving influence of the spell produced by the work. Besides, too, it was her last—her latest piece, her departing legacy. Was there in all this (Cesi must have reasoned within himself,) a presentiment of immediate evil which his superstitious nature coerced him to avert by compliance with what now seemed to be his wife's parting injunction? Was his better angel hovering around him, prompting him, ere it was too late, to bury all animosity toward his fellow-man?

We listened to the most wonderful passages of almost insurmountable difficulties, certainly invincible now to all but a Cesi,

passages so exquisitely harmonious, that it seemed to us—so carried away were we—the violinist must for the time being be imbued with the divine *afflatus*. Of the work itself, each note sounded as a benison upon all around; while the composition was such as would not have been unworthy of a place in the chorus of the angelic throng in their Song to the Shepherds.

The great maestro,—magician he deserves also to be styled, having concluded, resumed his seat. We crowded about him, and tried to find words to express our delight. His face had now completely lost its oft assumed saturnine expression, and a smile wreathed his clear-cut features, while his wonderful eyes seemed to have within them something not of this earth.

I was no longer amazed at his wife's adoration, and with closed eyes I listened to him while he played again. It was this time a simple melody he chose, so drearily sad and so pathetically appealing, that when the musician had finished we could only cluster around him silently and whisper our thanks. He understood us, and shaking Viosi by the hand, with a fervently uttered "*Dio la garde*" he bowed to the assembled company, and went out alone.

Before departing, however, he said to Ruspoli, with a smile, but beyond Viosi's hearing, "I am glad to have pleased you all. Glad for Rome's sake."

The marquise then caught both his hands and said with enthusiastic delight, "Maestro, Viosi is grand; Viosi is magnificent; but he will never attain to the pinnacle on which our Cesi stands. *Vada con Dio!*"

Going homeward through the quiet moonlit streets, I speculated whether Cesi would go to his old haunt, the wine shop, and play for the peasants. I sauntered thither, as it was yet early, but found the place deserted, and learned that the maestro had not been there, from which I opined that Cesi had surely taken his wife's flight to heart.

As it was not very late by the time I returned to my friend's house, I called on Cesi's wife and informed her of his great triumph of that night, and of the reconciliation between her husband and Viosi. Her face flushed with joy, and she then asked eagerly: "And my music. How did they receive it?"

"All were unanimous," replied I, "that such music had never



been heard before, that it was divine, and that the signor acquitted himself as the greatest violinist and musical genius of his day."

She appeared highly gratified, and said, as she clasped her hands contentedly, "I am glad, so very glad, that I have been of the smallest service to him, and even although my life was almost unendurable, still it has been all for *him*."

I then bade her good night and went home, but somehow I felt restless and melancholy, and sat smoking at my window for hours before retiring.

#### IV.

About noon the next day old Tito rushed to the Vatican with the tidings, that upon going to arouse his master he found him lifeless on his couch. The news spread with lightning speed to every district of the city, for Rome dearly loved her great violinist. Messengers from the nobility were despatched to Cesi's villa to ascertain if the intelligence were really accurate, but they found that Tito had spoken only too truly.

All that day, citizens and peasants on foot, and nobles in carriages, went down through the avenues to see the illustrious dead. I broke the news gently to Giuletta, and after one wild burst of bitter weeping she became more composed. The same evening, along with Marcella, I accompanied her to the Esquiline Hill to view what remained of the maestro. He was lying in one of the best rooms, the catafalque containing the body being loaded with flowers.

Signora Cesi, on entering the chamber, raised for a moment the thick veil which concealed her features and kissed him reverently, and then laid a chaplet of white roses upon the bier. Amidst the masses of gorgeous and rare flowers Giuletta Cesi's simple offering seemed insignificant, and those around the body, when she had withdrawn to the garden to hide her agitation, tried to remove it, but I spoke hastily and almost madly, "Let it be! It is *her* offering."

But little knew they that the unknown female who just then had placed there that unpretentious tribute which they almost spurned, had been in a great degree the means of adding lustre to a name



which Time can never dim, and whose brilliancy shall shine through future ages, wherever true musical talent is appreciated.

I went to where the signora was seated outside, and so inconsolable was she, it was only by the aid of the persuasion of Marcella that, toward morning, I induced her to return with us.

The funeral of the maestro, the third day after his death, passed along the Corso, and whilst Giuletta watched the crowds as they thronged past the balcony where we were standing, she muttered once, "All Rome surely recognizes his greatness."

When the cortége had disappeared from view, the signora repaired to my friend's house, where for days she lay too ill to bear removal. But one afternoon, quite unexpectedly, she came and thanked me in broken accents.

I learned now that more than three years had elapsed since the time when Giuletta Cesi, then Juliet Brandon, first became the pupil of Nicolo Cesi. From her infancy she had been an ardent lover of music, and at the tender age of eleven she was regarded as a prodigy in that art. For four years afterwards she studied with assiduity the difficult instrument which she had adopted under two of the best masters which London could produce, for her family were wealthy and spared no expense on her musical training. Soon after the death of her father, the girl, who was then scarcely fifteen, was accompanied by her mother to Italy, where she placed herself under Cesi's tuition. A finished musician himself, he at once recognized the marvellous talent of Miss Brandon, and was not slow to avail himself of it. His *forte*, though he was an adept in both departments, lay the more in execution, her's in composition, though as an executant it was conceded that she was almost as perfect as her teacher, and that in course of time, unless he by constant application continued to keep his position well in advance of her, the girl would become fully his equal. Cesi's age was at that time not more than thirty, a period of life when a violinist who has commenced early is generally at his best,—when his brain is nimble, and the muscles and nerves obey the promptings of the intellect. Cesi went upon several professional tours, and it was then that his mind, which lived on the incense of adulation, gave birth to the idea of placing Juliet Brandon—his whilom compeer—in the background, and of rendering her subservient to

his ambitious projects; he himself standing in the forefront alone, with undivided empire as *par excellence* "il maestro." His manipulation of the bow, exercised as it was by him night and day, consumed more of his time than allowed of his devoting unintermitted attention to composing, the drudgery of which moreover he felt interfered with his proficiency and advancement as a performer. Besides all this, he came to consider that his wife—for he had by this time, notwithstanding some objection on the part of her mother, married his admiring pupil—was his equal at the pen, and that she by this time knew, better than any one else, how to adapt her style of composition to his peculiar method of playing. Their tastes—her inspiration in creating, his in developing—ran entirely in the same groove. His rival, Viosti, it is true, both composed and performed, but the number of new pieces he was able to produce, no matter how hard he worked, could never, Cesi thought, amount to what could be sent forth to the world by the joint exertions of himself and his wife. Undying fame was to be acquired; wealth was to be realized rapidly. In the domain of violin music there should be but one recognized chief, before whom all others were to bow, and that one should be—Cesi.

It was under the influence of this blending of vanity with avarice that Cesi conceived the notion, after his last professional tour with his wife, of keeping her in close sequestration. At first it was a matter of choice, then she began to rebel; but the glamour of his eloquence of execution, his Timotheus-like interpreting into audible numbers, the mute symbols which, as a labor of love, she committed day by day to paper, until it seemed, while he played for her, that an ecstasy had subdued and dulled every feeling save one of rapturous enjoyment;—all had cast such a spell around her, especially as he kept on repeatedly promising that there would be a speedy end to her toil, that the woman's resistance was enfeebled, and she gradually yielded and became more reconciled and inured to her lot, although at times the longing for liberty could not be controlled. However, in all other respects she was well treated by her husband. She wrote, and wrote daily, and every effort was an indisputable triumph. Cesi drew the *Kudos* in public, whilst Giuletta, immured in the secluded villa on Mons Esquilinus, had, upon his return each night, to be content with

finding solace in his narration of how each work of hers was received.

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The Secretary of the Legation at Rome was to be despatched to London by the resident Minister on a diplomatic journey, and I seized the fortunate opportunity thus presented, inasmuch as Signora Cesi was then fit to travel, of begging him to accompany the lady to her mother, who resided in Surrey. Her mother, since her return to England, had, during her daughter's absence, contracted a second marriage, but, nevertheless, Juliet was received and welcomed most cordially. Cesi had died very wealthy, and not long after her departure from Italy Juliet received through the Public Administrator the proceeds of his large personal estate in money and jewels, besides the amount realized by the sale of his villa and its valuable belongings. She retained merely one violin for her own use, her favorite instrument, a genuine Stradivarius.

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It is now better than six short months since I placed my neck within the matrimonial noose,—free and careless bachelor as I had been; but my bonds are worn with the greatest equanimity, for never, to the present, have I regretted—nor do I believe I ever shall regret, the hour when I wedded Gioletta Cesi.

**A NOTABLE FAMILY.**

BY EDWIN HURD.

IN turning over the pages of history and biography the curious reader is often struck by a singular fact, and one for which he is puzzled to account,—that intellectual ability runs in certain families, and that peculiar qualities of mind and character are sometimes handed down from generation to generation, so that the characteristics of an ancestor of a hundred years ago may be exactly reproduced in the lineal descendant of to-day. The laws of heredity are as yet imperfectly understood, but the fact seems to prove one thing,—that the vital, spiritual, or mental element or force, whichever and whatever it may be, is of a purer and stronger quality in some families than that which exists in certain other families. There are names which were famous in Europe centuries ago, borne by men in America to-day, whose strong traits of character still keep them a head and shoulders above their fellows, and make them leaders among men. A notable example of this is the family of which we are about to speak,—the Flowers of England and America.

So long ago as the days of Queen Mary, one of the name, the Rev. William Flower, stood forth at the risk of his life, as the champion of the people for religious freedom. Fox, in his *Book of Martyrs*, tells the thrilling story of his persecution and martyrdom. Standing at the stake, and surrounded by the fagots ready to be fired, he refused to recant, saying to the priest who stood by him, "Sir, I beseech you for God's sake to be contented; for what I have said I have said; and I have been of this faith from the beginning, and I trust the living God will give me his holy spirit to so continue unto the end."

This spirit of dauntless independence and of high moral principle, backed by untiring energy and keen intellectual ability, has always been a characteristic of the family. It was strongly exemplified in George Flower, a young and wealthy Englishman, who came to this country in 1816, and made a horseback tour of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and Virginia, which was afterwards

described in a published volume. He brought letters of introduction from distinguished persons abroad, among them one from Lafayette to ex-President Jefferson. He was invited to Monticello, where he spent several weeks on terms of intimate friendship with the President, who, after the close of his public service in 1809, had been living there in retirement.

In 1817 he was the leader of a little band of English settlers, all of whom were his personal friends, and one of whom, a Miss Eliza Julia Andrews, he married. They started westward without any definite locality in view, and halted at what is now Edwards county, Illinois, charmed by the beautiful and luxuriant scenery and fertility of the soil. Once settled, Mr. Flower turned his attention to improvements in the old-fashioned, conventional methods of farming. He imported stock and sheep of choice breeds from England, the results of which are found to-day, not only in Illinois but on countless farms of other States of the West.

It was hardly more than five years after the little settlement had taken root when the attempt was made to carry slavery into Illinois. The old spirit of his martyr-ancestor at once blazed up, and with voice and vote he fought against the machinations of the slaveholders, his fire and earnestness making hundreds of converts, and rendering invaluable aid in keeping Illinois a free State. Mr. Flower originated the plan for the colonization of free negroes in Hayti, which, owing to a variety of causes, was only partially successful. But the attempt showed his living and practical sympathy with the oppressed and unfortunate, and stamped him as a genuine benefactor.

Mr. Flower was a keen and incisive writer on subjects of public polity, and numbered among his correspondents the famous William Cobbett, of England, Count Lasteyni, of France, Gen. Lafayette, and President Jefferson.

A brother, Edward Fordham Flower, of Stratford-on-Avon, England, early became a member of the colony, and took active part with his brother in the anti-slavery campaign in Southern Illinois. His fearless denunciations of the slave power made him many enemies in the opposing party, and his life was frequently in danger. After a five-years' residence in America, he returned to England, and later became Mayor of Stratford. He made his





R. C. Flower

name famous by his deeds of generosity, and the active interest he exhibited in ameliorating the condition of the poor. During his life he retained his regard for America. His doors were always open; and Moncure Conway once wrote: "More prominent Americans have been entertained by Mr. Flower than by any other person in Great Britain." Shortly before his death, he conceived the idea of erecting a theatre which should represent as nearly as possible the theatre of the days of Shakspeare. This plan was successfully carried out. It is not too much to say that he did more to restore and preserve the relics of the great poet and of his times than all the town officials who went before or who have followed him.

Besides the construction of the theatre, he caused the rehabilitation of Shakspeare's house, and established a Shakspearian library and museum. His son, William Henry Flower, F. R. S., is one of the most eminent living English surgeons, and the author of several important works. For twenty-five years he has held the important position of Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London. Since the death of Edward Fordham Flower, his son Charles, a gentleman as eminent as his father for his benevolence and social qualities, has filled his place, carrying on his projected plans, and keeping up the monuments established by his father. He is a liberal entertainer. General Grant was his guest during his visit to England on his trip around the world; and there are few eminent Americans who have visited Stratford but have shared his hospitality.

Another member of the English Flower family, whose name has become a household word through her exquisite hymn, "Nearer, my God to thee," is Sarah Flower Adams, the daughter of Benjamin Flower, a prominent citizen of Cambridge, England, and a cousin of George and Edward Flower.

One of the sons of George Flower was the Rev. Alfred Flower, who was for years a distinguished preacher of the "Disciples," or "Christian Church," in Illinois. Like most of the Western clergymen in the early days, his life was one long self-sacrifice. He knew the value of education, and his children were given every advantage possible, a private teacher being engaged to live in the family and direct their studies. One of these children was the

now famous Dr. Richard C. Flower. At that time it was impossible to secure competent teachers in the higher and classical studies in that part of the country, and the young lad, who thirsted for knowledge which could not be obtained at home, was sent to an educational institution in Indianapolis. He was then only thirteen—a frail, delicate boy—but he was full of that indomitable pluck which was characteristic of his ancestors, and which has been the secret of his success in whatever he has undertaken since. He was bound to succeed, and to succeed fairly. His father had met with reverses, and from him he could expect but little help. His money capital when he reached Indianapolis was but a trifle over three dollars. What was to be done he knew and felt had to be done by himself. For the next ten years his path was not an easy one, but one by one all obstacles were surmounted. The boy had grown into the man; a foundation for the future had been laid, and his struggle with the world for bread and for a place begun.

He had studied law, a profession for which he felt himself specially fitted, and in which he would, doubtless, have made his mark; but owing to family influences and the advice of friends he relinquished his plans, and entered the ministry. In this field he achieved remarkable success, preaching in Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky. His last call was to the city of Alliance, Ohio, in December, 1875. His reputation had preceded him, and he drew large audiences. But it was soon seen that he believed in progressive religion, and refused to be held by the cast-iron creed of his denomination. He was accused of heresy, but no trial was ever held. He withdrew, however, from the Society, and the members of the congregation which followed him built a magnificent church, on an independent basis, in which the doctrines "were as broad as the wants of man."

During his whole life, Dr. Flower had always had a strong inclination to the study of medicine, and he now left the pulpit to turn his attention in that direction. The result showed the wisdom of his determination. He went through a long and thorough course of study with Dr. Stone of Troy, N. Y., a noted physician of the regular school, and afterwards graduated from the American Health College, at Cincinnati. In his early practice his success

was phenomenal. He built up an enormous practice in Philadelphia and New York, having his residence in the latter city. Four years ago he removed to Boston, where the same remarkable success has attended him. His reputation is by no means confined to the large cities of the East. He is known throughout the entire country, and his patients are numbered in all parts of the world. His spacious offices at the corner of Washington street and Chester Park are constantly crowded with those seeking his aid, some of them coming from long distances. He lives with his family on Commonwealth avenue, in one of the finest residences in the city.

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## PICTURES OF ALGIERS.

BY EUGENE FELLNER.

How like a dream to saunter through the street,  
Walled in by terraces where jasmine vine  
And cactus clasp beak-flowered columbine;  
The rich perfume so delicately sweet,  
Seems to make dreaming all the more complete.  
Now in some mauresque hall where soft lights shine,  
We see a fair Algerian maid recline  
Upon her velvet divan white as sleet.  
But home we go,—the dying sun now frets  
With gold and crimion, woven like point lace,  
The old mosque's alabaster minarets  
That proudly stand like kings in realms of space.—  
All life-dreams quickly pass; even mind forgets  
That fair form prisoned in its rich disgrace.



## ISMS.

## I.—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MIND HEALING.

BY REV. WILLIAM I. GILL, A. M.

THE subject of Mind Healing rises in recognized importance with the progress of human intelligence. But among some of the lower conditions of our race, "medicine men" have a place of power; and it is a striking verifiable fact that their methods are largely mental. They operate on the imagination and on the hope and fear of their patients. Their method has generally been curtly disposed of as an appeal to superstition; and so the intrinsic mentality of the curative (and sometimes destructive) action has been overlooked. From the beginning, the curative action has been mental, even when men knew it not; but a scientific analysis and exposition of this was impossible before the dawn of modern science and of our own day.

Mind-healing has been an element more or less prominent in nearly all religions; and in the noblest of them all it is the most conspicuous, until in Jesus and his most eminent apostles it becomes the very atmosphere on which is borne their historic name and fame; and their wonders in mind-healing seem to be the fragrant and incorruptible spices in which all their other excellencies are embalmed and preserved to subsequent ages. The Christian Church Catholic has always claimed a special endowment of mind-healing virtue as her perpetual heritage from the Lord, though many Protestant divines, from sectarian impulses, have denied the claim to all but the apostolic Church or to the times not much later.

In modern times, the question has been carried outside the pale of the Church and divested of its supernatural aspect. Admitting the frequent recurrence of certain wonderful phenomena, the new question has been raised, whether we cannot reduce them to the operation of known laws of mind or of organized matter? We shall then widen, they say, our knowledge and divest miracles of their specially marvellous element; and by



some it was supposed that we shall extrude God, as well as all supernaturalism, from the sphere of the knowable and even of the conceivable.

The initial essays of what may be called the modern movement were crude and crass. The sense rules and makes experiments and decrees for spirit. At first Mr. Mesmer thought the healing agent was magnetic; and so he used magnetic iron tractors which he applied to persons and traced over their bodies. Seeing the Tyrolese priest, Gasner, achieve the same results by manipulation, he conceived the cause to be in his body, and hence the supposed cause came to be called animal magnetism, alias Mesmerism, alias electro-biology or vital electricity. Finally our savants, like Carpenter and Braid, and a few others, have found it all out and resolved it into the effect of mental concentration and expectant attention, and hypnotism. Well, this indicates mental progress. The alleged cause and agent is thus declared to be wholly mental. This explanation is far the most rational of all those which exclude the direct agency of God, though for that reason, being wrong, they are the most pernicious. As hypnotism, it is a repression of thought; and as expectant attention, it is a mental surrender to error by surrender to the expected.

This conclusion may be reached by those who hold to the existence of two substances which are the opposite of each other in every quality, called matter and mind. The next step is the denial of Dualism, and the affirmation of intellectual Monism, that there is but one kind of substance—Mind. This may be imperfectly and grossly conceived, chiefly in its humanistic and sense relations and aspect; and the action of Spirit may be degraded mainly to material forms and motions and effects. This seems to be the way of some who claim theoretically to be spiritual monists. Their teaching and practice cannot be either elevating or healthy. The "mind-cure" of such people exhibits but little of mind, pure and simple. It is but a name falsely used to denote sensible experience, aims, and processes.

Here Christian Science comes within the view at an immense elevation above us. At least, so it appears to all its earnest adherents. They always speak to the world, as from the high vantage ground of a strong conviction, that they are in possession of

a truth of peculiar and supreme worth and importance, which justly demands that it be capitalized and prefixed with the definite article, as *the Truth*, the very Deity himself.

Christian Science is emphatically monistic, and its monism is purely and severely spiritual. It affirms that all is Mind; and it emphasizes this to the utmost by further affirming that there is only one Mind. This, to some, may wear the aspect of pantheism, or, at least, of pantheism, simply thus contemplated. Be it so; all must allow it to be, notwithstanding, a theory of the loftiest order. Its God is absolutely Infinite. He does not divide his existence and powers and honors with a material universe. He does not ask of that universe the favor of a shelter and home and organ, as a condition of his existence and action and comfort. He is God, and besides himself there is naught else. As Infinite, he can be subject to no external conditions. As pure Spirit, he can have no relations to space.

Here our old metaphysicians attempt to describe, on the track of this doctrine, Charybdis and Scylla so close together that there can be no sailing between them. If there is no matter, then the sensible universe, it is argued, must be spirit, or spirit is sensible and material; so that God is still identified with the sensible universe, since he is identified with all, and the distinction between the material and spiritual monists is destroyed. It is thought we cannot escape either the identification of the material universe with God or of God with the material universe. But Christian Science is not hence led to reef a sail or make a single tack, however slight. Steady and firm, as if chained, she keeps her rudder, and boldly drives the prow of her vessel right through the dread obstruction, and proves that it is nothing but illusion, a transient phenomenal and unsubstantial evolution or projection of erring mortal mind. As a deception and unreality, it cannot be God; and it cannot be a constituent of the Infinite when it is ever less than the finite. Only the true is the Real, and the Good and the Eternal are wedded to the true; so that the evil and evanescent thing called matter is not a real thing and substance, but only a resemblance, the very essence of unreality.

It is from these two contrasted conceptions of matter and spirit (God), that Christian science derives its peculiar and exalted doc-

trine of Mind-healing. God, as the Infinite Good, comprises all reality, and, therefore, all evil is unreal. It is an error to conceive it otherwise, and to conceive it as a reality is the only evil; for it can have no power over those to whom it is as nothing. Deny its reality, affirm its nothingness, realize this thoroughly in your whole mental action, and its utter annihilation is for you achieved. The True, the Real, the one only Mind has attained in you its due conscious action. You are a nothing without this; and with it you are a divine Idea, an individual existence in the image of God, and you show His glory, while you also share it in your every thought and action.

Christian science is, therefore, eminently religious, devout and holy. It connects all good with God; and it makes all real power and blessing to consist in the development of the God-consciousness, and in the life which is truly divine in its impulse and action and end. It is hence that Christian science Mind-healing is infinitely and eternally effective. It is the holy and divine agency. As this is the only good, and as, conversely, all other action, or supposed action, is evil, it follows that all apparent healing through the action of mere human thought is only apparent, and is essentially evil. To the sense it may seem a good; but it is a lie, and the lie must, some where and some time, be made manifest, that it may be destroyed and truth reign in its stead. Now, its falsity discerned is the discernment of it as evil; and, hence, to feel it as disease and self-punishment. Thus, again, we reach the logical conclusion that the divine healing unfolded by Christian science is the only real healing. The method, therefore, or the doctrine of Christian science, is one of vital importance to the world's welfare. It justifies and enjoins the utmost strenuousness and zeal. It cannot account the difference slight and insignificant between itself and other mental healers. It cannot suffer itself to be classed or confounded with them; nor can it extend to them the hand of fellowship. With all the fervor of an enlightened love, it must protest against their errors, even at the risk of being sometimes considered somewhat fanatical. It is a religion as well as a science; and, therefore, it should be earnest and staunch and stern. It is a science as well as a religion, and, therefore, its religion is the dearer and the more important, as being the better based and the more thoroughly understood—being forever demonstrable.

All will allow that perfect, subjective harmony is necessary to our perfect well-being. It is equally clear that so long as our nature is conceived and felt as a duality, whose two parts are in every intrinsic quality and action opposite to each other, this perfect, subjective harmony is impossible. The conflict between the parts is necessarily unceasing and perpetual. "The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh." This harmony demands that matter shall change its essential quality, and become one with spirit, instead of being its opposite. Such transmutation would be the equivalent of the annihilation of matter, so that spirit only is left as the sole substance and agent. This brings us onto the ground of Christian science.

But it does not, necessarily, give us perfect control of the entire territory. We may be, as yet, only on the disputed border-land, where we have to fight every day for standing room. This is the present condition of most Christian scientists; and many of its professors are frequently carried captive over the line, and know it not, and are unwittingly serving the enemy; while others serve him, too, consciously and freely, through earthly fear and favor and selfish interest.

Knowledge is power. True intelligence is power; and, therefore, the Infinite Intelligence and Power are one. Hence, we are truly spiritual and genuine Christian scientists, indeed, only so far as what we call our body and matter are absolutely subject to the control of our confessedly spiritual nature, our intellect and our moral judgment, and so far as they are unresistingly submissive to all the higher ends of these higher powers; so that these powers speak, and it is done; command, and it stands fast. This is what the true intelligence, so far as it is developed, achieves now and always. This is why it is always a healing agent. It destroys the inharmony of disease by the destruction of the false supposition of a substance and power other than, and opposite to, itself.

This habit of absolute power without any subjective resistance or difficulty is the true heaven. It is begun now and here; and in Jesus it seems to have reached perfection, so that it carried him entirely out of our gross, sensible sphere. He exemplified it, according to the Gospels, not only in securing organic soundness for himself and many others, but also in making the body wholly



obedient to his holy purposes. Compared with him and our proper moral condition, which he thus exemplified, the best of Christian Scientists are the veriest neophytes. To do a good deal of healing is a very small thing, so long as our body needs food, and clothing, and rest, and shelter, and protection against weather or gravitation, or any other so-called material agent,—so long, in short, as it is not realized as wholly fed and supported by spirit, directly, and directly and absolutely conformed to the higher laws of spirit. This is to be our aim and goal, and the end of all endeavor. Till then, our progress is *toward* perfect spiritual harmony; and after that an everlasting progress *in* spiritual harmony.

We will now give a brief account of the origin of this theory, so far as it is peculiar, and of its progress and present power and prospects.

The theory of Christian Science Mind-healings originated with Rev. Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy. She was for many years an extreme sufferer from chronic disease, and finally, by a fall, she received, what the physicians pronounced, a fatal injury, and she was given up by them and her family and friends to die. They gave her what they supposed were to be to her their last words.

In the meanwhile her thoughts had been nobly busy, and gradually rising to a lofty pitch of power, so that she had reached the conclusion that she would not then die, but be speedily and thoroughly healed. This conviction she announced to them in response to their farewells. It was Sunday morning, and the doctor and her pastor predicted that she would be gone before noon; she replied that she would be well then. Her pastor called again after service, and found her busy about the house, like any other healthy person. She knew that she was healed by the direct and gracious exercise of the Divine Power; but she was indisposed to make an old-time miracle of it. She was assured that it was done in accordance with spiritual law, and exemplified a general truth, which ought to be known and formulated. She pondered the subject for three years before her mental sky became clear. Then she commenced to put her thoughts on paper, and to teach others, among whom she circulated her manuscripts—from 1866 to 1875—when she printed the first edition of her “Science and Health,”



which has since passed through twenty-three editions, of a thousand each.

Her theory has been demonstrated by facts in healing; and this has multiplied converts, till scores of thousands in all parts of the world are counted as her disciples, in varying degrees of purity and thoroughness. They have numerous Associations all through the land, which meet at stated times for mutual instruction. Churches are also springing up in different places, and calling for pastors to lead them. The parent Church was organized in Boston in 1883, of which Mrs. Eddy was ordained pastor, which position she still retains. In September last Rev. Wm. I. Gill, A.M., was made associate pastor, and he regularly ministers to the Church, which meets on Sundays in Chickering Hall, Boston, which the congregation well fills. This meeting is held at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Within the year, also, a new Church has been organized at Lawrence, Mass., and to this body, which is very flourishing, Rev. Mr. Gill preaches every Sunday evening.

Rev. Mrs. Eddy, also, in 1882, began to issue *The Christian Science Journal*, now edited by Wm. I. Gill, A.M., which has now attained a circulation of five thousand, published every month. It exchanges with our leading newspapers and magazines, and there are clear signs that its influence is growing with its circulation. Its leading article for this month is also issued, at the same time, in a prominent New York monthly, *The Medical Advocate*.

In view of these facts and of the exposition we have furnished, it surely is not too much to hope that our readers will not consider it unreasonably sanguine in Christian scientists to believe, that their movement is not a transient "craze," but a movement which has in it the elements of a high and permanent destiny, and that it is the culmination of all the lines of human progress. It is certain that progress is always in the direction of greater mentality and spirituality, and that in the higher circles of thought materialism and dualism have surrendered to subjective idealism, which is the presupposition of Christian science; so that whoever despises this foundation ought to despise himself, as inappreciative of the deepest thought of mankind. From these Christian science appeals to the competent—to those who are equally philosophical and devout.

## THE MASSACHUSETTS CAPITOL.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

THERE are few cities of considerable extent which present to distant view so eminent an object as the State House in Boston. The uniformity of surface in the land generally renders it difficult for any single building to make itself distinguishable at a distance. There are, however, a few cities which, like our State capital, are built upon hills, thus bringing into view of the suburbs the structures that surmount them.

The very city which was the birthplace of the term "suburbs," is an instance of such a conformation of land,—Rome, that "sat on seven hills." But here are too many hills, and the attention is too much distracted, while the dome of Saint Peter's is too low and far from the centre of the city to bring the mass of structures into unity with itself.

Edinburgh offers an example of a central hill crowned by massive edifices, but this lifts itself so steeply, like the royalty of which it was an adjunct, that its structures are evidently separate from the mass of the town below.

It remained for Boston to fulfil all the conditions; offering its bright apex to the gaze of the traveler from whatever direction it is approached,—whether from the sea, or the shore, or from the direction of the sunset whose glory lights up the golden dome. Then the proximity of the Common, with its noble park, renders it practically an adjunct—and a very suitable one—of the terraces of the Capitol. The architectural relations of the building, especially of the dome and cupola, to the structures on Beacon Hill, give the mass a marked unity; the gleaming dome seeming, at a distance, to belong to the hill rather than to any particular edifice. Neither is it less effective when seen near at hand, especially from Park street, which affords the best view-point in the season of leafage. Its symmetrical proportions, together with its situation, make it one of the most effective of public buildings, though many surpass it in dimensions and cost.

Its present form is the growth of almost a century, for its construction was begun in 1795, and completed two years later. In each of the four years, 1853-4-5 and 6, extensive improvements were made, and a "new part" was added, extending back to Mount Vernon street. Again, in 1867 changes were made in the interior of the old part, by which greater height in several of the larger rooms were obtained, and the Legislative halls and the apartments of the executive were made more commodious. By reconstruction of the old part, and the finishing of rooms in the new, upwards of thirty apartments were added, and an increase of space had been gained from one hundred and three thousand to about two hundred and sixty-five thousand cubic feet, a net gain of one hundred and sixty-two thousand cubic feet.

The exterior improvements connected with these changes consisted in the removal of a large number of chimneys,—a feature which will be remembered by old residents—which had before marred and concealed the original proportions of the upper portion of the edifice; this diminution of chimneys being permitted by the introduction of steam for heating purposes.

At this time two new galleries were added to the Representatives' Hall, and its finish, as well as that of the Senate Chamber was improved, though the general proportions of the rooms were retained.

The Council Chamber had its ceiling frescoed, but the form of its ancient finish still remains unchanged. The Governor's room was enlarged laterally, and its height increased by adding to it the old "green room," which was directly above. A new "green room" was constructed, more spacious, elegantly finished, and well-lighted and ventilated. The ceiling of Doric Hall was raised two feet, and finished in panels; and its floors were laid with marble tile. Openings were made in both wings between the main building and the addition at the back, by which spacious corridors were secured, leading directly to the Mount Vernon entrance. Warm, fresh, hydrated air for ventilation is now supplied to every room by a fan propelled by a steam engine, which at the same time runs an exhaust-fan, removing the foul air from the halls and principal rooms. A steam pump forces water to the upper part of the building through a system of pipes to which are attached

in the several stories more than a thousand feet of hose, by which every room may be drenched in case of fire. In 1881 the drainage was improved, and the basement space increased; the excavations being carried under the front steps of the building, which afforded space for the kitchen of a convenient restaurant. On the west side the excavations were carried under the yard, affording space for boilers and storage room for five hundred tons of coal. The entrances on the east and west ends were added at this time.

The cost of the original structure was about \$133,000. The improvements in the five years, beginning in 1853, made an expense to the State Treasury of upwards of \$170,000,—including additions of furniture,—\$250,000. In 1868 about \$6,600 was appropriated to the improvement of the Senate Chamber and Representatives' Hall; and the work of 1881 was accomplished at a cost of above \$45,000. This foots up to the sum of \$354,600, as a minimum of the cost of the Massachusetts capitol, up to the date of the introduction of elevators in 1885.

The land upon which the State House is built was purchased of the heirs of John Hancock (first governor of the State under the Constitution) by the town of Boston, for the sum of \$4,000, and conveyed by the town to the Commonwealth on May 2, 1795. The Commissioners on the part of the town to convey the "Governor's Pasture" (as it was called) to the Commonwealth were William Tudor, Charles Jarvis, John Coffin Jones, William Eustis, William Little, Thomas Dawes, Joseph Russell, Harrison Gray Otis and Perez Morton. The agents of the Commonwealth for constructing the edifice were named in the deed, as follows: Thomas Dawes, Edward Hutchinson Robbins, and Charles Bulfinch. The latter, a citizen of Boston, was practically the architect. The later interior improvements were made under the direction of Washburn & Son.

The corner stone was laid July 4, 1795, by Governor Samuel Adams, who was assisted by Paul Revere, Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons. The stone was drawn to the spot by fifteen white horses, representing the number of States of the Union at the time. The frontage of the building is 173 feet, with a present depth of 61 feet. The height of the edifice, including the dome is 110 feet, while its foundation is about the same height above the



waters of the bay, giving the lantern an elevation of 220 feet above sea level. The dome is fifty-three feet in diameter, and thirty-five feet high. Governor Banks suggested the idea, which in 1874 led to its being gilded; and not a little does this decoration aid in sustaining the dignity which Dr. Holmes has conferred upon it in facetiously styling it the "Hub of the Universe."

The ancient codfish, formerly performing its gyrations beneath the ceiling of the old "State House," occupies a somewhat retired position in the Representatives' Hall of the new one,—indicating that other and stronger interest than the fisheries of which it was the emblem, have gained the ascendancy in the capital of the Commonwealth.

Several times plans have been prepared and presented to the legislators for the erection of a new State House, but the representatives of Massachusetts have thus far been prudent enough to prefer the old house in the accustomed place. It is to be hoped, that, if in the course of time a third State House shall arise (as doubtless there will) the second may be cherished as the first capitol has been.

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## REMEMBERED MORNINGS.

BY ISRAEL JORDAN.

Slender golden-rod is rocking  
Bees along the lane—  
Honey-bees; 'tis here they gather  
Sweets; but ah! my heart must rather  
Sorrow's dark cup drain,—  
Bitter chalice drain,  
For remembered mornings, flocking,  
Pass, a princely train;  
While the golden-rod keeps rocking  
Bees along the lane.



## LUCY KEYES:

## A STORY OF MOUNT WACHUSETT.

BY A. P. MARBLE.

## II.

## THE CONFESSION.

*To the Postmaster of Westminster, in the State of Massachusetts :*

I, Tilly Littlejohn, am now an old man, hard on to ninety. Six weeks I have been sick, and three days I have been dying. The doctor gave me up day before yesterday; but I cannot die till I tell the true story of Lucy Keyes.

I once had a farm in Westminster, east of Wachusett, and Robert Keyes's joined mine. We quarrelled about the line fence, and the referees decided against me. After that I hated Keyes, and would have nothing to do with him. He had a happy family; and from my home I could hear their shouts of laughter; and Keyes was happy. This made me hate him the more; for I was unmarried and alone. To this I trace the ruin of that family and of my life. If I had boldly sought and wed—before she chose another—the girl whom in my youth I loved! But I cannot tell that story—I am too far gone. I only wish the young to be warned by me. My desolate way of living made me a terror to all children. I hated them, and they feared me.

One summer afternoon, in the year 1755, or thereabouts, I was crossing the path to the lake, near Keyes's field, when I saw the child, Lucy. She saw me, and appeared frightened, as if I were a wild beast. She began to run away. My anger was aroused. The injury Keyes had done me, in robbing me of part of my land; his prosperity and his happiness, with wife and children, and their loathing of me—all this rushed into my mind, and made me a demon of hate. I gave vent to my spite in a heavy cuff on the side of the child's head. I did not mean to kill her. I was mad, and did not know how hard I struck. She fell, quivering, at my

feet, and without a groan. Then I thought: "Here is more trouble for me on account of that hateful Keyes. If she lives, they will know it all, and I shall be punished; and she may not live—for she now lay still at my feet. I will despatch her." Mad with hate and fear, I struck her three heavy blows on the head with a stone. I then hid the body in a hollow log, and went to my house. That night Mr. Keyes came to ask me to help search for the child. I did so, to prevent suspicion; but I told him that I had seen a band of Indians the day before on the mountain, and that they had probably stolen her. When I saw how earnest and thorough they were in the search, I knew the body would be found; so I took it from the log and buried it near the roots of a fallen tree, scraping the earth from the roots into the hollow, and piling stones and rotted leaves with the earth above the body. This was late in the evening. I then built a fire above the grave, to conceal the place where earth had been moved.

While I was piling wood on the fire, the family all came; and, before long, men came from Princeton and Westminster; and, the next day, from Lancaster. When the first ones came, I thought they had found me out; but I kept on adding wood to the fire, and said nothing. I was so busy with burying the child and concealing the evidence of it, that I did not think that the bonfire would call people together, though this was always the signal—so much was I beside myself. But when Mr. Keyes took my silence as the natural thing for me, and asked me where the child was found, I saw that no one suspected me; and their faces filled me with terror, lest the truth should be discovered. I, therefore, told them she was not found; and I made plans for a more thorough search. I kept them searching till they all thought that the Indians had, without doubt, stolen the child. My fears were then at rest.

It was a natural thing for Indians to steal a child. Nobody suspected me; and I was safe. Then I went home, feeling free once more. But at sunset I heard the cry of Mrs. Keyes, calling for Lucy; and "Lucy!" "Lucy!" would be repeated from the mountain, and then from the hill, and then again and again from farther and farther away. It seemed as if all the spirits of the air were calling on me for Lucy. And then at night I would dream that

Lucy was under my feet, and when I went to step upon her, in hate of her father, I would fall into a deep pit. This would awaken me; and as the misty light streamed through the trees, or into the room, I would seem to see her before my eyes as she looked after that first blow. And every night at sundown I used to hear the frantic mother calling for her little girl; and the echoes answered back the call. The nights were made hideous by my dreams.

I could not stand it. And so, disposing of my farm, I travelled to the Far West, and took land on the Mohawk river, in the State of New York. My home is in Deerfield, opposite Utica. Here I built me a cabin, and here I have lived. The region is now full of people. The great West is now on the shore of the Mississippi. Traffic flows through this valley; and all around me are fruitful farms and happy homes. But I have lived alone. The neighbors have not known me. The shadow of my dark deed has hung over me. The sunset-cry of Mrs. Keyes, calling for Lucy, has been in my ears; and in dreams the child has appeared to me, here, with the sad, stunned face. I have longed for death to take me; but death would not come. Even with the weight of ninety years upon me, he will not take me with this burden of guilt upon my soul. I want this story to be told to Robert Keyes, that I may die and be free from the apparition of this innocent child, and the haunting of the mother's voice, and the memory of my crime.

(Signed)

TILLY LITTLEJOHN.

Accompanying this confession was the following:—

STATEMENT OF MRS. PETERS.

DEERFIELD, N. Y., August 12, 1815.

*Respected Sir,—*

I have written the enclosed confession, and it is signed in the tremulous hand, as you may see, of Mr. Littlejohn. You will like to know the circumstances. I am a widow of more than twenty years, and my children are all dead. With my younger sister, herself rising sixty, I have kept house for Mr. Littlejohn these ten years. He was a neighbor of ours and lived alone. After my

husband died from the effects of drink, my little ones all having died before, I was living alone with sister in the house, when on a summer night it was burned with all that we had. My husband's habits had left me deeply in debt, so that we could keep the farm no longer. I was destitute and homeless. In the midst of the fire, when we had but just escaped from the burning house with our lives, Mr. Littlejohn appeared and began to pile wood upon the flames. He seemed to be out of his head; and he would say nothing to us, but kept talking to himself about Lucy. He would say, "Lucy is not here; the Indians have her; go and hunt for the trail." Relapsing into silence he would pile on the fuel. When the conflagration was over he had disappeared. The next day he came over to find us. He said that his home and his heart were burned out more than fifty years before. He was alone, and we had no home. He wanted us to come and live with him. We went; and since then he has spared no pains to make us comfortable and happy.

We had known him as the Hermit of the Mohawk. He had avoided society, and had no company but his dogs. He now became more cheerful in the thought that he was helping the homeless. But every evening as the sun went down, he would hide himself in his bed-room; and when curiosity led us to peep in and see what he did there, we saw him with his face buried in the pillow and his hands stopping his ears. He must have fancied that he heard the mother's call for Lucy—or was he seeking pardon from on high? Perhaps, both. For two months past he has been growing feeble, and lately he has not left his room. The doctor said, two days ago, that he was dying and no medicine could help him. Since then he has taken no food. We expected to see him breathe his last every hour, but he lingered on. Last night he sat up in his bed and called me. He told me to get pen and paper quickly; and then he told me this frightful story quicker than I could write. When it was done he grasped the pen and affixed that tremulous name. He then lay back on his pillow and said to me, "Don't hate me; I did not mean to do it. Stay with me. I have suffered enough." I said, "You have been good to us, we will not leave you." He immediately expired; and we shall bury him as he had asked us to do, in the garden at the foot

of a large elm, which he called Lucy's tree, and there he used to sit for hours in the sunny afternoons.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH PETERS.

*P. S.*—Mr. Littlejohn deeded his farm to me and my sister; but on learning this sad story, we wish to share it with any poor relatives of Mr. Keyes's. It would be the wish of the poor man now gone. We hope to hear from you all about that family.

E. P.

THE POSTMASTER TO MRS. PETERS.

WESTMINSTER, MASS., August 25, 1815.

*Dear Madam,*—

Your letter with its strange contents is at hand. I can not find any trace of the family you mention in this town. It is reported, however, that a family named Keyes lived, some fifty or seventy-five years ago, in the edge of Princeton; and they lost a child, stolen, as was reported, by the Indians. Mr. Littlejohn lived near them, and joined in the search for the child. He disappeared soon after, and nothing has since been heard of him.

The traditions of the loss of Lucy Keyes all correspond with what you wrote from Mr. Littlejohn's own lips;—all except what he alone knew. I will advertise for some one of the family and inform you of any success.

I am, very truly, yours,

\_\_\_\_\_, P. M.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

[From the *Boston Journal* of Aug. 26-31, 1815.]

WANTED.—Information concerning any descendant of Robert Keyes, who settled in Princeton about the year 1755. I have news of interest to them.

Address, \_\_\_\_\_, P. M.,  
Westminster, Mass.

In response to this notice, came a letter from Nehemiah Parker, an old man of about seventy years, who lived in Princeton two or three miles south of Mt. Wachusett. He knew the story about the loss of the child; and his grandmother was a distant relative of Mr. Keyes. On seeing the postmaster and reading the confession



he said that he did not wish any part of Mr. Littlejohn's property, even if he could claim it, which was doubtful; but if no nearer relative appeared he wanted to keep the letter.

After waiting several months and hearing from no one else, the Postmaster wrote, as above, to Mrs. Peters, and sent her letter and the confession to Mr. Parker. It was seen in his hands, as related above, by Mrs. Smith, now living on the very farm which Robert Keyes first settled. The remains of the old forge are still to be seen; and the spot where Lucy's home stood is pointed out. Towards the mountain are also to be seen the hollow where was the cellar of the Littlejohn cabin and the well which he had digged. The way to the lake and the white sand on the shore can be seen; and the place near the mountain road where the bonfire was kindled to cover Lucy's grave can easily be imagined. This is all that is known of that ill-fated little girl. But she lived again in memory, as we shall see.

The vicinity of Mt. Wachusett has now become a beautiful summer resort. The air is pure and bracing, and on the hills around are built hotels and cottages, where, in summer, the weary dwellers in cities find quiet and rest. On the south and on the north, railroads approach within a few miles, and furnish easy communication with the city. From the summit of Mt. Wachusett, the view embraces parts of each of the New England States, in a radius of forty-five or fifty miles. On the north looms the majestic form of Mt. Monadnock; and farther to the east, and more distant, the grand summit of Mt. Washington. Bunker Hill Monument and the gilded dome of the State House are seen to the east. Towards the north the city of Worcester peeps out from among her cordon of hills, and the Norman clock-tower of the Union Passenger Station is plainly visible; while on all sides are villages with their white church spires, farms with green fields, hills with the darker green of the forests, meadows and upland, lakes and streams. Locomotives twenty or thirty miles away flash their bright-hued lights on the night air; and the smoke from tall chimneys or burning brush, is in sight by day, over a circuit of ninety miles. In the heart of Massachusetts is a prospect broader and more restful because cultivated, than any view from Mt. Washington or the Alps. Those are peaks in the midst of mountains. This is a mountain in the midst of plains.

On the southern slope of Mt. Wachusett, and twelve hundred feet below the summit, which is only three-fourths of a mile distant, stands the Mountain House, kept the last quarter of a century by Mr. M. H. Bullard.

To this house one afternoon in the summer of 1880, drew a single carriage, from which a lady and gentleman alighted. They were Rev. and Mrs. Robert Keyes, of Iowa. After dinner he made inquiries of the host about his ancestor who bore the same name; for it appeared that he was a descendant of one of the sons of Robert Keyes, who had removed to Ohio, and then his sons had gone to Iowa. Lucy was aunt to his father, a great-aunt to this Robert Keyes. He knew the history so far as the traditions of the family had it, but the confession of Mr. Littlejohn he now heard for the first time. He ordered his horse and drove away; and at nightfall he stood on the spot where his great-grandmother had worn out her life, vainly calling her lost daughter, and then he went to search for the yellow and worn-out paper which told the tale. But Nehemiah Parker had long since passed away, and so far as we know, the paper, like little Lucy, eluded all efforts to find it.

But the dead are not gone forever; and the lost and forgotten live again in the lives of those who survive them. There is something above a human life, however brief, which is immortal even here. In some hearts the little sojourner has set vibrating chords whose tones, soft and sweetly musical, have cheered the mourners for years and years, amidst the turmoils of life, and in the daily toil and care,—or those chords wrenched and out of tune, may have sounded naught but woe, like the long lament of Mrs. Keyes, or discord like the life of Mr. Littlejohn. And such an influence is not to be traced; it is lost to sight like a golden thread in some gorgeous tapestry, to reappear in the composition of another figure; or, if of a darker shade, to form the background, without which the coloring loses its effect. Even the early leaves, rudely scattered by the wind, and blighted buds are not without their fruit, for they have helped to form the mold from which the forest is nourished, and in the very production of these frost-bitten buds, the trees have gained strength by the exertion of their natural and healthy activity.

\* \* \* "But see again,  
How in the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth crosses, ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms." \* \* \*

\* \* \* "O, there is not lost  
One of earth's charms ; upon her bosom yet,  
After the flight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie ; Life marks the idle hate  
Of his arch-enemy, Death, yet seats himself  
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,  
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe  
Makes his own nourishment."

It is, as an illustration of this truth, that the final part of the story of Lucy is the most interesting. In that same summer of 1880, I was spending a brief vacation at the Mountain House, and on the summit I chanced to fall in with the Rev. Robert Keyes, who had just returned from his search for the yellow paper, with the above story fresh in his mind. He gave it to me as it is here related ; and it had for me a strange fascination. I visited the place where the house had stood, and looked upon the scene where the little girl's life had so soon been blotted out, one hundred and twenty-five years before. Of course the story found currency among the guests, who whiled away the hours in the cool shadow of the mountain and the trees, or on the broad hotel piazza, which overlooks the county of Middlesex, and a large part of Worcester.

Among these guests were two young people who had met here for the first time, though their families were known to each other. Harry Kensington, the son of one of our most distinguished public men, had only the year before entered the profession of the law ; and he now began to feel that assurance of success which gave him confidence. Mina Holt was the daughter of a prosperous merchant, just from school. They had made one of those chance acquaintances which sometimes begin in the unconventional association of those summer resorts where fashion does not reign supreme and banish all comfort. These acquaintances occasionally begin with the trifling circumstance of some little politeness shown

—the rescuing of a hat carried off by the wind, or the slight help given when a lady happens to slip on the rocks, with no other escort near; even the occupying of a seat in a crowded coach or at table, where to be glum and silent seems rude, and a word or two of conversation is appropriate, in recognition, merely, of their common humanity. Of course the when, and the who, and the how in any such chance acquaintance determines its character; and the good sense which guides the parties in it is not less conspicuous than the same fine quality and good breeding in any other circumstances.

Harry Kensington and Mina Holt had formed one of these casual acquaintances; and there was between them enough of that mutual attraction which mothers and *chaperones* watch with interest, to have already exhausted the weather and the scenery as subjects of conversation, when the story of Lucy Keyes was first told at the hotel. In relating that story, Harry found his first chance to hold a prolonged conversation with Mina. It was on a sultry afternoon when he came upon her, writing letters in the breezy shade, on a hill behind the house; while her friend, the schoolmistress, given to the study of Art, sat near, absorbed in reading Ruskin. The spot is in sight of the old Keyes farm. The story was much amplified by Harry; for he became eloquent in its recital, through the interest reflected in Mina's face. It often happens so: the trifling becomes important from its surroundings. The story of Lucy Keyes had become the telephone through which two hearts were to find expression, and the spot where she had dwelt, the bridge on which Love crossed. This story had served to give the acquaintance sufficient character for it to be recognized. Once born, the intimacy grew rapidly. There was the climb to the summit, when Harry acted as escort to the young ladies; and while the teacher was absorbed in the beauty of the blue lakes, the fleecy clouds, and the color of the landscape, Harry was still more absorbed in the liquid blue of Mina's eyes, the soft white of her throat, and the changing color of her cheeks.

x It is not necessary to relate that the ascent was made more than once, and that the path down the eastern slope of the mountain, which led to the Keyes house, was sometimes preferred, because it furnished a longer walk home; nor need it be mentioned that the

teacher would sit many a half-hour in the shadow of the mountain, with her portfolio, sketching, while Harry and Mina sat apart on a rocky ledge and—did not sketch. It will readily be seen that these two had fine excuses for carriage drives in visiting Redemption Rock, Wachusett Lake, the Parker Place, and the Mountain Road—all to learn about Lucy Keyes. Who but they ever supposed that to be the attraction?

Soon that delightful summer had gone; and I lost sight of Harry and Mina, and no longer thought of the story of Lucy Keyes. But on my return, this year, I find the lost and the forgotten may live through the influence that goes out from their existence, while the living may produce no perceptible effect. What Mr. Keyes did we do not know. The influence of the little child, dead more than a century, appeared before me; and two people, unrelated to her, and to whom she was unknown, had returned here to bless her memory, in contemplation of which the tender passion first awoke which made them one.

On the hotel register I saw this:

“Harry Kensington, wife, child, and nurse.”

They had named the little girl Lucy Keyes.

[CONCLUSION.]



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN unwholesome as well as an unforeseen combination of circumstances, whose recital would in no sense be profitable to the readers of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, compelled a suspension of its issue at the close of the last volume, and has prolonged that suspension much beyond the expectations of the publishers. They have only unaffected regrets to offer for so unpromising an occurrence, accompanied, however, by the consciousness that nothing was left unattempted by them to secure the earliest possible extrication from the temporary embarrassment. It has only come now, but the delay has also served to make a repetition of such an experience impossible. So far as the public is interested in this statement, or has a right to be informed in relation to the details it implies, the present proprietors are prepared to give the best practical satisfaction in the assurance that the *Magazine* will henceforth proceed without further interruption, apprehended or contingent, and that all subscribers will receive the full number of issues for which they have already paid or shall pay.



NOVEMBER is Thanksgiving month, and this is therefore the Thanksgiving number. The Governor of Massachusetts took the lead and appointed the 25th for the observance of the dear old domestic festival. It used to snow, and the ground was generally hard frozen, when Thanksgiving came round; but the times are changed, and we along with them. Nevertheless, the strongly distinct flavor of the old family holiday remains yet, and an unknown posterity continues a custom whose prolonged honor its originators could hardly have foreseen. If this annual event possessed no other meaning and instructed in no other lesson, it would be enough that it served to draw together in a restored circle the scattered members of the family, and to revive in their hearts the tender memories and endeared associations of Home. Family separations are far more complete in the present day than they were before railroads rent the country asunder even while they were binding it more closely together. The Thanksgiving reunions, therefore, are correspondingly incomplete. But the hallowed institution nevertheless survives in all its vigor under confessed change of conditions, and no day in the year so warms the heart and illuminates the home as the one that is at hand.

THE labor problem is by no means one of ready solution by either side on the question involved. Grave difficulties and wearisome delays are to be encountered before that solution shall be even approximately furnished. The vociferous debate over it suggests the story of the Tower of Babel to thoughtful minds. Rather than concentrate so much study on the purely superficial phases and fleeting features of the matter, it would appear to be far more consistent with a professedly high civilization, like our own, to direct all our corrective efforts at the recognized *root* of the whole matter. Of what avail is it to consider present disturbances of the mutual relation of labor and capital from standpoints wholly devoid of sense, logic, or any penetrative knowledge of their real cause? Go to the bottom of the matter, and see if the whole of that and all the rest of existing inharmony of relation does not spring from the ruling desire for material acquisition, which, from long habit, has both stunted and obstructed the growth and activity of the higher and the immortal qualities of man, his only *real* being.

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It is thoroughly gratifying to note the fact that the study of history in its various departments is on the rapid increase. By the help of such a pursuit we are guided more securely in the uncertain path of the future of all our explorations. It is the earnest purpose of this Magazine to *popularize* history, to bring it close to all persons' apprehension and appreciation. Heretofore, historical publications have tended decidedly to dry, prosy biography and the petty detail of data of interest too exclusively local. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is a pioneer in the great work of clothing instructive and valuable historic facts in a dress as attractive and as full of present interest as will prove valuable for the future historian, and for posterity at large.

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WELL may an intelligent and thoughtful person, who has not yet forgotten the mandate, "Man, know thyself," — who is likewise alive to the everlasting truth of progression, ask, What is Christianity? Is there more than one theology, namely, that taught of Christ? and, whither have we drifted? Never did it appear more plain that history continues to repeat itself, and that this age of ours was never surpassed by any preceding one in genuine idolatry. The difference is merely one of custom, form, and degree. In point of fact, a far larger percentage of aim, effort, and devotion is given in this day to matters of materiality, to superficial selfishness, than to the things which pertain to immortal life. The sooner, therefore, the soul — each individual

person — reverses the current and prevailing rule of life, which covetously exacts at least nine-tenths of its mortal existence as a tribute to what is purely temporal and passing, and indifferently gives the remaining tenth to what have become not much more than blind and passive longings of the soul, the sooner life will begin in earnest and with substantial hope of happiness.

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THE objections which refined and sensitive natures entertain to a life in the country are, after all, quite as much sensuous as spiritual. They are shocked, as it were, with the common gossip that thickens the social atmosphere, when the truth is that they only demand gossip of a better quality. Their objections, too, are social, and not fundamental. They crave the warmth of a clear atmosphere, though it is at the expense of the oxygen for the health of their spirit's lungs. The ideal mind that takes note of what passes in country life only reports what are the capabilities of that life; portrays its interior significance; shows what spirit of beauty lies slumbering in its external form and fibre; and paints the sort of life which so many of its large and free features suggest.

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THE Family being the Unit of the State, it is essential that it be kept an integer throughout. Society exists only on the basis of its individual elements, which again, in classification and stratification, form its component parts. As we cannot conceive of our relation to the human mass except as we are first conscious of our individuality, so we are unable to recognize our relation to society and the State but through our existence in families. People are set apart in this way that they may the better feel the call of social necessity. In a lump, there could be no such thing as Society. Nor could we successfully compass it as individuals. It is the grouping process that takes us separately and fits us into our place in the social state. And this is no chance merely, but inflexible law, which we cannot disregard or disobey, because it has its roots in the very instincts of our nature. Thus much for the philosophy of the matter, which will readily occur to the commonest reflection.

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THE entries of fresh students in our New England Colleges, this fall, are noticeably large, in almost all, if not in all, instances showing a decided numerical increase. College education is something that has been believed in, in this eastern section of the country, from the beginning of

its settlement. Many a father has said to his son, "I can leave you nothing but a good name and example, but I will equip you with an education." That has been the spirit down to this day, and that is why our Colleges are all of them so well sustained and flourishing. They teach sound morals as well as train the intellectual faculties, and thus send forth into the life of the world men of character as well as capacity. The College in our country will not easily be superseded by the University, for it answers as completely as any educational method can to the actual and immediate wants of the social life of the time we chance to illustrate.



THE simple secret of YOUTH is the making of the world into, though not out of the Present. We need not be oppressed, either, with any fear of changing our views continually. It is the idolatry of consistency that dries up the fountain. We have by no means yet seen so much of life as to feel warranted in drooping our lids and declaring that they take in all. No man can put faith in immortality, and not believe, to the extent and measure of that faith, in immortal youth. Life, here or elsewhere, is but a perpetual present. It is God's own creation every moment, as much so as when time began; and when we catch but glimpses of that fact we become illuminated. Why should not the rose refuse to blow because it must fade and fall? The spirit of the rose would not be there, if the faintest visible shadow crossed the joy of its swelling heart. It is that very spirit which creates the rose, and will continue the work of creation.



ALTHOUGH the weather was very unpropitious for the ceremonies attending the inauguration of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, on Bedloe's Island, in New York harbor, the occasion was nevertheless made memorable by an imposing popular demonstration, including a military pageant and a naval display such as is rarely witnessed on the American continent. The statue that has been erected there is of colossal size, and bears an uplifted torch, whose highest point is 305 feet above the ocean level. The motto that goes descriptively with the statue, is — "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the noble verses of the poet Whittier best convey its full significance to the mind of the beholder. The conception of such a colossal work of art dates back twenty years, and soon afterwards its now famous creator, Bartholdi, selected with his own eyes the fitting place for its final erection. It symbolizes the spirit of liberty for all nations, the two which first pro-



claimed it as the inspiration and life of the governing law being the ones directly concerned in the construction and placing of the massive and magnificent symbol.

In the midst of our modern materialism, which compels pursuits less and less calculated to kindle lofty sentiments of any description, an event like the erection of this noble statue, the visible embodiment of so much that is exalted and pure and free, comes like a providential episode to break the tyranny of self-seeking and the cruelty of pride, and to invite the popular thought away from the bogs of greed and conceit to the healthy hills where the human spirit can breathe the pure and bracing airs of worshipful freedom and a larger life. It becomes far more than a permanent token, always worthy of a reverential regard, of the exemplary friendship of France and America at a period of national unrest and convulsion; for it stands as the recognized sentinel of liberty on the bulwarks of civilization, flinging the free rays of its lighted torch out into the gloom of the world's continuous contentions, warning the enemies of human freedom against further conspiracies for its suppression, and defending the ground it has already won for the enjoyment of the human race under divinely favored conditions.

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### HISTORICAL RECORD.

THE earthquake that so nearly destroyed Charleston, S. C., on the night of August 31st, and excited such terror over a large extent of country, has returned for briefer and more gentle visits a number of times since, making itself felt, however, only at the place of its origin. The various theories respecting its cause continue conspicuous for their disagreement, no explanation yet advanced being of a satisfactory character to all sides. It is well known that a similar disturbance of the earth's crust occurred in Greece, the Ionian Islands, and other lands of the Mediterranean Sea, on the 29th of August. Some 60,000 houses were destroyed and several hundred persons killed, from overturn by earthquake of four considerable towns and a large number of villages in the Southwestern Peloponnesus. And an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius occurred about the same time.

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The meeting of the Board for trying the charges of heresy brought against five Professors in the Andover Theological Seminary took place at the United States Hotel, in Boston, on the 18th of October, eminent legal counsel appearing for both sides.



October abounded in the annual agricultural fairs, from one end of New England to the other. The New England Society, united with the Eastern Maine, held a week's most successful exhibition of agriculture at Bangor on the 1st of September, while the young Bay State Agricultural Society gave a truly brilliant one in Mechanics' Building, Boston, continuing an entire week.

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Centennial town celebrations have been what may almost be called plentiful, all the summer and into the autumn. Old Dedham celebrated its 250th anniversary in September; and the town of Woodstock, Conn., commemorated its 200th anniversary on the 28th of August. Other New England towns indulged in similar public observances, which are of great efficiency in concentrating local sentiment and cultivating the local historic spirit.

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A more than interesting dispute has grown out of a reported conversation between ex-Minister James Russell Lowell and Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the substance of which was published by the latter in the *New York World*. The interview was held at the house of Mr. Lowell's daughter, Mrs. Burnett, at Southboro', Mass. It was made to yield an unusual amount of opinion on English topics, professedly given by the ex-Minister, whose opportunities for forming them must be pronounced exceptionally good. Mr. Lowell repudiates almost all of it, and protests that he had not the remotest suspicion of being subjected to the interviewer's operation; while Mr. Hawthorne expresses equal surprise at being told that Mr. Lowell was unaware of the purpose of the conversation. The dispute is one that is quite likely to enlist the sympathies of the personal and family friends of both gentlemen, and thus to lead to private contention, if not positive alienation.

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The discovered defalcations of William Gray, Jr., who immediately committed suicide, and of Samuel G. Snelling, who has pleaded guilty and been sentenced to a seven-years' term of imprisonment in the Charlestown State prison, both treasurers of large manufacturing corporations, with offices in Boston; also of George M. Bartholomew of Hartford, Conn., the president of a number of rich corporations, and of Cashier Gould of the National Bank in Portland, Me.,—all four being men of the highest social and financial standing previous to their downfall, and their cases coming out to the public almost simultaneously

and within the past few months, caused a sudden explosion of fears in business circles that at first threatened a panic ; but the banking institutions stood steady all through the exciting confusion of financial and popular sentiment, and thus helped to cool the general view of the situation and hasten the restoration of public confidence. Such a closely connected series of episodes in business and financial history is very remarkable, but it is still doubtful if it leaves behind it the plain lesson of business honesty, which is to be learned anew by the age that has trifled with it so recklessly.

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The long drought that has prevailed throughout New England since last summer, and which even the regular recurrence of the autumnal equinox was unable to interrupt, was finally ended by the northeast storm which set in on the 27th of October, and continued for several days. The apprehension was being wide spread that winter might set in before the natural springs in the earth were fed by seasonable rains ; and the farmers of New England, who depend directly upon these, experienced deep sensations of relief at the welcome return of the rain.

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The Methodist Ministerial Association of Maine, at their meeting held at Goodwin Falls, adopted a resolution in disapproval of the action of the Old Orchard Camp-Meeting Association in extending an invitation to Rev. Dr. Simpson to hold a Faith Convention at Old Orchard next summer.

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The Massachusetts team was formally presented with the Creedmoor prizes for marksmanship, which were won by them with such general applause some months ago,—the value of one of them being \$3,500 and of the other \$500.

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At the first meeting and dinner of the Liberal Union Club of Boston, at Young's Hotel on October 31st, Dr. Samuel Kneeland of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, discoursed in a most instructive manner on the nature, causes, and effects of earthquakes.

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General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is at present engaged in writing for publication his personal reminiscences of the late civil war.

The commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College is to take place this month, on the 5th, and the ceremonies will continue four days. The second or under-graduates' day is expected to be the liveliest of the four. The fourth day will be Alumni Day, when James Russell Lowell is to deliver an address, and Oliver Wendell Holmes will read a poem, and honorary degrees will be conferred.

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Alfred Russell Wallace, LL.D., one of the most distinguished of British scientists, and the conceded discoverer of the idea which Darwin more fully developed, lectures on "Darwinism," at the Lowell Institute in Boston, during the current month, giving a course of eight lectures.

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### NECROLOGY.

COLONEL JOSEPH SELDEN died in Norwich, Conn., on the tenth of March last, at the age of 63 years. He was born in Lyme, Conn., in 1822, and represented both that town and the city of Norwich in the Legislature, and earned his military title by honorable service during the war with the South. He was United States Internal Revenue Collector in his district from 1869 to 1885. Col. Selden was a lineal descendant of Thomas Selden, who settled in Hartford in 1635, through his son Joseph, who settled in Lyme.

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SYLVESTER GILDERSLEEVE died at Portland Centre, Conn., March 15, at the advanced age of 91 years and 17 days. He was a grandson of Obadiah Gildersleeve, who came from Sag Harbor, L. I., and established the Gildersleeve shipyard in 1776. To the business his son Philip succeeded, and Sylvester took it from his father. The latter was born in Portland, Conn., February 25, 1795. When but twenty years of age he went to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., to superintend the building of a one-hundred-gun ship for the Government, but whose completion was stopped by the closing of the war with England. In his day he built more than one hundred vessels, one of which was destroyed by the Confederate cruiser Alabama.

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MR. OLIVER SWAIN, the oldest Freemason in New Bedford, Mass., died October 26, at the age of 90. He kept the first shoe store in New Bedford, and continued in the business for over fifty years.

MR. ISRAEL K. JEWETT, of Ipswich, Mass., died suddenly on the 26th of October. Mr. Jewett was eighty-seven years old. He had been engaged in the grocery business in Ipswich for more than sixty-two years, and occupied the same store during the whole of that time.

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ATTORNEY-GENERAL MASON W. TAPPAN died at his home in Bradford, N. H., on the 25th of October, from the effects of apoplexy, with which he was stricken on the 1st of the month. He was a man of State distinction. His funeral was attended by citizens from every part of New Hampshire as well as from other States. His age was sixty-nine.

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JAMES A. DUPEE, a well-known financial agent in Boston, and for some years past treasurer of the Appleton and Hamilton Manufacturing Companies of Lowell, died suddenly in that city on a late day in October, at the age of 67 years.

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HON. J. B. CLARK, of Manchester, N. H., died by his own hand in the latter part of October, the cause being ascribed to chagrin over political disappointment. Mr. Clark was one of the best known citizens of New Hampshire, as he was one of the most public spirited.

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MR. NATHAN PRINCE, of Danvers, Mass., died on the 29th of October, at the age of nearly 90 years. He was a member of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, a master builder by profession, and in his prime one of the most active in Boston.

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MISS MARY ORNE PICKERING, of Salem, Mass., grand-daughter of the late Col. Timothy Pickering, the eminent jurist and officer of the Revolutionary Army, died in October. She came of sterling Salem stock. Her ancestry is among the most honored in the old colonial city. Her father, Hon. John Pickering, was a leader of the bar and a noted oriental and classical scholar. She was distinguished for her high literary culture, and inherited the talents of her father.

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COL. CHARLES GORDON GREENE, the founder of the *Boston Post*, died on the 25th of September, at his residence in Boston. Col. Greene was widely known among newspaper men in his day and in the coun-



cils and active work of the Democratic party, to which he belonged, and in his time the *Post* was one of the most popular papers of the country. His age was 82.

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HON. THOMAS PARSONS died in Brookline in October. A well-known public man and a sterling citizen. His funeral was largely attended, Governor Robinson and other State officials being present, the State Board of Prison Commissioners, of which the deceased was chairman, being represented, the Board of Selectmen of Brookline, and the Brookline Public Library and School Committee.

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MISS LUCRETIA CROCKER, a member of the Boston Board of Supervisors of Public Schools, and prominently connected with educational matters in Boston for the past twelve years, died last month at the age of about 55 years. Miss Crocker was born in Barnstable, and was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Henry Crocker, at one time sheriff of Suffolk county. She had been a teacher at the State Normal School at West Newton, in private schools at Framingham and in Boston, and at Antioch College, O., under Horace Mann. She and five other ladies were the first of their sex to sit on the Boston School Board. She was the only woman to be chosen a member of the Board of School Supervisors.

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MR. EBENEZER C. BLACKMER, the oldest Mason in Strafford county, N. H., died in October aged 87. He had been a Mason fifty-seven years, and had taken thirty-two degrees.

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DEACON THOMAS GRIGGS, the oldest resident of Brookline, Mass., died in October at the age of 98. He was born in the town in which he died and in which he had been a resident all his life. He was captain of militia when the war of 1812 broke out, but was not called into active service. He became identified with the Baptist Church in early life, in which he acquired his title of Deacon. He had held several town offices, and had represented the town in the Legislature.

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MRS. NANCY MEAD HOLLAND died suddenly at Walpole, N. H., aged 89 years. She was the widow of Ephraim Holland, a pensioner of the war of 1812, who died many years ago, and was once proprietress



of the Pemberton House, Boston, and afterwards of the old Cheshire House at Keene, N. H. She used to drive her cows to pasture on Boston Common in the olden days.

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COL. CHARLES C. WHITTLESY, the distinguished geologist and scholar, died in Cleveland, O., last month. He was born in Southington, Conn., in 1808, and after serving in the legal and journalistic callings turned his attention to engineering pursuits, and was employed on the geological surveys of Ohio and Wisconsin. He conducted the mineralogical surveys of Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

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JAMES COLLINS died at Lawrence, Mass., last month, at the reputed age of 113 years. He was a native of County Cork, Ireland, and came to this country when 93 years old, and engaged in laboring work until 1876, when he took to choring and garden work until last year.

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AUSTIN T. PIKE, United States Senator for New Hampshire, dropped dead on his farm at noonday, near Franklin Falls, N. H., last month. He was 67 years of age. Besides holding many important State offices, he was a member of Congress from 1872 to 1874, and was elected United States Senator in 1883.

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MRS. EUNICE M. FISKE, widow of Emery Fiske, died in October at Wellesley Hills, Mass., aged 87. She taught school in her early days in Natick, and had among her pupils Judge Bacon, of the Massachusetts Superior Court, the late Judge Morse, and Rev. Daniel Wight.

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MRS. FRANCIS F. DWIGHT, of Stockbridge, Mass., died last month at the age of 89 years. She was a woman distinguished for those fine qualities which marked the generation she had survived. Her husband was Col. Henry W. Dwight, who represented the old Berkshire district in Congress for ten years, from 1821, and her early married life was passed in Washington. She possessed a queenly bearing, was intellectual, hospitable, charitable, and had a winning personality.

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1 *The Century*.  
2 *Harper's Monthly*.  
3 *Andover Review*.  
4 *North American Review*.  
5 *Popular Science Monthly*.  
6 *Magazine of Am. History*.  
7 *Outing*.  
8 *Education*.  
9 *Lippincott's Magazine*.  
10 *Overland Monthly*.  
11 *Atlantic Monthly*.  
12 *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*.

13 *Rhode Island Historical Magazine*.  
14 *The Forum*.  
15 *New Princeton Review*.  
16 *The Brooklyn Magazine*.  
17 *The Southern Bivouac*.  
18 *The Citizen*.  
19 *Political Science Quarterly*.  
20 *Unitarian Review*.  
21 *New Englander*.  
22 *Magazine of Art*.  
23 *New England Magazine*.  
24 *New-Jerusalem Magazine*.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

*The Cyclorama of the Battles of Vicksburg*, located on 55th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, is still a great attraction to visiting strangers. Those who never participated in battle can form a better conception of the vicissitudes and horrors of war by one glance at this great picture than by the portrayal by book, however graphic.

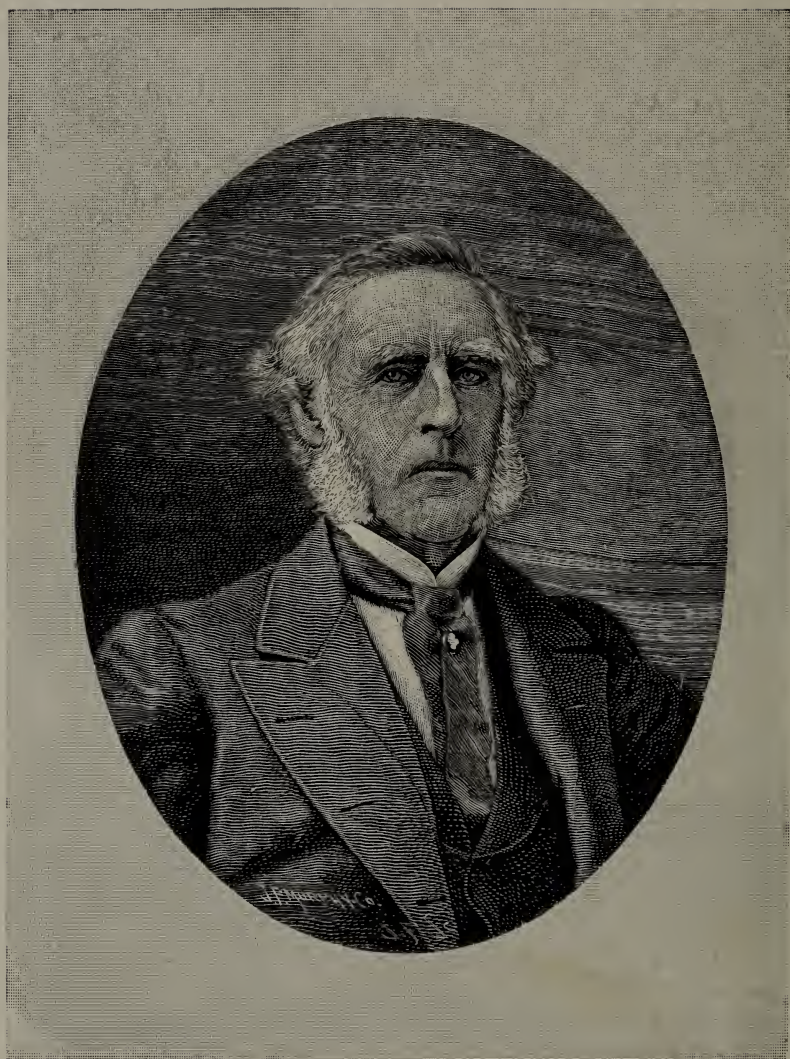
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\* \*

The earlier portion of the history of this nation is made up so largely of the history of Massachusetts\* that we are apt to lose sight of the fact that there is much in the Commonwealth which does not appear in a national history; and are not there given the attention as to details and effect that would be very useful to a citizen of New England. But the later history is scarcely found in these at all. It is believed that the present volume is the first published attempt yet made to trace the history of the State since the year 1820. The period intervening has witnessed the growth of many conflicting opinions, the rise and development of new parties, the sudden outburst of passions which had long been dormant, and our whole part in the war of the Slave-holders' Rebellion. Students will wish that the dates were a little more readily apparent; neither is there desirable fulness in respect to occurrences that affect the commercial, industrial and social interests of the people rather than the political; yet this addition would have swelled the volume to inconvenient size. The paper is of good quality and the type is large and clear.

[\*The History of Massachusetts, from the Landing of the Pilgrims to the present time. By George Lowell Austin; pp. 598. Boston; B. B. Russell.]







HORATIO G. KNIGHT.

[Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts.]



THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
AND  
BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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Vol. V. No. 2.

DECEMBER, 1886.

Whole No. 26.

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ART IN BOOK ILLUSTRATION.—II.\*

BY CHARLES EDWIN HURD.

WITH the recurrence of the Christmas holidays comes the customary flood of illustrated books which, for the time, crowds out everything of a more solid and thoughtful character. In the preparation of these innumerable volumes every possible branch of art is represented, from the costly reproductions of drawings and paintings by photogravure, phototype and heliotype to the plainest woodcuts; the former representing a means of illustration which is too expensive to ever become popular, and the latter the method which, in its various degrees of excellence, will for many years to come serve as the most available means of artistic pictorial expression.

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\*No. I. in this series was published in Vol. IV., No. I, of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The art of wood engraving has reached what may be considered its culminating point. It is difficult to understand how it can be carried further, or how it may be made to produce better results than we find in the work of such engravers as Linton, Closson, Anthony, Andrew, King, Kruell, Johnson, Cole and others. It has shown itself capable of producing almost every possible effect, and, while it holds this advantage, it will be difficult to supplant



SOMETIMES SHE SAT BY THE MILDEWEY BEDS  
OF THE SEA-SINGED FLOWERS IN THE PLEASAUNCE GARDEN.

[From the Earl's Return.]

its use by any other method which, however admirable in its way, is confined, by reason of mechanical processes, to work along a single line of illustration.

In photogravure, some of the best and most effective work yet achieved in this country has been done by Boston houses, for example, the *de luxe* edition of "Lalla Rookh," issued a year or two ago; "The Earl's Return," just published; "Heroines of the Poets," "Idyls and Pastorals," and "Youth in Twelve Centuries." We might point to some admirable work in this line done in New

York and Philadelphia, but the references made will be sufficient to illustrate what we have been saying. The photogravure is capable of exquisite softness and of an infinite variety of tones and tints, but the process has not been sufficiently developed to produce a strong and vigorous picture with clearness in the shadows. In fact, none of the methods in which photography bears a part can be absolutely depended on to secure exact results. The difficulties are not insurmountable, however, and the many earnest workers who are continually experimenting to overcome these



"FAREWELL, FAREWELL, FAIR INEZ."

[From *Fair Inez*.]

special obstacles, must sooner or later, by direct attempt or accident, discover the secret and place the art on an absolutely certain foundation.

Another line of reproductive art, closely allied to photogravure, is the phototype, which gives excellent effects in black and white, and which has been used in the illustration of a number of expensive art books.

The capacities of the heliotype and Albert-type have been long known, and they undoubtedly have a wider practical value than either the photogravure or phototype. There is, however, a flatness and poverty of tone about both that prevents their extensive



use in fine art illustration. For reproductions for business purposes, architectural views, and ordinary book illustration they serve an excellent purpose.

But to come back to wood engraving. To compare the work of the present year with that of the last in the same line, we select half a dozen volumes which have been issued by our local pub-



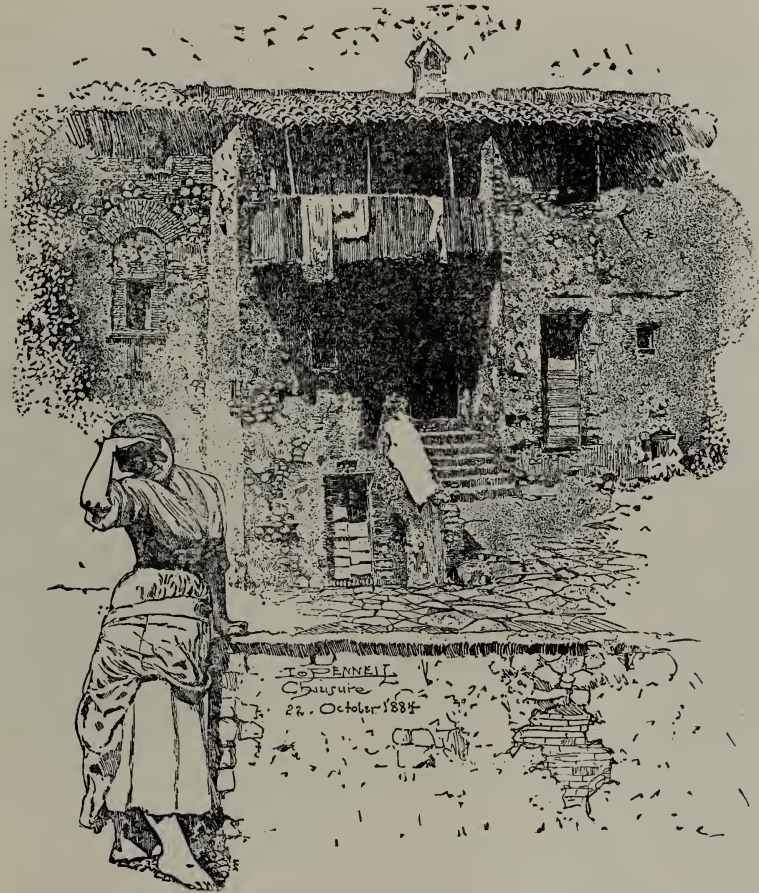
A RUSTIC REST.

[From *Two Pilgrims' Progress*.]

lishers. Reference has already been made to the "*Earl's Return*." That volume is illustrated both by photogravures and wood engravings. Turning over its pages we find a number of plates which are charming in drawing and general character, and which are remarkable for the truth and accuracy with which the engraver has preserved the feeling and characteristics of the artist. Here, for instance, is one illustrating the lines in the poem:

"Sometimes she sat 'twixt the mildewy beds  
Of the sea-singed flowers in the pleasaunce garden,"—

a bit as fine, in its way, as anything we have seen in any gift-book for the year. Equally good in execution, but less interesting



CHIUSURE.

[From *Two Pilgrims' Progress*.]

in subject is the moonlight view, where the landscape is

“Steeped pale in the light  
Of the stars, when the bells and the clocks  
Had ceased in the tower.”

Tom Hood's sweet little lyric, “Fair Inez,” contains a dozen or



more charming pictures, two of which we reproduce. They are fairly representative of the illustrations as a whole, and



ANDREW OF PARIS.

[From *Youth in Twelve Centuries*.]

while the engraver stands between the reader and the artist, one can feel the individuality of the latter behind the work.

That which accompanies the closing stanza of the poem—

“Farewell, farewell, fair Inez!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before,—”



UPSALA CATHEDRAL.

[From *The Midnight Sun*.]

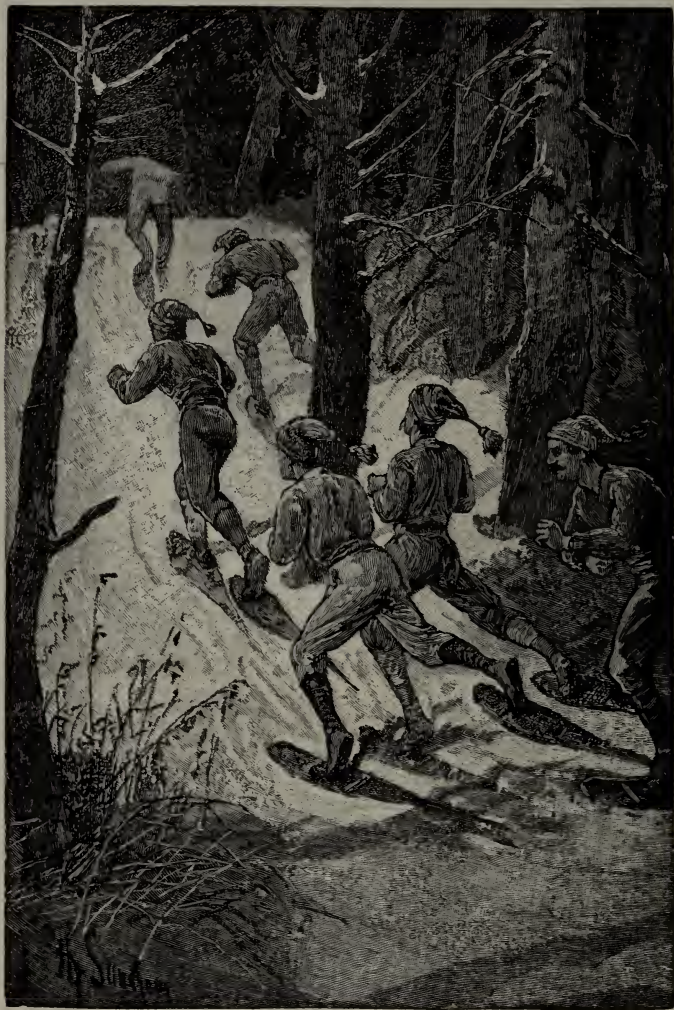
is especially good, and is another instance where the engraver has done his work in sympathy with the artist.

We give two wood-cuts from Joseph Pennell's new book, "*Two Pilgrims' Progress*," which show a totally different and yet very effective method of illustration. They are evidence of how much can be done with a few lines. They suggest much more than many elaborate pictures, and it requires really as much artistic knowledge and skill to do what a critic would consider acceptable



work in this line as in that where the most minute detail is made a matter of conscience.

A bolder and stronger style of work is seen in the twenty-four full page illustrations, by Hassam, which accompany the text of



A SNOW-SHOE RACE.

[From *Sights Worth Seeing*.]

“Youth in Twelve Centuries.” In the popular edition these are on wood, and their effect printed on toned paper is admirable.

A series of full-page engravings in a holiday edition of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," affords some excellent examples of the wood engraver's art, and one may turn over in the investigation of this subject scores of volumes on any bookseller's counter and draw his own conclusions as to the advance made in book illustration during the past twelve months, if there has really been such advance.

We have been speaking particularly of methods. But there is something more to be considered than the mere mechanical way



FAIR INEZ.

of doing things. We have an already large and constantly increasing school of young American draughtsmen, many of whom have studied abroad, and have brought home with them some of that inventive quickness and skill in the art of drawing that have made the French and Germans masters in that branch of art. They not only draw well, but they have learned the importance of proper grouping, of contrast, and of composition, while the engraver has learned that his work requires him to be as much of an artist as the draughtsman himself. The designer no longer occupies an inferior position. In his department he holds as important a place





[From Intimations of Immortality.]



as does the painter in his especial domain. He is as much of a creator; and the fact that he often draws his inspiration from the works he is called upon to illustrate does not cause him to rank any lower than the artist who evolves his pictures from his own imagination or is inspired by the living subject.

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## COMPLETENESS.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

O love that all my being warms!  
O love that shields my life from storms!  
O love that every impulse wills,  
And every flitting fancy fills!  
O love that shines through all my dreams  
Like starlight through the summer streams;  
That thrills with melody my days,  
And rounds all discord into praise!—  
I lean my face upon thy breast  
As bends the noon-ray to the west,  
And calmly, in my open boat,  
I floating sing and singing float.  
I wait no more by wayside lakes,  
To dally with the reeds and brakes;  
Behind me fade the mountain snows,  
And in my face the June wind blows,  
While strong and wide the currents sweep  
Toward the ever-calling deep.  
O love that rocks me in its arms,  
And makes me brave amidst alarms!  
I know not where thy stream may lead,  
Through rocky pass or flowery mead,  
I only feel that I am blest;  
I only know I am at rest.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN 1862.

## A CAMPAIGN OF CONTRASTS.

BY GENERAL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, LL. D.\*

The year 1861 closed with enormous preparations on the part of the North to operate the succeeding campaign upon each of the three great military zones. The country beyond the Mississippi river constituted the *right* zone, while that east of the Blue Ridge mountains, as far south as the Savannah river, marked the *left* zone. The *centre* zone was between these, but bounded at its lower left by the Savannah river and the Atlantic ocean, with the Gulf of Mexico as its southern limit. This zone contained a semi-neutral region, not quadrangular in form, but so disposed that upon three faces there were offensive elements which suppressed local union sentiment, prevented its concentration, and developed a guerilla warfare wholly repugnant to the methods of civilized war. The Kanawha river on the east and the Tennessee river on the south and west bounded this tract, while the railroad from Richmond, Va., to Memphis, via Lynchburg, Cleveland, Chattanooga, Decatur and Corinth, and running behind the Cumberland mountains, represented an *interior line* of quick transit which greatly aided Confederate movements. Divisions of troops alternately fought near Richmond, and at the west, while the ultimate transfer of the Federal 9th and 11th corps from the Potomac to Tennessee, involved a long detour, via Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis, Indiana.

The campaign of 1862 opened.

The nation was earnest in recruiting regiments, manufacturing arms, and forcing all resources and activities into service. Both army and navy had been created almost from nothing, each eager for the conflict. The fear of foreign intervention called out by the Trent affair had subsided, and the chief actors in the great drama were giving the last touches to preparations and armaments which were to be hurled against the Confederacy. Fleets had

\*Author of "Battles of the American Revolution," etc.

taken the lead, and the blockade of southern harbors was becoming practical and stringent.

Up to the middle of January nothing of importance had taken place. Skirmishing, reconnoitering and foraging were the order of the day, until January 12th, when the campaign was opened by the start of General Burnside, with four brigades, numerous transports and gun-boats, from Fortress Monroe, with sealed orders.

The West took up its march. Concentration of troops had taken place in Missouri, in Illinois, near Cairo, and in northern Kentucky, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad.

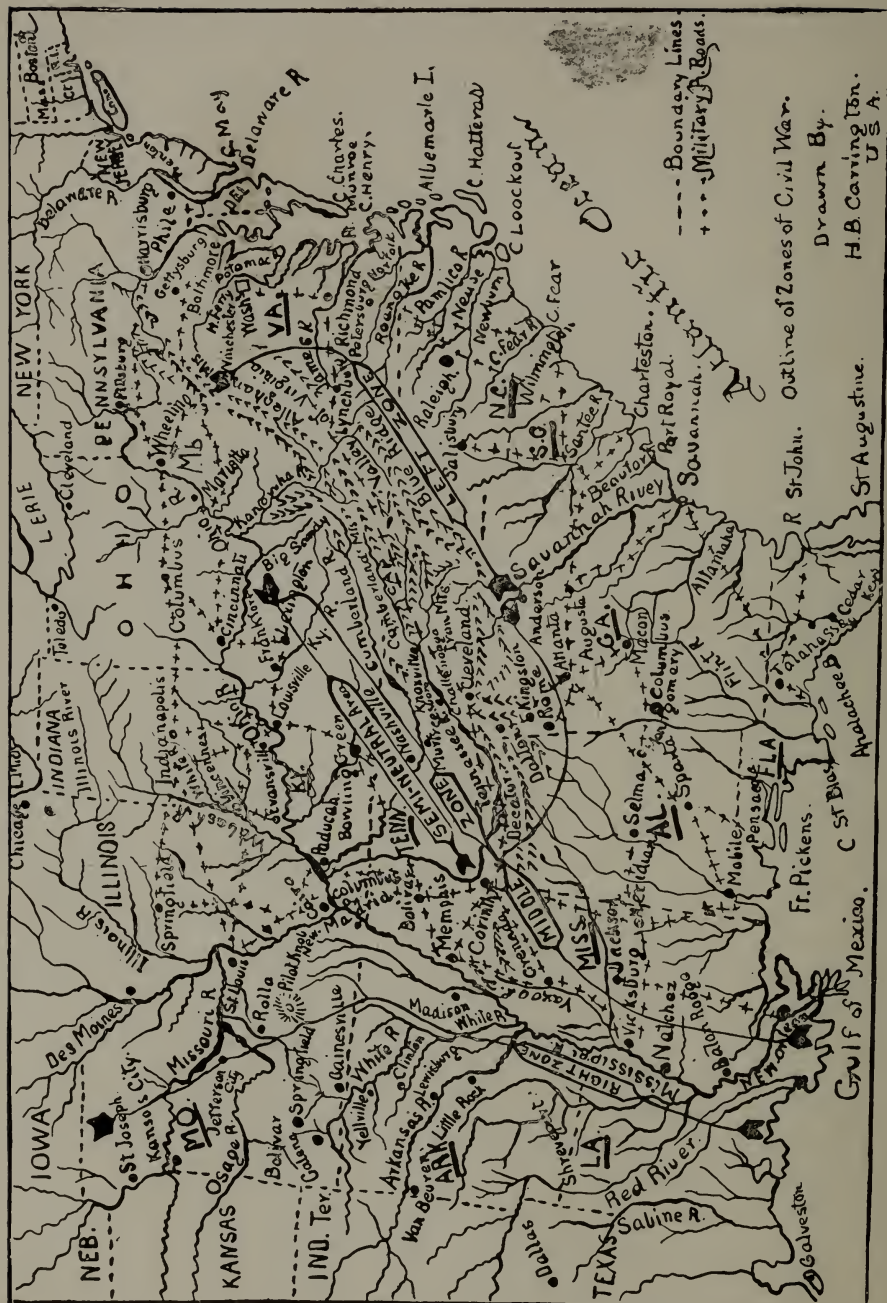
Iron-clad gun-boats had been built and placed on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

On the 19th of January the first clang of arms resounded from Kentucky, and the first Federal victory was gained by General Lorenzo H. Thomas, over General Zollikoffer, at Mill Springs, Ky. The navy responded by a brilliant exploit on the Tennessee river, where Admiral Foote, February 6th, captured Fort Henry.

In Missouri, General Curtis advanced to Springfield, against Price. General Grant moved toward Fort Donalson, along the peninsula formed by the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. General Buel crowded the Confederates back upon Bowling Green, Ky., while smaller corps took the direction of Cumberland Gap. The whole west, for 600 miles, was alive, and felt the onward spur. Fort Donalson, on the Cumberland, below Dover, fell February 15th, after a severe fight, yielding nearly 15,000 prisoners, as well as great material of war. Pressed in front at Bowling Green, outflanked by the gun-boats and General Grant's army, the Confederate troops in Kentucky found their communications endangered, and General Buel's army occupied Nashville.

Crowded by General Grant, Columbus, one of the strongest barriers to the passage of the Mississippi, was evacuated, and New Madrid and Island No. 10 fell, after such marvels of engineering as few wars have developed. The upper Mississippi was re-opened to northern navigation.

In Missouri, again, important events rapidly took place, until Price retreated to Arkansas, and Springfield was occupied by Federal troops. But Price, re-inforced by Arkansas and Texas auxiliaries and nearly six thousand Indians, making about thirty





thousand men, all under Van Dorn, advanced from Fayetteville against General Curtis, who concentrated his army at Pea Ridge.

The confederates left the main road, gained the same latitude with the Federal army, turned their position, and forced them to face north-east, in the engagement that ensued. On the 8th of March the battle was fought, and by a skillful flank movement of General Siegel, the Confederates were dislodged and forced to retreat.

General Grant had already moved his army to the left bank of the Tennessee and encamped near Shiloh, at Pittsburg Landing. The divisions of Sherman, Hurlburt, McClerland, Prentiss, Smith and Lew Wallace, were combined. Beauregard, joined by the troops coming from Columbus, under General Polk, and by a corps from Mobile under General Bragg, took position near Corinth and concluded an arrangement with General Johnson at Murfreesborough, by which they expected to unite all their forces and defeat General Grant before he could be supported by General Buell, from Nashville.

This well digested plan was put in execution by means of the Charleston and Memphis railroad. Bad weather and unexpected incidents, so peculiar in war, postponed the attack for nearly three days, and by that time General Buell was *en route* from Nashville, to support General Grant.

On the 6th of April the battle was fought. The Union army was partly taken by surprise; but rallied, with a firm resistance which lasted until it was obliged to take shelter under cover of the gun-boats. Buell arrived at night, took active part in the battle of the 7th, when the rebels fell back, with a loss of nearly 10,000, but holding many prisoners; and the exhausted Federal army did not improve their victory by pursuit. Beauregard fortified Corinth. Halleck assumed command of the Federal army, and on the 30th of May, after preparations for an advance were perfected, it was found that the enemy had retreated and left their entrenchments for occupation by their enemy. Then followed the occupation of Corinth, Memphis, and all the country between the Tennessee and Mississippi rivers.

On the latter river naval engagements became frequent, and on the 29th of April, Admiral Foote commenced the bombardment of Fort Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, and forced that

city to surrender on the 28th. Vicksburgh was unsuccessfully attacked by the Federal fleet and the siege was raised July 25th. Then followed Bragg's invasion of Kentucky,—which promised, for a while, to open up the whole northern border to inroad and disaster, but resulted in his retreat from the State.

In the *left* zone, the opening of the campaign was hardly less satisfactory. General Burnside, who left Fortress Monroe January 12th, attacked Roanoke Island, February 8th, and took many prisoners. On the 20th, Minton, on the Chowan river, was taken; on the 21st, Washington, on Pamlico river; and on the 23d, Morehead was entered by General Parks.

Not less fruitful of success were the operations in the more southern theatre of war, at the outset of the campaign. The force at Port Royal, S. C., bombarded and reduced Fort Pulaski on the 11th of April. Jacksonville and Pensacola, Florida, were also occupied. An attack upon Charleston, June 19th, failed, and after a repulse on James Island, a portion of the troops returned to Fortress Monroe.

While the armies of the *west*, *centre* and *south* were thus enlivened and vigorous, the *Army of the Potomac* was not idle.

On the 7th of February, Romney, West Virginia, was entered by Lander, and on the 24th, operations began in the Shenandoah Valley. Harper's Ferry was occupied as well as Charleston, Martinsburg, and Bunker Hill. On the 8th of March, Gearey moved to Leesburg, and on the 12th General Banks entered Winchester and Berryville. At Winchester the Confederates under Jackson were repulsed and the Federal troops entered Sharpsburg, March 23d, and Woodstock, on the 1st of April.

On the 17th of March the Army of the Potomac embarked for Fortress Monroe.

At this juncture occurred one of the most startling episodes of the war, and one which revolutionized maritime methods of conflict throughout the world. On the 8th of March the Merrimac steamed from Norfolk, cut into the frigate Cumberland and burned the Congress. In the evening, the modest little Monitor arrived from the north, boldly asserted her new and untried pretensions, and the next morning, the Merrimac, baffled and beaten, ingloriously returned to the harbor from which her departure had been so auspicious and promising.

In the midst of these exciting scenes, the Army of the Potomac, nearly one hundred thousand strong, began to arrive at Fortress Monroe, occupying from March 17th to April 1st in the movement. On the 5th of April the advance toward Yorktown began. Swampy ground in front, the blockade of the James river by the Merrimac, and other causes, induced preparations for a regular siege.

Meanwhile, Fremont was in the mountains west of the Shenandoah. Banks was in the Valley and McDowell in the country east of the Blue Ridge. On the 19th of April Fredericksburg was occupied by the latter.

The siege of Yorktown advanced. All was ready for the final blow, when, on the 4th of May, it was learned that the Confederates had abandoned their works, repeating the strategic movement which Beauregard executed at Corinth. May 16th the army reached the Chickahominy, and on the 31st and June 1st was fought the Battle of Fair Oaks. A terrific thunder storm raged on the 30th. The rising of the Chickahominy was expected by the Confederates. The four Federal divisions of the left wing were on the lower side, and the attack began on this part of their lines. At the same time, a Confederate column moved to seize Bottom Bridge, thus to force the four Federal divisions into White Oak Swamp, where their destruction would have been certain. This flanking column had nearly reached its destination when it was itself attacked in flank, by General Sumner, whose corps debouched over a bridge of their own construction before the creek had risen to its maximum height. The Confederates were in turn disappointed. General Johnson was severely wounded in striving to retrieve the day, and night stopped the fight. Nearly eight thousand were killed or wounded on each side. The creek rose rapidly, carrying away even General Sumner's bridge, and but for the timely close of the first day's action, the Federal army would have been in imminent peril. Until the 14th the time was spent in building bridges and establishing communications between the right and left wings of the army. On the 14th a cavalry raid in the rear of the Federal lines gave such a start to the army as ultimately to induce a change of base to James river. The Confederates, however, crossed at Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, and advanced upon the right wing commanded by General Fitz-John

Porter. The line was formed in front of Gaines' Mills, and the army received orders to pass the bridge on the evening of the 27th, in order to execute a grand movement through White Oak Swamp, toward James river. During that evening the Confederates pushed forward with the utmost determination. The divisions of Slocum and Richardson were sent to the support of the right wing. The fight became so intense that all the reserves of that wing were successfully engaged; but the Confederates, having the last reserve to bring into action, carried the day. The left wing, formed of General McCall's troops was entirely broken, and the disorder reached even to the center. Happily, night came, and with it the fresh commands of Meagher and French, so that further pursuit was stopped. Another critical issue was over. That night the whole of the right wing crossed the Chickahominy. Their bridges were at once destroyed, and on the 28th the entire Federal army was on the right of the creek. This same creek, which on June 1st, had nearly caused the ruin of the army now became its salvation. On the 27th an attack had been made upon the left wing to prevent its reinforcement of the right wing.

On the 29th the Confederates made their unsuccessful attacks, and on the 30th the Federal army retreated, passed through White Oak Swamp, and the advance guard, under Generals Keys and Porter, reached James river. The final attack was made against the whole Union army, united on Malvern Hill, and covered by three hundred pieces of artillery; but the Confederates were repulsed, and the Army of the Potomac emerged from the swamps, to find itself at Harrison's Landing, having water communication with its distant base.

Sickness and the sword had done their work. The Confederates had taken the offensive. A call for three hundred thousand volunteers went out from the nation's capital and then a call for three hundred thousand drafted men. Stevens was recalled from Port Royal and Burnside was withdrawn from North Carolina.

The enthusiasm of the opening campaign had given place to the stern exactions of necessity in view of contingent disasters.

On the 12th of August, the Army of the Potomac, not strong enough to take the offensive, began its retreat by crossing the Chickahominy near its mouth. Hardly had its return been accomplished, when, in front of Washington, it encountered the same



divisions which it left in front of Richmond. On the 29th the Confederate army, between Centreville and Haymarket, was attacked by the entire Union army, under General Pope; but without result. On the 30th, the Confederates, reinforced by the residue of General Lee's army, renewed the fight, and at noon the left wing of the Federal army, under Porter and McDowell, broke, and the whole army fell back beyond Bull Run. The loss in killed, wounded, missing, and guns, was heavy.

On the 1st of September the Confederates turned General Pope's flank again, and pushed a column as far as Fairfax Court House. Generals Reno and Kearney were ordered to drive these out, and here, at the moment of success, General Kearney lost his life.

Pope made good his retreat and took shelter under the guns of Washington. Burnside evacuated Fredericksburg and joined the Army of the Potomac.

Such, briefly, was the memorable campaign in Virginia, commenced by the Confederates on the defensive and ending in a brilliant offensive, throwing the Federal forces back in disorder upon their original base.

But not alone in Virginia had the Confederates taken the offensive. Through the whole theatre of war their armies moved,—everywhere to attack.

We left the western armies after the evacuation of Corinth and the surrender of New Orleans. On the 19th of July, General Halleck was summoned from the West to take command in chief of all the United States forces. The moment was critical, and the President decided that the selection of some one to be responsible for combined operations in the three zones of operation was vital to success. There was no magic in the assignment sufficient to stem the persistent pressure from the eager Confederacy. On the 26th of August General Kirby Smith entered Kentucky. On the 29th General Nelson was utterly routed near Richmond, Kentucky. Indiana regiments which had been mustered and armed the week previous by the writer of this sketch went into that battle with unflinching nerve, only to be enrolled at its close as prisoners of war. Covington, Cincinnati and Louisville were threatened. General Bragg moved to Sparta, Tennessee, threatening Buel's communications with Nashville, attacked Mumfordsville, and on

the 19th of September captured its garrison of nearly four thousand men, commanded by Colonel Wilder.

At Iuka General Price had a sharp conflict with General Rosecrans, and Rains, with Hindman, left Arkansas to invade Missouri.

General Buell was forced to return to Louisville to rescue his base and save the States north of the Ohio river from actual invasion, and, after a hot race with Bragg, crossed Salt river and entered Louisville September 24. Already the United States army stores had been ferried to the Indiana shore, and heavy guns were planted to command the river, then at low water. Breckenridge invested Nashville. On the 17th of September General Morgan (Federal) evacuated Cumberland Gap. On the 8th of October General McCook was defeated at Perryville. On the 18th, General Morgan (Confederate) entered Lexington in the rear of Buell's army, marched to Versailles, Laurenceburg and Bardstown, captured several works, made the entire circuit of the Federal army, and left Kentucky, October 29th, with comparatively small loss.

At the close of the month, General Buell was relieved by General Rosecrans; but the Confederates, under General Bragg, escaped through Cumberland Gap and took position at Murfreesborough. The Army of the Ohio, giving up pursuit, marched to Nashville, where it began to arrive on the 8th of November, General Rosecrans reaching that city on the 13th.

At the East, active movements on the part of the Confederate forces were hardly less significant. Harper's Ferry was surrendered, September 15th, with twelve thousand men, and General Jackson had hardly paroled the captives when he was summoned to join General Lee, who was then at Sharpsburg, on Antietam Creek, awaiting opportunity to give battle.

On the 16th, General McClellan's army arrived near the creek and confronted the Confederates. General Hooker, with his own corps, crossed the creek during the afternoon and had a preliminary engagement, but on the 17th the whole army advanced to attack.

Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin, with their respective corps, successively attacked the left wing of the Confederates, which, however, held firm after first losing some ground. Their right wing was assailed by Burnside, but he in turn was thrown back to the bridge over which he at first debouched. Night closed in, and no decisive result had been gained on either side.

On the 18th the armies were in line, *vis à vis*, each so worn-out by marching and the previous day of conflict, that, as if by some tacit courtesy, or sympathy, even picket firing ceased between the lines. During the day the Federal troops were re-inforced, but during the night the Confederates withdrew in good order and great silence, across the Potomac. Again, as before at Corinth and Yorktown, the weaker force was saved by the good strategy of its commander. An attempt to follow the Confederates on the 20th, and to cross directly in their front, failed, a part of the troops which actually crossed being repulsed with loss.

On the 8th of October, Burnside relieved McClellan.

On the 12th of November the Federal army forced a passage of the Rappahannock. On the 13th it was defeated on the heights, with a loss of twelve thousand men, and compelled to recross the river, the Confederates advancing in column, by divisions, with crushing force.

In North Carolina, General Foster took Kingston, and General Banks succeeded General Butler at New Orleans.

We left General Grant in Mississippi, taking the offensive. On the 3d of December he advanced toward Holly Springs, where a vigorous action took place; but the Confederates changed their course and secured their retreat.

General Sherman attacked Vicksburg, suffered great loss, and was compelled to raise the siege. In Tennessee we left the Army of the Ohio at Nashville, under command of General Rosecrans. The Confederates had concentrated at Murfreesborough under General Bragg. On the 6th of December a Federal brigade was attacked and forced to surrender. General Rosecrans at once advanced with nearly fifty thousand men. An engagement ensued, lasting several days. At first the Federal army received a check, the "Battle in the Cedars" of the first day being fought so nearly in the rear of the Federal right that Rousseau's batteries were worked with Murfreesborough at their rear. On the 3d of January, at night, the Confederates evacuated Murfreesborough and retreated in good order, not seriously molested, in the direction of Tullahoma. Thus, for the *fourth* time, during 1862, a Confederate army eluded its adversary, when a desperate issue was at its crisis.

On the 8th of December a battle was fought in the *right* zone of

operations between General Hindman (Confederate) and Generals Blunt and Herron, in which the Confederates were defeated. Surely the year was eventful in its *contrasts*; and in view of the large geographical area through which hostile operations were carried on, we are astonished at the activity of such large armies and the changing relations which they sustained to each other.

A brief review from the starting point is suggestive. Curtis and Pope in Missouri, Grant and Buel in Kentucky, Banks at Winchester, the Army of the Potomac at Washington, Burnside at Roanoke, Hunter at Port Royal, Butler planning his expedition against New Orleans, represent not less than ten armies, and as many lines of operation, acting on a more or less concentric direction toward the interior of the grand theatre of war. No one of their armies was so strong that the Confederates could not have concentrated a stronger against it.

The plan of campaign for the *right zone*, framed separately, so far as judged by actual operations, was very simple. General Curtis was to clear Missouri and penetrate Arkansas. General Pope was to move down the Mississippi and open the river to the gunboats,—which, by ascending the rivers of Arkansas would divide that State into parts, cut communications between different Confederate corps, and facilitate the operations of General Curtis by furnishing him protection and supplies. General Curtis and General Pope each had an army sufficient to fight, single-handed, any four which the Confederates of that section could concentrate for resistance. Price retreated before the superior force of Curtis; but immediately upon reaching Arkansas, not being pursued, they concentrated and passed from defensive to offensive action. General Van Dorn executed a movement which reflects great credit on his boldness and his confidence in his troops. He turned the Federal army with his whole force, seized its communications and forced it to fight when cut off from its base. The battles of Marengo, Ulm, Jena and Aversstadt were fought under similar conditions. Van Dorn was beaten because he tried the movement against an army superior in men and armament; but the Federal army did not follow up the advantage seemingly within its grasp.

The operations of the *center zone* are not less instructive. The Ohio River, being the only line separating the nominal jurisdiction of the opposing forces, becomes practically a base-line for the



Federal troops. Not less than three or four armies advance from this base. Pope, along the Mississippi; Grant, along the Tennessee; Buel, along the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and smaller corps toward Cumberland Gap, represent the movement. This attempt at occupation involved division of force, and the more it was attempted the more frequently were small commands beaten, in detail. The rout of Nelson; the surrender of Mumfordsville; the capture of a brigade near Murfreesboro, are examples in point. The premature and senseless cry of "On to Richmond" affected all operations in the *left zone*, until at last Richmond was abandoned, without a battle for its retention. Washington City was a legitimate objective for a Confederate force, as its occupation would have assured the recognition by foreign states of a *de facto* government, while thus occupied by the Confederates; but Richmond was not so material an objective to the Federals as to crush opposing armies.

In the Seven-years' War Russia took Berlin, but at once left it. After Salamanca, Wellington ventured to occupy Madrid; but was happy quickly to escape by Portugal. In 1805 and 1809 the occupation of Vienna by Napoleon was declined, as not tending to finish the war. It was Austerlitz and Wagram that settled the contest. In 1812 the possession of Moscow assured the downfall of Napoleon. Washington himself could not be drawn by Howe into a contest for Philadelphia. To keep his army in hand and wear out the army of his adversary was more hopeful of success than to hold any city.

It is worthy of note, that during the campaign of 1862, one of the most eventful on record, the military genius, sagacity and scholarship of the Confederate leaders were signally conspicuous; while the National cause was more than once at loss where to find the controlling soldier whose policy and presence might utilize such abundant resources and effect a thorough concentration of all armies, in all zones, so as to crush, at the same time, all resistance.

It was one of the most trying hours in the life of Mr. Lincoln when, still believing that victory could be secured without the formal abolition of slavery, he awaited the arrival of Generals Halleck and Pope, who had been summoned from the West, in the hope that a man had been found equal to the emergency. General Pope arrived at midnight and General Halleck at four o'clock in

the morning. Secretary Chase, only the afternoon before, announced his intention to surrender his portfolio unless General McClellan were relieved and the entire army placed under some other and some controlling mind. The change was made. The year wore out its hours, and with its approaching close the conviction deepened in the mind of the President that the conflict between such vast hosts of brave men, of the same blood, would not end until the chief factor in the original conflict was removed, and the slave set free.

The campaign of 1862 closed gloomily enough; for the vortex of war seemed only to swallow up the hundreds of thousands who had been summoned to the front, with very meager returns for the blood and treasure expended; but its twelve months of vicissitude were full of assurance that a people who could survive such vicissitudes must, re-united, and in a just cause, be invincible against the world.

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### TO A CHICKADEE.

BY HENRY W. AUSTIN.

Blithe bird, to whom yon dead tree near the marsh—  
 Yon sapless, hapless trunk—a castle seems,  
 Thou reckest not though winter winds be harsh  
 And hush up the gay gossip of the streams;  
 Gaye than that thy sparkling song flies forth,  
 An ultimatum of defiance clear  
 Unto the great white deserts of our North,—  
 For in thy heart is summer all the year!  
 Brave little fellow,—fain to choose thy nest  
 When snows are deep, as doth the Great Horned Owl,  
 How well thou matchest that fantastic fowl!  
 Since, if his owlship, as of old, seem best  
 For wisdom's high-priest to the feathered laity,  
 Thou, surely, art the type of wit and winged gayety.

## HISTORIC NEW LONDON.

The John Winthrop Family — The Winthrop Homestead — Other Old Houses — Ancient Elms — The First Burying Ground.

BY CHARLES MOLYNEUX HOLLOWAY.

NEW LONDON has so long been celebrated for the possession of one of the finest harbors in the United States, that strangers, hearing its citizens dilate upon their pet hobby, may well be pardoned for concluding that New London's chief claim upon their admiring regard is a watery one. No greater mistake could be made. Few cities have more right to command the admiration of the lover of the beautiful and the historic. Were it the province of this article to dwell upon the natural beauties of the place, pages could easily be filled where now paragraphs must suffice.

The town is built upon a slope gradually rising from the Thames to an elevated ridge in the northwest, from which a superb view can be had of the river in its ribbon-like course twisting around the bold promontory on the east, thence flowing calmly on to mingle in the waters of the Sound,—whose broad surface stretches away to the south like a sea of silver. On the opposite bank lies the village of Groton, its level fields of gold-tasseled corn, its scattered farm houses and lofty green hills forming a gladsome sight beneath the strong glare of the August sun; yet the monument to the victims of the Fort Griswold massacre, looming up—a grim, untiring sentinel, silently voicing the tale of man's passion and patriotism, baseness and nobility—eloquently tells how once yonder fair scene was darkened by murder most foul and treacherous.

On the north the landscape becomes exceedingly diversified and rugged. Beyond the upper portion, a high elevation seems to wall off further advance, and well justifies the name bestowed upon it in the early colonial days by a homesick settler, who called it "The mountain from which he could see his dear England." Between this part of New London and the river is a noble wood of forest trees, abounding in hills and hollows, and containing oaks which have withstood the storms of centuries.

The walks and drives about the town in any direction afford the lover of "nature adorned by man" a fair chance to go into ecstasies of either joy or grief, and make the critical stickler for architectural principles a little perplexed to find names for the varied styles which will be sure to attract his attention. Some of the private residences bear convincing testimony to their owners' taste. Few cities can show a more simply elegant mansion than the Mt. Vernon house, built by General Jedediah Huntington, the first Collector of the port under the Federal Government, — now owned and occupied by E. L. Palmer, who has renovated and beautified the place without marring its harmonious simplicity.

It is a curious evidence of the jealousy with which the higher powers regarded any aspiring settlement, to find that it was only after a long and obstinate struggle that the dwellers on the bank of the river they had christened "Thames" were able to get the authorities to consent to call their plantation "New London." The name first given, "Nameeug," was not to the liking of the home-loving settlers, as we find from the records:—

22 Feb., 1648. — The same day the inhabitants did consent and desier that the plantation may be called London.

The General Court, however, did not approve their choice, for, under date of May, 1649, it is recorded that "the Court commends the name of Faire Harbour to them, for to be the name of their Towne."

That the inhabitants did not follow the advice of the General Court is shown by the town records, viz.:

Aug. 29th. — The Towne have sent to the Court by there deputys, Hugh Calkin & Thomas Mynor, that the Towne's name may be called London.

The Court was obdurate. In enlarging the town's bounds to Paukatuck River, the ensuing September, it refers to the presumptuous settlement as "Nameage." The people of "Nameage" were just as obstinate as the Court,—which finally yielded gracefully,—as witness this entry in its records:—

Mar. 24, 1658. — This Court, considering that there hath yet no place in any of the colonies been named in honor of the city of London, there being a new plantation within this jurisdiction of Connecticut, settled upon the fair river of Monhegin, in the Pequot country, it being an excellent harbour and a fit and convenient place for future trade, it being also the only place which the English of these parts have possessed by conquest, and that by a very just war, upon that great and warlike people, the Pequots, that therefore, they might thereby leave to posterity the memory of that renowned city of London, from whence we had



our transportation, have thought fit, in honour to that famous city, call the said plantation NEW LONDON. [Conn. Col. Rec. Vol. I.]

It is a somewhat curious comment upon the ingratitude of towns, to find so little preserved in New London commemorative of the man who did so much for the town and for Connecticut. That Connecticut must have been colonized in time admits of no doubt. That it would ever have enjoyed the remarkable advantages which contributed so much to its growth without the aid of John Winthrop is highly improbable.

John Winthrop, the younger, Governor and chief founder of Connecticut, was the eldest son of the leader of the second Puritan emigration, which was really the foundation of the Massachusetts colony. He was born February 12, 1605. The Winthrops were an ancient and honorable family of Groton, in Suffolk, and could well bestow upon him the rare advantages he received. After leaving the University of Dublin, he was at the siege of Rochelle with the Duke of Buckingham, but probably left that nobleman's service before his assassination. The courtly training Winthrop thus gained served Connecticut well in after years. It did not, however, attach him to the court of the Stuarts; for, in 1631, he came with his wife to Massachusetts. This lady, after fourteen years in wedlock, died childless; and a year later, Winthrop, then in England, married Elizabeth Read, of Essex, and with her and her step-father, Hugh Peters (the celebrated Puritan divine who wanted to have Charles I. listen to his prayers the night before his execution) returned to America in 1685.

Impressed by the energy, education and enterprise of Winthrop, the patentees of Connecticut commissioned him to begin the Saybrook settlement. He immediately despatched an advance guard of twenty, who left Boston, November 3d, and succeeded in preventing the Dutch from taking possession, but did nothing until spring; when Winthrop set Lion Gardiner, the engineer, to building fortifications. He himself was not satisfied with the limits set down in his instructions, and followed along the coast till he came to Pequot Harbor. It needed not a second glance to convince his far-seeing mind of the magnificent possibilities, which both he and Stoughton pointed out to their superiors. He had already settled upon Fysher's Island for his own; and, ambitious to establish a baronial estate, early determined to locate at Pequot.

But the Pequot war arose almost immediately. The conflict between the natives and the whites ended with an act of the most atrocious cruelty. In June, 1637, about one hundred prisoners were taken in the Pine Swamp, Groton; the men, thirty in number, were brought out into the middle of the river and drowned; the women and children were sold into captivity.

Although deferred, Winthrop's determination had not decreased. In the interim he had gained the favor of Sashious, sachem of the Nahantics, and obtained from him the grant of a considerable portion of his territory. In 1640, he received from the General Court of Massachusetts the grant of Fysher's Island and this grant was confirmed by the Court of Connecticut, as witnesseth this extract:—

April 9, 1641. — Upon Mr. Winthrop's motion to the Court for Fysher's Island, it is the mind of the Court that so far as it hinders not the public good of the country, either for fortifying, for defence or for setting up a trade for fishing, or salt and such like, he shall have liberty to proceed therein. [Col. Rec. Conn. Vol. I.]

Winthrop's application for Fysher's Island was but the precursor of his settlement on the island and at Nameag. On his return from England in 1643, he was engaged for some time in salt works. In 1645, Winthrop and Thomas Peters, an ejected Puritan clergyman of Cornwall, England, were the principal directors in the work of settling Pequot Harbor. The mistake in dating the natal day of New London, May 6, 1646, is owing to the fact that this was the day the following commission was issued:—

At a General Court held at Boston, 6th of May, 1646. Whereas, Mr. John Winthrop, Jun., and some others have, by allowance of this Court, begun a plantation in the Pequot country, which appertains to this jurisdiction, as part of our proportion of the conquered country; and, whereas, this Court is informed that some Indians who are now planted upon the place where the said plantation is begun, are willing to remove from their planting ground for the more quiet and convenient settlement of the English there, so that they may have another convenient place. It is therefore ordered that Mr. John Winthrop may appoint unto such Indians as are willing to remove their lands on the other side, that is, on the east side of the Great River of the Pequot country, or some other place for their convenient planting and subsistence, which may be to the good liking and satisfaction of the said Indians, and likewise to such of the Pequot Indians as shall desire to live there, submitting themselves to the English Government, &c.

And, whereas, Mr. Thomas Peters is intended to inhabit in the said plantation—this Court doth think fit to join him to assist the said Mr. Winthrop, for the better carrying on the work of said plantation. A true copy. [New London Rec. Book VI.]

But Winthrop had commenced the plantation in the previous year, as a letter from Roger Williams to him bears the inscription:—"For his honored kind friend, Mr. John Winthrop, at

Pequot—These—Narraganset, 22nd June, 1645.” In the letter Williams sends his “loving salutes to your dearest and kind sister”, Mrs. Margaret Lake, who came with Winthrop and Peters to the infant settlement, and who was the first white woman who trod upon New London soil.

In October, 1646, Winthrop removed his family from Boston to Fysher’s Island, his brother Deane accompanying them; and in the following summer, the house at Nameag being completed, they came thither. The Winthrop household consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, also, for a time, Mrs. Margaret Lake, and his children, Elizabeth, Wait Still, Mary, Lucy, Fitz-John and Margaret. Martha and Anne were born in Pequot, as the place was first called.

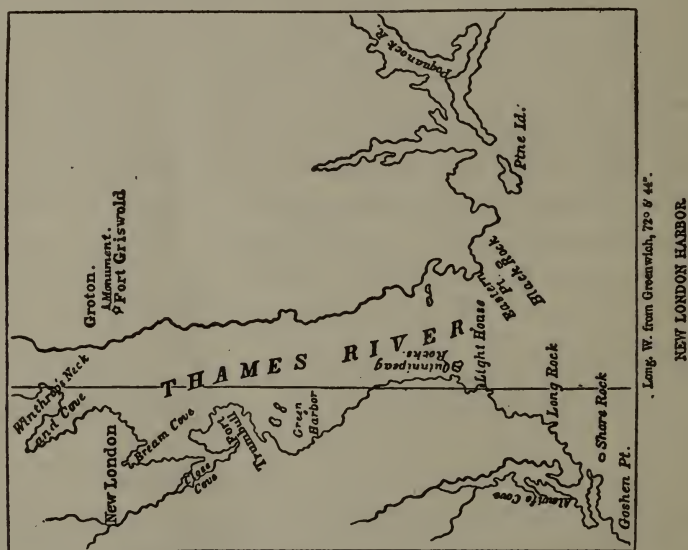
It is impossible to glean much information from the early town records, which were very loosely kept. Miss Caulkins, in her admirable History of New London, says the first records were made in a stitched book, which some considerate scribe labeled: “The Antientest Book for 1648-49-50.” This “Antientest Book” and its successors show that Winthrop was held in high honor by his fellow townsmen. In January, 1649, it was “agreed by the townsmen of Nameag that Mr. John Winthrop is granted to set up a were, and to make huse of the river at Poquamuck at the uper end of the plaine for to take from, and so to make improvement of it, to him and to his heirs and assigns.” He is never mentioned save as “Mr. or Esquire,”—titles very charily used. In 1650, “Mr. John Winthrop” and “Mr. Johnathan Brewster” were made freemen of the Connecticut Colony. The next meeting, in February, 1649, displays the growth of a democratic spirit; for, instead of having sole authority, Mr. Winthrop is granted four associates.

A very pretty incident was associated with the early history of New London, and may properly be brought in here. It was related by Winthrop himself in 1672 in testifying concerning the boundaries in one of the suits with its neighbors, which the litigious and ambitious town was constantly maintaining.

In 1646-47, Jonathan Rudd, a Saybrook colonist, was very desirous to marry his affianced bride. All had been prepared for the ceremony, but a heavy snow-storm prevented the minister engaged from coming. In this extremity he applied to Winthrop.

The latter, while eager to aid the lovers, was not legally empowered to officiate in Connecticut jurisdiction, holding, as he did, his authority from Massachusetts. He solved the difficulty by proposing that the bridal company come to "Bride Brook," then called "Sunkipaug," two miles west of Niantic Bay, and the limit of the plantation. The proposition was accepted; and, beside the ice-covered brook, with the crisp snow crackling beneath their feet, and the bare branches of the trees intercepting none of the feeble rays of the winter sun, was performed a marriage rite unparalleled in romance, and yet vouched for in history.

Winthrop, Coit, Shaw, Perkins, Hempstead, Deshon, Hallam, Mynor, Brooks, Chapman, Christophers, Prentis, Brewster,—all names known in New London history,—have achieved more than local fame; but it is of the branch of the great Winthrop family, intimately associated with New London's fortunes, that we shall at this time treat.



Like Lion Gardiner, Winthrop was ambitious to found in the New World a baronial estate, which should equal in fertility and extent the grandest held by English peer or commoner. But unlike Lion Gardiner, the wise and politic Winthrop never wished to have a realm "where none but barbarians would visit him without an invitation." Winthrop, above all things, desired to have



his name revered by posterity for the good wrought by its owner, to have generation after generation of Winthrops follow in inheritance of the noble manor lands left by their illustrious ancestor.

The General Courts of Massachusetts and Connecticut and the inhabitants of Nameag proved most complaisant in the furtherance of his desires. In the division of land he was always allowed first choice, while the others had to abide by lots. He selected for his home lot the neck of land (comprising 200 acres) which now bears his name in the memory of the older inhabitants; and these resent the presumption which has led the residents to sacrifice historical association to pride of city association, by christening their section "*East New London.*"

Winthrop's Fisher's Island grant has already been described. In addition, he had on the east side of the river a tract three miles in length from north to south, averaging perhaps a mile in breadth, lying between Poquonock Creek and Mumford's Cove, washed by the Sound on the south and intersected by inlets of salt water, and containing forests, meadows, uplands, pastures, and salt-marsh. His river lot on the Groton side (so called in compliment to Groton, the Winthrop family seat in England) was eight score pole in length, the same in width. Beside these he had the Mill Pond Farm, 300 acres; Mystic, Lanthorn Hill, Goat Island, and some 10,000 acres in Voluntown, Plainfield, Canterbury, Woodstock, Saybrook and Black-lead-mine Hill in Massachusetts Bay, 10 miles in circumference. Many a European prince might have coveted such a sovereignty. In March, 1649, Roger Williams writes to congratulate him on his possessions at Paukatuck.

Winthrop was a man of ceaseless activity. No sooner had he accomplished one enterprise than he turned to another. While freely serving the colony in every public capacity, he was engaged in salt, iron, and fishing enterprises; he traded, farmed, botanized, quarried, mineralized,—sending specimens to Sir Hans Sloane,—raised goats and sheep, and set up mills and forges. He continued in the magistracy till made governor; he was a member of a special court of three who decided suits too important to bring before the General Court; was the personal friend and adviser of every man in the colony, and performed all marriages in the early days, and often administered medicine. He was thoroughly identified with New London, which he had resolved should be his home; and

when, in 1657, the news came that he had been chosen Governor, the sorrow of his fellow-townsmen nearly overpowered their pride and pleasure at the recognition of his worth.

It was necessary for the chief magistrate to remove to Hartford, but though he continued in the office of Governor from 1657 to 1676, he always considered Pequot, or New London, as his home. His homestead he had previously bestowed upon Edward Palmes of New Haven, who had married his daughter Lucy. Winthrop describes this in his will, as follows:—

“The stone house, formerly my dwelling-house, in New London, with garden and orchard, as formerly conveyed to said Palmes and in his use and possession, with the land lying to the north of the said house to join with James Rogers. Also, a lot of six acres lying east of the house, bounded north by the oxepasture and east by the Great River, and having two great oak trees near the center line.”

The stone house thus bequeathed to Palmes was the house erected in 1648 by Winthrop for his own occupancy. It was a most stately dwelling, and one of the three stone houses then in the colony. The stone from which it was built had been quarried a mile from the town and brought to the “Neck” with great trouble.

“The Neck,” as Winthrop’s manor lot was called, was a bold rugged point jutting out into the river, remarkable for its stern and lofty beauty and its jagged and picturesque outline. Winthrop built his mansion at the head of the cove on the east side, where it stood for more than a century, shaded by gigantic oaks,—the only house on the whole point. Its noble avenue of oaks, its wide lawns, its gardens of flowers and fruit, and its magnificent parks of ancient forest trees, with sheep and deer gambolling beneath their mighty branches, or reposing in their shade, formed an estate well calculated to swell the owner’s heart with pardonable pride.

It was the intention of Winthrop that, while his daughter Lucy should have this mansion and land, all his possessions, at the time of his death, should be held jointly by his two sons,—his four other daughters having been portioned, as well as Lucy.

The contrary realization of Winthrop’s dreams show how God disposes of what man proposes. Of all the vast area bearing the name of Winthrop, but one small section remains, and even that

wishes to discard the name which Connecticut has such reason to revere.

Lucy Winthrop Palmes died the year following her father's demise. She left one daughter, Lucy, who inherited the manor in 1712. Though twice married she died childless, and bequeathed the Winthrop manor to her step-brothers, Guy and Andrew Palmes. In 1740 it was sold to John Plumbe.

When Arnold burned New London, September 6, 1781, the Plumbe house was the first fired of those upon Winthrop's Neck.

The two sons of Governor Winthrop, Fitz-John and Wait Still, adhered scrupulously to their father's will. Both were men of great prominence in the Connecticut colony, but neither circumstances nor character enabled them to excel their father in services, though they were worthy scions of the name. Wait Winthrop succeeded his brother John as major of the county regiment, and some ten or twelve years later took up his abode in Boston.

John Winthrop fulfilled much the same duties as his father, but had a far greater share of military service. When King Philip's War broke out in 1675, John Winthrop, then the highest military commander in the country, was very ill, and his brother, Captain Wait Winthrop, was dispatched at the head of the New London contingent. It is worthy of note that New London always responded generously to any appeal to her patriotism.

In 1690, during King William's War, Major-General Fitz-John Winthrop was commander-in-chief of the forces of New York and New England, and made an expedition into the Canadian territory, intending to attack Montreal. The Indians, who were to coöperate, failed to appear; Winthrop was beset with difficulties, and only by the exercise of the utmost strategy succeeded in reaching Albany, where the New York Government, professing to lay the defeat at his door, were prevented from sacrificing him to popular indignation only by the boldness of friendly Mohawks, who gallantly rescued their beloved commander, and brought him back from prison to his own camp.

From this expedition General Winthrop brought back to New London nothing but a fame untarnished—after the most severe scrutiny by the legislature of the colony. His daughter and only child, Mary, however, had reason to rejoice at its disastrous termination, as it was the direct cause of her meeting and wedding

the brave Captain (Colonel) Livingston, who was one of the New York officers who took refuge with Winthrop until the senseless indignation of his government should give place to reason. But he never returned to New York. He became interested in some of the numerous projects of his father-in-law. After Mary's death he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Knight, and died in England in 1720 while transacting business.

Fitz-John Winthrop never had the strength and endurance so beneficently bestowed upon the early colonists. From 1697 to 1707, while Governor, he had been away from New London nearly all the time, but had given it many tokens of his affectionate regard, so that it was with sincere regret that the inhabitants learned of his death at Boston, whither he had gone for medical aid. The *Boston News Letter*, the first newspaper published in North America, begun in 1704, contained this death notice:

BOSTON, Nov. 27th, 1707. — About 4 o'clock this morning the Honorable John Winthrop, Esq., Governor of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut, departed this life in the 69th year of his age. Being born at Ipswich, in New England, March 14th, anno 1638:—Whose body is to be interred here on Thursday next, the 4th of December.

He was buried with his father and grandfather in King's Chapel.

Fitz-John had married Elizabeth Tonge, daughter of George and Margery Tonge, keepers of the public inn. She survived him till 1731, living in her father's house. Her only child, Mary Winthrop Livingston, died January 1712; of her burial place there is not the slightest trace.

In their endeavor to keep the estate as their father had desired, the Winthrop brothers had a long and vexatious lawsuit with Major Edward Palmes, husband of their dead sister Lucy. He was defeated in the colonial courts, and fared no better in England, whither he had appealed it. Wait Still Winthrop had a son John, whom Fitz-John and he had agreed should be sole heir of their joint possessions, but, curiously enough, the younger John Winthrop had also to establish his claims to the undivided possessions of his father and uncle by a lawsuit,—Mrs. Thomas Lechmere, of Boston, his only sister, claiming her portion. Joseph Dudley, his father-in-law, testified before the colonial courts that Governor Fitz-John Winthrop had meant to have his nephew his sole heir, but the courts, recognizing that the acknowledgment of Winthrop's claims would be admitting that the English law of primogeniture



had force in the colonies, decided against him. He was naturally very indignant and appealed to the king, who confirmed him in possession of his estates.

He was as dissatisfied with the colonists as they with him, and for twenty-one years he remained abroad; but his wife and family made New London their home, and his eldest son, John Still Winthrop, went to London in 1741, and remained with his father till the latter's death, August 1, 1747.

Mention has been made of the lot sold by the first Governor Winthrop to James Rogers, a baker, who furnished bread to the colonial troops. Winthrop's transfer of this portion of his estate was afterwards the source of the greatest annoyance to his heirs, as they were continually in litigation with Rogers over the water privileges. Madam Winthrop re-purchased the lot, which, a century after the first Winthrop sold it, thus became again a part of the Winthrop estate. Upon it now stands the stately mansion built by John Still Winthrop (great grandson of the learned, wise and gentle John Winthrop) in 1747, just a century after his great ancestor built the Winthrop manor on his "home lot."

A grand old relic it is of a grand old family. It stands at the very head of the cove, separated from it by a narrow street, bordered on one side by gigantic English elms and a meadow beyond. In front of it stretches away "The Neck," with its bridges, its workshops, its railroads, its neat dwellings,—a busy, bustling miniature city; and here and there towers up a stately old tree, casting the shade of antiquity over the modern glare. Afar off pulses the Thames,—its sun-kissed waves gleaming and sparkling. To the left a modest little church nestles under the steep hill, which rises up abruptly, and with its overhanging boulders, gnarly stumps and stunted cedars, forms a wild and forbidding prelude to the beautiful forest beyond it.

The Winthrop manor is a very old stately house, built in the solid elegance which characterized the English country houses of the seventeenth century, provided with an abundance of roomy porches and balconies. A high stone wall, surmounted by a palisade-like fence, encloses the front lawn. Passing through the massive gates, one comes upon lawns and gardens, once the pride of the gardener's heart. Rare roses run riot, English shrubbery, brought thither by Consul General Stewart, form tangled

thickets of neglected bloom. Although it is a comparatively short time since the last family left the mansion, it bears the impress of neglect. Sitting upon the quaint portico, one cannot help conjuring up visions of the past history of the old manor. Here John Still Winthrop sat and watched the gay young people as they sauntered over the lawn or loitered among the roses. Those old trees have doubtless sparkled with lights for more than one of the garden parties which were so popular in the old times. In that nook between two friendly trees perhaps a heart secret was whispered. Through yonder postern gate, opening into the lane which divides the grounds from the woods, mayhap some pretty maid stole forth to keep a tryst.

How often have the great gates of the winding avenue been swung back to admit the Winthrops and their guests, returning from Fysher's Island manor to their country seat; how many times Hempstead, whose chatty, gossipy diary has been a god-send to antiquarians, walked beneath those overarching trees. And in after years, when the Stuarts held reign,—George, William, Cardinal and Charles, Mary, Isabella, Anne and Frances—what a brave, merry and handsome octette you were! How the halls of the Winthrops resounded with your merry laughter and gay jests,—even "Aunt" Amely, the "cullud" cook—whose soul seemed bound up in her pastries and puddings—would leave her task and gaze after "de young folkses" as they departed upon some wild frolic. And deaf and dumb David Bolles, the counterpart of the anxious Martha of the Bible, the *major domo*, the awful dragon who presided over the red and gold apples,—even he would yield his choicest treasures with alacrity to Isabella or Anne.

Oh! old house, grim with the silence of loneliness, what a tale could'st thou tell if thy walls gave back the words they have often drunk! What would its tenor be? Would it be a comedy, full of light, the tinkling of music, the ripple of laughter, the whirl of dancing feet,—would there be aught of darkness or gloom?

A very jolly set were the Stewarts,—the consul, grave and quiet, much pre-occupied with his duties, and absorbed in his business, a press-mill which was run on the spot where the Albertson foundry now stands, yet never neglecting the calls of hospitality; and Mrs. Stewart, a type of the English lady, much given to rid-

ing, hunting, partying, dressing and dancing. The older people of New London still treasure in their memory the famous Stewart balls and skating parties, to which it was high honor to be a guest.

Speaking of skating reminds one that the famous mill-pond of Governor Winthrop must be included in this estate, and we incontinently desert the manor—after having lingered for the regulation time, absorbed in admiration of the great drawing-room with its rare panels and scriptural tiles. Out through the *porte-cochère*, fighting one's way through tall Orange lilies—commemorating the memory of pious William—into the damp, dark avenue. The writer was prepared to give allowances for the ravages of time and neglect.—but can this reedy, sedgy little triangle be the famous pond which provoked so much litigation? Was it from this that the whalers used to fill their barrels? Was it over this surface the swans majestically floated,—where the Stewarts rowed in summer and skated in winter? Yes, for there is boat-house and ice-house, and the little bridge “which spans its rapid flow.” Though one may be disappointed in its size, one cannot avoid being struck by its calm, lethargic beauty. Its centre is perfectly clear and motionless, of a peculiar greenish hue. The northern and western sides are a mass of water-lilies in bloom,—their glossy green leaves, spread out upon the water, tenderly hold up the flowers; at the upper end a wall of wild roses, dwarf maples, wild clematis and elder bushes, forms a dense thicket; at one side a broken hawthorn hedge strives to cover the obtrusive ugliness of an old stone wall, which defiantly refuses to be hidden, and a solitary weeping willow drops its tears upon the placid surface; near by, a vigorous young oak proudly flings out its sturdy branches as though the sluggish decay about it made it rejoice in its full life. A woodpecker darts at its trunk; a catbird emits a quavering cry; a chipmunk, leaping along the stone wall, pauses to regard us with unrestrained, enquiring astonishment; then a robin dips his beak into the water, and a curious little fish comes up to take a peep.

The rays of the August sun are most delightfully tempered, one almost succumbs to a Rip Van Winkle drowsiness, when the jingle, jingle of the city 'bus, watering its horses at a neighboring trough, prove a most efficacious antidote.

Going down the avenue, the first thing which impresses us is

the time-defying character of the stables, which seem to have been built to shelter a whole troop of horses; one building,—a long, narrow structure, with arched doors and tiny panel windows—is surmounted by an empty belfry; it strongly suggests a guard house.

Judging from the present umbrageous features of the estate, the former owners must have derived immense “pleasure in the pathless woods,” for here are oak, maple, pinè, poplar, elm, spruce, ash, the “light, quivering aspen,” the noisome ailanthus, butternut and mulberry. If they had designed to give evidence of their abilities in arboriculture, they could not have better succeeded.

But if the old Winthrop house is redolent of antiquity, what can be said of its neighbor,—modest'y hiding under the shadow of its eaves, as it were—the old mill, built in 1651 by the first settlers at Pequott?

Miss Caulkins' History of New London says: “The establishment of a mill was an object of prime importance. It was decided in town meeting, the 10th of November, 1650, that all the inhabitants should co-operate with Mr. Winthrop in building the mill; and that,—

“Further, it is agreed that no person or persons shall set up any other mill to grind corn for the town of Pequett within the limits of the town, either for the present, nor for the future, so long as Mr. John Winthrop or his heirs, do uphold a milne to ‘grind the town corn.’”

The town faithfully adhered to its agreement, though the heirs of Winthrop did not; and it was not till 1709 that another was built at Jordan.

Well they wrought,—those men of steel! To-day the stones of the dam are as firmly set, as when—the last one placed—the weary laborers drew back with proud satisfaction from their task.

Salvator Rosa never had better subject than the old mill affords. Its long sloping roof nearly descends to the door, over which it projects, forming a portico supported by the self-same knotty, gnarly, twisted cedar posts cut by a Brewster, or a Latham, two hundred and thirty-five years ago. The door, of massive planks crossed by huge iron bars, opens in upper and lower halves; a precaution needed in the days when not over-peaceable or honest Indians were frequent visitors. The small windows have doubtless



served for loopholes for muskets. The cellar must have been designed for a dungeon. Within the massive rafters almost touch one's head; its semi-darkness and a feeling of awe make the intruder glad to breathe again the fresh air.

But the old mill has other than musty memories. Over its threshold has stepped many a fair girl-bride; within its walls many a happy family were reared. The old portion, set off for the miller's family, is still in perfect preservation. The last miller, Giles Perkins, spent his first years of married life beneath its roof. At the side opening, on Winthrop avenue, is a little door, upon whose step the miller's wife often sat, surrounded by her children, and watched the doings of the great house.

Dame Nature was at her wildest when she planned the little glen in which the mill is situated. Nothing but an earthquake could have produced such a magnificent confusion of rocks, small, medium, large,—rocks worn into basins by the constant flow of the water which dashes from one to another down the steep incline, lashing itself with foam, throwing up spray and roaring like a Niagara on a very small scale; rocks completely covered with gray moss, and rocks from whose split hearts a lofty tree has arisen. The profusion of rocks is only equalled by that of the trees. They grow in all directions, in all shapes, of all sizes, at all angles. Wherever a blade of grass has found foothold, up it springs, of a marvellous freshness and greenness, which would do credit to the Emerald Isle. And such ferns! They would make the puny pet of the conservatory wilt away in mortification.

Silent and desolate is the old mill now,—seeming to have gained a deeper lonesomeness since the death of the last miller, a short time since. The old overshot wheel hangs dry and motionless, never again to feel the mastery of the hand which for forty years set its busy, cheery clatter agoing.

Placid, gentle, guileless old Giles Perkins! How fitting would it have been for mill and miller to have ceased their usefulness together.

Main street (Town, in the old time,) is the oldest street after Bank and Beach (Water.) "When Arnold burnt the town," he left very few dwellings upon its length. The dwelling house at present occupied by Judge John P. C. Mather—may not have any historic recollections associated with it, but the many admir-

ers of that persistent and consistent defender of the tariff, Congressman John T. Wait, will probably yet make it the object of a pilgrimage, for it is his birthplace. Below on the same side, is the house of Captain Guy Richards, erected by him in 1739, but spared in the burning through the piteous entreaties made by her mother for the life of the captain's daughter, who was dangerously ill of fever. The next house of interest is the house on the corner of Main and Shapley streets, owned by W. D. Pratt, who has kept it as nearly as possible in its old form. It was built in 1769 by Captain Shaw, for his daughter, "Pretty Polly Shaw,"—whose portrait in the family gallery shows her to be a fair, sweet-faced child of fifteen. At her marriage with the young Congregational minister, Ephraim Woodbridge, she became mistress of the house built and furnished by her father. The happy visions of the young pair are shown by the lines still on the window pane, engraved by the bridegroom on his bridal morn :

EPHRAIM WOODBRIDGE.

*Hic vicit.*

Hail happy day! the fairest sun that ever rose.

1769.

But the black cloud of death soon obscured his sun. Scarcely six years, and pretty Polly Shaw and her husband lay together in the grave. His epitaph says :

"Zion may in his full bemoan,  
A Beauty and a Pillar gone."

On the east side of Main street is a long, low, rambling brown house, whose closed shutters and general somnolent air would never make the observer believe that it could have been the famous old Fox tavern, celebrated for its "entertainment for man and beast." Diagonally opposite is the old Episcopal parsonage, erected in 1745, and occupied by the ministers of that faith for over one hundred years. Its venerable neighbor on the right looks like what it is, an old Puritan homestead, which counts its birthdays up to one hundred and fifty, and rigidly refuses to adorn itself with any modern ornaments. Just in front are three mighty elms which must reckon their ages by centuries.

A legend is told of one of the Burbeck family which well illustrates the fearlessness with which a bold son of New London will

defend his rights. It appears that the sapient selectmen of the town had taken it into their heads that the beauty of the thoroughfare demanded the sacrifice of one of the elms, while the owner of the elms, Brig.-General Burbeck, had an opposite opinion. The selectmen sent him their commands repeatedly, but the General received them with increasing contempt. At length the crisis came. The selectmen felt that they must avenge the outraged majesty of law and order, or remain forever despised. The general felt that to consent to the destruction of his hamadryades would be to tarnish all his glory. The selectmen armed themselves with axes and copies of the law defining their powers. The general girded himself for the conflict. It is doubtful if that soul-stirring poem, not infrequently recited by school boys, "Woodman, spare that tree," had yet been evolved; it is pretty certain that, even if it had been, the general would have scorned to waste its pathos on the selectmen. He placed himself in front of his trees, brought his gun into position, and as he ran his eye along the sight, said in trumpet tones:

"The first man that touches a tree I will shoot like a dog!"

Silence so heavy that it would have outweighed boarding-house bread fell on the vandal host. The selectmen saw not the outraged majesty of law, they saw not the gibing faces of their townsmen; but they did see the muzzle of the gun, the gleam of the general's eye,—and, realizing that discretion was far better than valor, they stood not upon the order of their going, but fled ingloriously. The elms still stand.

It would be well for the picturesque beauty of New London if more of the present generation were imbued with some of the Burbeck spirit. The elms which shade sections of State and Huntington streets are glorious trees; and it would send a New Havener into spasms of envy merely to gaze upon their magnificence of girth and height; yet every day some Goth with a tuneless soul arms himself with his little hatchet, and in an hour ruins what a hundred years scarce serve to form.

It would be hard to recognize the old court house of 1784 in its gay red dress, save that its prime Puritan outlines still peep out and seem to refuse to be modernized. When it was built, it was considered a very elegant structure. It is square, two stories in height, and is surmounted by a round cupola. It is utterly guilt-

less of ornament, unless a vivid imagination interpret the modest pediments over the windows as such.

It would be superfluous to call attention to the old Hempstead house, the Shaw mansion, and the Nathan Hale school house on Union street; every urchin in the city knows their location, and every visiting stranger has "done" them. The two first are particularly rich in recollections and souvenirs. In the Hempstead house,—one of the oldest, if not the oldest in Connecticut, having been built in 1643,—is a sky-blue satin waistcoat, about which is told a pretty story. It was sacredly treasured by the family who preserved it as a proud memento of a courtier ancestor. But in the days when New London was a great resort for the royal navy, Patty Hempstead, having vainly teased her father for a ball dress, audaciously took her scissors, and without the slightest reverence for her departed ancestor adapted his gorgeous finery to her own plump outlines, and thus clad doubtless broke many a sturdy Jack's heart before the night was half gone.

The Shaw mansion is a spacious, hospitable mansion of limestone. It fronts Bank street, opposite the cove, which bears the name of that family, once the ruling maritime spirits of New London. Nearly every room has its history or romance. Both Washington and Lafayette were guests of the manor, and probably the former danced at the lawn party given in his honor.

Next the Shaw house stands one which, if not so imposing, is more quaintly picturesque; its roof, like that of a Swiss chalet, descending upon cedar posts full of knots and spanned by antique trellises.

Here dwelt, in Revolutionary days, one of the Christophers; as stanch a tory as ever cried "God save King George!" He wined and dined Benedict Arnold the day that traitor burned New London; and scarcely had his "distinguished guest" departed when he saw the flames rising from the residence of his patriot neighbor. Forgotten were all differences. Christopher rushed to the rescue. There was no water at hand, not a moment to lose. Luckily there was a vat of vinegar in Christopher's out-house; and with this the owner soon succeeded in subduing the flames. The Christopher house still bears the name of "Vinegar" house, from this episode.

It would not be acting fairly toward one of New London's most



interesting possessions to omit a description of the burying-ground of the first settlers,—which still remains. It was laid out in 1653, and is the “antientest” burial place in New London, and has been the subject of many times repeated and minute legislation. It was solemnly resolved in town meeting, that “It shall ever bee for a Common Buriall Place, and never be impropriated by any.” Any extortion on the part of the sexton was also carefully provided against, as evinced by this extract from the town records:

Goodman Comstock is chosen to be grave-maker for the town; for a man or woman he is to have 4 shillings, for children 2 shillings a grave, to be paid for by survivors.

“To be paid for by survivors,” shows that the sage council strongly favored having the deceased remain in their graves, like decent, well-behaved ex-citizens, instead of roaming about, like Banquo, to settle up old scores.

But the old burial-place did not remain the sole burying-ground, as the council intended. As time rolled on, and one after another of the colonists fell beneath its remorseless chariot, they were tenderly borne to their last resting place almost in the shadow cast by the “meeting-house.” After a considerable time it was found to be too small, and shortly after the abandonment of the old meeting-house, it was voted in town council to lay out another cemetery; but no action was taken for some time. Finally a second burial place was consecrated in 1793, and thither many bodies were removed from the first. In passing, it may be said that this Second Burying Ground is about to be turned into a park. The most interesting interments within it were those of General Jedediah Huntington, first Collector of the Port, and John G. C. Brainard, the poet. No bodies have been interred in the old burying place for years, except those of the town poor, and it has gradually sunk into neglect; governors, magistrates, ministers, law-makers, share oblivion alike with lowly paupers,—striking comment upon the pomp and pageantry of mortal pride!

The old cemetery is most beautifully situated upon an elevated ridge a little northwest of the centre of the town. This point was selected because it was just north of the first meeting-house. An hour’s research among its curious memorials to forgotten mortality would well repay the antiquarian.

Here, beneath crumbling stone or discolored tablet, repose the

"forefathers of the hamlet,"—judges, divines, martyrs. Some are marked with an humble slab of sandstone just rising from the ground, the lettering of the quaint epitaph nearly defaced; others, more pretentious, with marble centres bearing name, date of death, and a few verses—fearfully and wonderfully made,—setting forth the virtues never discovered until death has laid his chill touch upon their possessor.

Sunk below the turf, half covered with weeds, a great rent through its middle, lies the oldest tombstone east of the Connecticut river. It has bravely held its own against time's ravages; for the lettering of names, dates and epitaph, cut into the red sandstone, is still legible, as follows:

CAPTAINE RICHARD LORD, DECEASED.

MAY 17, 1662, AETATIS SOAL 51.

The bright starre of our cavallrie lyes here  
 Unto the state a counselour full deare  
 And to ye truth a friend of sweet conte<sup>tt</sup>.  
 To Hartford towne a silver ornament.  
 Who can deny to poore he was reliefe  
 And in composing paroxysms was chiefe.  
 To marchantes as a pattern he might stand  
 Adventuring dangers new by sea and land.

The highly eulogized Richard was captain of the first cavalry company organized in the colony. "Composing paroxysms" is not to be interpreted as meaning that he dabbled in physics, but was (as Miss Caulkins suggests), probably an allusion to his happy faculty of arbitrating disputes. Near the north end is the tomb of the Winthrops and Livingstons. The inscription on Madam Winthrop's tomb is quite legible. As is known, neither the first or second governors were buried here. John Still Winthrop, grand-nephew of the last Governor Winthrop, died in 1776 at the beginning of the revolution; and, as it was impossible at that time to erect monuments, his body was placed beneath a rude granite slab near the centre of the ground, beside that of the third minister of the colony, Simon Bradstreet, who died in 1683. It was upon the Winthrop tomb that Arnold viewed the attack upon Fort Griswold.

The Saltonstall tomb, containing the remains of Gurdon Saltonstall, who abandoned the pulpit for the gubernatorial chair, is in a

good state of preservation, as is likewise that of one of the lords of Gardiner's Island. There are innumerable graves of the Coit family, though the writer does not know whether the bones of Captain Wm. Coit repose in the old cemetery or have been removed. This brave soldier was captain of an independent military company organized in New London in 1775. It took part in the battle of Bunker Hill; and Coit soon after was appointed captain of the *Harrison*, a schooner fitted out in Boston to cruise against the British. Frothingham, in his "*Siege of Boston*," says that Captain Wm. Coit was "The first man in the States who turned his majesty's bunting upside down."

The tomb of the Brooks family is sealed. Broken, cracked and chipped are the tablets of the Prentis, Deshon (Deschamps, doubtless), Avery, and Christophers. More than two centuries have elapsed since the first of the proud Christophers was entombed; and the coat of arms nearly defaced, the sandstone crumbling into dust, the rank grass matting itself above them, show how utterly forgotten are the proud race whose passions and pride set at naught the ordinances of their more temperate fellow-citizens.

Every few yards one stumbles over some tiny stone marking the resting place of some little one whom Jesus had called unto Himself ere the incorruptible had more than donned the garb of corruption.

But some sleep beneath the sod whose place of rest is marked by no token of love or respect. Perhaps even now we stand upon the grave of some poor unfortunate, buried with as little ceremony as Tom Hood's pauper. Ah, well! what matters it to the poor wretch, worn out in the pitiless battle of life, whether he rest at last beneath "dull, cold marble" in a minster transept, or sink, unknelled and unknown, into the sleep that knows not waking? But Nature hath a kind remembrance. The few wild flowers, shedding their sweet fragrance over their dust, are a more touching epitaph than any hollow mockeries would be, for those whose experience of life might be fitly summed up in the words: "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

Verily, the neglect and desolation of the place preach a lesson of mortality far more eloquently than could a Greenwood or an

Auburn. How forcible and true the declaration, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!"

From the cemetery is a most beautiful view. Behind is a plateau thickly covered with houses against a background of dark, green hills; on the left, a continuation of the same ridge, crowned with picturesque homes; to the right stretches away the whole town, with here and there a slender spire rising above the surrounding house-tops; in front, the entire slope down to the water's edge, with its fringe of warehouses and factories, the noble river intersecting the two shores,—its broad surface glowing with a thousand hues beneath the setting sun; the historic hills of Groton, their dark green foliage crimsoning with the first tintings of autumn, the grim, gray monument of brave Ledyard and his fellow-martyrs, and over all the calm, blue sky, flecked with fleecy white; the sun sinking slowly behind a mass of amber and purple and crimson and gold,—all forming a whole not easily forgotten.

Everything spoke of peace and rest. A great calm seemed to fall upon the city of the dead, and something of the peace which passeth all understanding entered into the troubled heart.

The sun sank low behind the western hills, a black cloud passed over it; all was dark and cheerless. An instant, and it burst forth again in a blaze of transcendent splendor, and shed a halo of light over the old crumbling stones. Slowly the rays fade away, lingering tenderly on the forgotten graves, until the soft creeping twilight came and wrapped the earth in its clinging gray mantle.



**JOHNNY KLINE,**

**THE TUNKER PREACHER OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY. — A  
STORY OF WAR TIME.**

BY ORRA LANGHORNE.

OLD JOHNNY KLINE! As I write the words the venerable form of the Tunker preacher comes before me as I have seen him a thousand times in my childhood, as I saw him the day before he died.

He always wore the blue homespun garments which are the uniform of the Tunker brethren, made after the quaint fashion of their German forefathers, every piece, from the flax-linen shirt to the cut-away coat, spun and woven by the thrifty women of their orderly community. His shoes, tied with stout leather strings, were home-made, too,—probably he made them himself. Only the broad-brimmed felt hat, universal among the Tunkers, but purchased from some Gentile merchant, betrayed the slightest concession to the progress of manufactures.

The old man was of somewhat thick-set frame, scarcely reaching the medium height; his long, white hair, parted in the middle, fell over his shoulders in silvery locks, his blue eyes beamed with kindly intelligence, and there was altogether about him an air of peace and serenity, seeming to lift him above the world of strife in which ordinary mortals dwell, irresistibly reminding one of the disciple "whom Jesus loved." There was something almost feminine in his gentle presence, and fierce indeed must have been the nature, which coming in contact with him, did not feel his calm, sweet influence.

We all knew the little romance which had cast its shadow over his life, and sincerely respected the old man for the patience with which his heavy burden was borne.

When quite young, as is customary with his people, he married the maiden of his choice, the union being approved by his friends, and neighbors as entirely suitable in every respect.

The damsel was one of the simple-hearted girls of his religious:

community, near his own age, fair to look upon, and well endowed with worldly goods, as was also the young husband.

He had already felt a call to preach, and annually attended the gatherings of his society, which met in rotation at some point in the various States where the Tunkers had made settlements, extending from the far Northwest to Tennessee.

Soon after the young couple had commenced their primitive housekeeping on the rich bottom lands lying along one of the creeks tributary to the Shenandoah, the Tunker Conference was appointed to meet at the extreme southern settlement of the order, and Johnny Kline prepared to attend the meeting, leaving his wife in charge of the household gear and farm-stock,—a position for which almost every German-American girl is well-fitted by her early training.

Travelling was slow work fifty years ago, and this journey, necessitating a long separation, seemed a very serious thing to the young wife, especially as her spouse announced his intention of making part of his trip on the Mississippi steamboat, then but recently introduced.

At the appointed time Johnny Kline and the other delegates to the conference from the valley churches set out upon their southward journey, brethren from communities along the route from time to time joining the party on the way.

At regular intervals letters reached the anxious young frau in her lonely home telling of a prosperous journey, and at last a missive from the absent loved one stated, that on a certain day near at hand Johnny Kline and his fellows would take the steamer (the name of which was mentioned) at a landing place in Tennessee.

A few days later our whole district was startled by the announcement that the steamer on which the Tunkers were to take passage had been blown up and all on board had perished.

Close upon this evil report came reliable information that the prudent brethren, ever cautious in their dealings with men, and never disposed to tempt Providence by a display of faith amounting to assurance, had taken counsel together on the eve of entering the steamer, and decided not to trust the swift sailing boat and treacherous waters, but to pursue their way by land on the stout horses which had borne them safely thus far on the journey.

The relief of the whole country-side was great, for the worthy Tunkers are universally respected and highly valued as citizens, even by those who ridicule their queer customs and costumes; but to Johnny Kline's fair young bride the fatal message had come like the deadly blast which withers flower and bud. No word of cheer was henceforth to reach that palsied brain, no smile of hope was ever again to brighten the trembling lip, the wandering eye, of the maniac.

When Johnny Kline, hastily recalled from the conference, reached the home he had left so peaceful and calm, lighted by the presence of his first and only love, only the wild cry of the terrified creature, from whom reason had forever flown, greeted his return,—only the senseless chatter of insanity fell upon his ear in place of the tender welcome to which he had looked forward.

The best medical advice was employed, every remedy known to science was tried, but all was in vain. The only glimmer of intelligence which ever repaid the loving care of the heart that mourned its shattered treasure, was a faint softening in the aspect of wild terror in the crazed wife, when her husband, unchanged in his gentle bearing, unwearied in his loving attention, approached her.

To all others, she was from the moment the direful tidings reached her, fierce, wild, uncontrollable, but never wholly so with him, and as soon as this became clear to Johnny Kline and his friends, the young man consecrated himself to his life-work.

All his advisers, even the nearest relatives of his wife, urged that the patient, whom the most skillful physicians pronounced incurably insane, should be removed to an asylum, and closely confined lest she should injure herself and others.

Johnny Kline, however, listened to no such counsellors, but thenceforth constituted himself his wife's chief nurse and attendant. He employed able and skilful assistants, and made every arrangement for the comfort and care of the afflicted one, that intelligent affection could suggest.

Johnny Kline's farm and household business were diligently attended to under the supervision of the owner by the faithful helpers, who never seem to be wanting in Tunker families. In such establishments social distinctions are little heeded, and the

prosperous householder shares with the humble assistant the toils of the day, the pleasures of the well-spread board, the comforts of the hearthstone, and the privileges of the sanctuary, never by word or look reminding those less favored by fortune than himself that between him and them a great gulf lies, only to be bridged by gold.

For more than thirty years the sowing and reaping, the spinning and weaving, the milking and churning had been going on steadily on Johnny Kline's rich bottom lands.

Still restless and excited, the maniac paced the apartments assigned to her, while, ever and anon, wild screams and plaintive cries from that storm-tossed breast sounded in strange discordance above the hum of patient industry in the otherwise peaceful abode.

As time went on, the Tunker preacher pursued the even tenor of his way, looking carefully to the ways of his household, soothing the unhappy creature, who was for a moment calmed into quietness by his voice and touch, visiting the sick and distressed, and annually attending the Conference of his church, whether it met amid the wide prairies of Illinois or the fertile lands of Tennessee.

As the years passed by and his dark locks grew silvery white, the old man almost unconsciously to himself, became a great authority among his people, and a highly esteemed citizen throughout the region where he was known. His voice was ever for peace, and his opinion, always gently given after due consideration of the subject in discussion, usually determined any disputed question among the brethren. Gradually he had come to practice medicine in his simple fashion, relying upon herbs and household articles for remedies, and was sent for far and wide in cases of sickness among the Tunkers and country folk around him.

When the war began, his calm face, although a trifle graver, altered little, and his manner displayed no excitement. His people were everywhere devoted unionists, but they were by faith non-combatants, and the gentle preacher urged them constantly to avoid taking part in any way in the national struggle, and advised them to submit patiently to inevitable depredations from soldiers of either side, who might be in possession of the country.



Johnny Kline's character was so well known that he had little difficulty at any time in obtaining permits to go and come as he chose from the commanders of both Federal and Confederate armies, simply giving his promise to carry no information of military affairs beyond the lines.

Up to the autumn of 1864 he had never failed to attend the autumnal gatherings of his church unmolested, always riding the shaggy pony which had carried its gentle master twenty-five thousand miles in his journeyings, and was almost as well known among the Tunker settlement as the white locks and serene features of its owner.

My grandfather had been through a long life the legal adviser of the Germans of our district, who as far as possible avoid litigation and rarely appear in the courts, unless to transact the forms necessary to the ownership and conveyance of property. My father had inherited this law business as naturally as the landed estate bequeathed to him by will, and had always cherished a strong attachment for the worthy people who lived among us, but were not of us, being always kindly regarded by them, and a welcome guest in their quiet homes.

For Johnny Kline, whom he had known from his earliest years, he had ever felt respect amounting to veneration. After the troubles of the country began, many were the consultations held between my father and the good old man in regard to the welfare of his people, towards whom he felt a fatherly interest and who now seemed, from their neutral position, beset with trials and difficulties on all sides.

It was after one of these consultations, that my father went to Richmond and procured the passage of a bill releasing the members of the Tunker Church from military duty on payment of a fine of five hundred dollars. He met with little opposition in his plan, the Confederacy at that time being more in need of money than of men.

Old Johnny Kline and his pony were so familiar in the sight of our household, that it created no surprise when one pleasant, sunshiny day in September, 1864, the Tunker preacher appeared at our gate and said he wished to see father. Papa was at home and cordially welcomed his old friend, whom he had not seen for some time.

Thoughtless as we young folks were, we could but feel the contrast between this quiet visitor, with his quaint garments and gentle ways, and the noisy men of war who were always coming and going with their military trappings in those stormy days.

The old man's countenance beamed with the peace that passeth understanding as he greeted us all by our Christian names, such being the custom among his people. He inquired kindly after the health of the family and gave me, as the eldest and the house-keeper, a package of dried golden-rod, saying he knew "store-goods were scarce now and women-folks liked something to make tea of." Diving into the depths of his capacious pockets, he drew out a hank of blue flax thread, grown, spun and dyed on his farm, and several fine apples—to the cultivation of which he paid much attention. These he offered to my sisters, and after a little quiet smiling talk with us he said he wished to speak with father alone and we left them together. There was nothing in our visitor's manner to excite apprehension, and having other interests to occupy our attention, we thought no more of the old man, who remained long engaged in earnest conversation with father, and then departed as quietly as he had come.

Later in the day father told us Johnny Kline had come to warn him that the lives of Union men were no longer safe in that region and to urge him to go at once to the north. He had given father the names of several men, notorious for their evil and reckless lives before the war, who were said to have banded themselves together to clear the country of Unionists. Father said he had told the old man that he did not consider his life in any danger, as he believed the fact of his having a son-in-law in the southern service, as well as many other friends and relatives in high position in the Confederacy, would be a safe-guard for him. Father said he had in turn warned his friendly adviser against going long distances from home alone, and urged him to great carefulness in all his movements.

The old man had said he felt no anxiety on his own account and hoped he should never shrink from the call of duty, wherever the summons might lead him.

About noon the next day, a young countryman in Tunker dress rode hastily up to the door, thrust a paper into father's hand, and

rode off as rapidly as he came. We were looking after his retreating form with some curiosity from an upper window, when we heard father sobbing and weeping aloud in the room below us.

We all rushed down stairs and found father walking up and down the floor in great agitation, his breast heaving with sobs, as great tears rolled unheeded down his cheeks. In answer to our excited questions, father told us that information had been sent him that Johnny Kline, while on his way to visit a sick neighbor that morning, had been murdered in cold blood by four masked ruffians, who had galloped off as soon as their wicked work was done. A countryman, passing that way, had come upon the old man's body lying in the road, beside his horse, with four bullet-holes in his chest, his long, white locks clustered about the calm face, which wore its habitual look of heavenly peace, a faint smile resting upon the lips,—the eyes gently closed, as if in sleep.

"A more cruel murder has not been committed since John the Baptist was beheaded," said my father, as we all sat weeping over the story so common in human annals since the days of Abel, of the innocent life of the holy one taken by the hands of evil men, who but lack the bodily form to make them beasts of prey.

Loving hands carried the body of John Kline to his home and tenderly prepared him for his last resting-place. In his pockets were found permits signed by Stonewall Jackson and the officer then commanding the Federal forces in the Valley, for the old man to attend the meetings of his religious order, as he had done for more than fifty years. Tenderly and reverently his remains were committed to the earth by the people of his community, who, too true to the teachings of their murdered leader to cherish thoughts of revenge for his death, patiently and with sorrowful hearts, went about their accustomed tasks.

After the funeral, Johnny Kline's will was opened, and it was found that, faithful to his life-work, he had made every possible arrangement for the care and comfort of his afflicted wife. His valuable property was committed to the brethren of the Tunker church wholly for her benefit, and explicit directions given that nothing on the place should be disturbed during her life: Careful directions were given for the management of the estate and minute details entered into in regard to caring for the unfortunate woman

to whom his life had been devoted. After his wife's death, the will directed that the property should be equally divided between his own and his wife's relations. The old man's will was faithfully carried out by the worthy brethren, and the afflicted woman lived for several years after the close of the war, to whose bitter passions her saintly husband had been sacrificed.

Although the assassins who so cruelly murdered the innocent old man were masked, there was no doubt in the community as to the names of the ruffians who had committed the brutal deed.

Indeed, it was said that at the time they did not hesitate to boast of what they had done, professing to believe that John Kline had given information beyond Confederate lines, detrimental to the southern cause, then approaching its death struggle, and declared it a warning to other Unionists that a like fate awaited them.

The murder of John Kline was reported at Washington with the names of the men believed to be the murderers, and a reward of a thousand dollars was at once offered for their apprehension. A few months later came the collapse of the Confederacy; and the assassins of John Kline, accused of many crimes besides his death, abhorred by their neighbors and every brave man connected with the cause they pretended to serve by dark and cowardly deeds, pursued by the avenger of blood, and doubtless haunted by the innocent and gentle form of the Tunker preacher, so cruelly slain, fled from their native place and sought to hide themselves among the outlaws of the frontier. It is somewhat remarkable that three of the ruffians engaged in the murder of Johnny Kline, met violent deaths,—the fourth wandering restlessly to and fro upon the earth, seeking rest and finding none. At last, weary and worn, he returned to his home in the fair valley of Virginia, no longer the scene of deadly conflict, but smiling once more in peace and plenty, and resumed his place among his kindred. As he had anticipated, no effort was made by the peace-loving Tunkers to have him prosecuted for the foul murder laid to his charge. Finding difficulty in securing employment among his former neighbors, he finally went to one of the old Union men of the district, at that time holding office under the Government, and expressing deep regret for his past life, and a desire to live honestly for the future, he sought and obtained occupation as a deputy-



marshal in the revenue service, in which he was at last accounts an efficient officer.

The industrious and law-abiding Tunker people of the Shenandoah Valley suffered greatly in the sorrowful days of the civil war. After the death of Johnny Kline, to whom they looked as their guide and protector, many of them gathered their families and such movables as they could take with them in their farm wagons, and leaving their well-cultivated farms and comfortable dwellings in the valley, sought refuge from the storms of war among their religious communities, which included many of their kindred in the far west. Some of them found homes in that distant region, but most of them returned after the declaration of peace between the divided sections, to their Virginia farms. Quietly and steadily they resumed their old-time occupations, re-building barns and fences, and gradually restoring the appearance of thrift and comfort to their desolate homesteads.

A memorial to Congress, setting forth the losses from Federal soldiers by a long list of loyal citizens, which embraced many of the harsh-sounding names of the German people of the valley, was favorably acted upon, and the patient Tunkers were gladdened by a large amount of money, which came to them most opportunely.

They had always refused to have anything to do with Confederate money, and avoided all transactions which could not be settled in gold, but showed no objection whatever to receiving the greenbacks offered by the Government as indemnity for their losses in bellum days.

Among the Tunker communities throughout the Union the memory of gentle old Johnny Kline will ever be revered, and the example of his patient, faithful life will be held up for emulation among his people. To-day in all that region "Johnny Kline" is spoken softly as the household word—of one whom God has taken.

## A DAY'S TRIP TO PLYMOUTH.

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.<sup>1</sup>

"If I can help it, this summer shall not pass without my seeing Plymouth," said Mr. Gordon decidedly, as he and his family were talking over some places for their annual summer visit.

"Plymouth, Massachusetts?" asked his wife in surprise.

"Yes, Plymouth, Massachusetts. Our old pilgrim Plymouth. No wonder you are surprised after what I've said; but I don't mean to give another Englishman a chance to humiliate me as that one did last week. He looked perfectly astonished when I said I had never been there,—and I a descendant of a Pilgrim, too."

"Why didn't you invite him home to see mother?" merrily inquired his daughter Bessie.

"That's so," cried Tom with a roguish look at his mother. "She could have talked him blind on the subject, for she knows everything in the town, and for all I know, has kissed everything in Pilgrim Hall. I know she has kissed the Rock,—she told me so," he added mischievously.

"Now, Tom," replied his mother, amused at his keen perception of what she herself called her weakness for historical things. "If there is a spot in this world worthy of the kiss of every American, it is the rock which first felt the feet of the noble pioneers who sacrificed everything for the liberty we now enjoy."

"But how many times have you been there, wife?" interrupted Mr. Gordon. "I've forgotten."

"None too many," she replied. "The first time, you remember, was just after my return from Europe. I wanted you to go then, but you only laughed at the idea of taking so much trouble to see old chairs, tables, shoes and what not. You said you'd go if you could see the men to whom they belonged. But I went to atone for my thoughtlessness in going to see the chief historical spots of foreign lands before I had seen the very first one of my own. Then, several times, as you know, I have entertained guests historically inclined, by taking this day's trip with them. Bessie went

<sup>1</sup> See "Ten Days in Nantucket" (Vol. III, No. 3), and "A Trip around Cape Ann" (Vol. IV, No. 3).

once with me and enjoyed it, too. But, Tom," looking fondly at him, "was like his father, and wouldn't turn his hand over, he said, to see all the old truck in the world. - He"—

"A chip of the old block," interposed Mr. Gordon, laughingly. "But go on, dear. I should not have interrupted."

"All I was going to say, was," she continued, "that I should be glad to go again if you three would go too. I know the town so well now that no time would be lost in hunting up places, so we could see much in a day's trip."

"Come, let's go," cried Tom. "Mother will be a boss leader."

"Yes," added Mr. Gordon, emphatically. "Tom and I will take back all we've said by escorting you and Bessie to Plymouth the first pleasant cool day."

Thus it happened that on the beautiful morning of May 18, 1886, the Gordon family were on the 8.15 train from Boston on the Old Colony road, *en route* for Plymouth.

"The old town is picking up considerably, I understand," said Mr. Gordon, the rather uninteresting country through which they were passing not holding his attention. "I saw the other day that the production of its manufactories amounts to nearly four million dollars annually, one million five hundred thousand of which is produced in cordage, duck and woollen cloth alone. That's a pretty good show. I should like to take some of the old pilgrims round with us to-day and show them their old home. By the way, what is the population of the place now?" and he looked enquiringly at each one of his family.

No answer coming from Tom or Bessie, Mrs. Gordon informed him by saying "About eight thousand. Of course there are a great many more in the warm season. Almost thirty thousand strangers visited it last summer. It is growing more and more a place for summer residence."

The silence of the journey was occasionally broken in upon by some such general information concerning the town. At last Mrs. Gordon called their attention to a pretty seaside on their left, adding,

"We are almost at Plymouth now. See what a fine view of the ocean! Those works over there on the right," turning to her husband, "are those of the Plymouth Cordage company."

"Ah!" he returned. "They have a good reputation. They are

the largest and most complete of the kind in the land, if not in the world,—established as far back as 1824.”

“O look at that!” broke in Tom, pointing in the distance to the right. “There’s the monument. Look, Bess, isn’t that fine though? Just like that bronze model in our church parlor, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” replied Bessie, looking over to it. “What a beautiful welcome it gives to all who visit the town, standing as it does on that commanding hill. How effective that figure of Faith is! When mother told me it was two hundred and sixteen times life-size, I could hardly believe it.”

“I had to learn the statistics about it,” interrupted Mrs. Gordon, “to make me realize its great size. It is said to be the largest stone statue in the world. The total length of its arm is nineteen feet ten and one-half inches, the wrist is four feet around and the length of the finger pointing upwards is two feet one inch, and one foot eight and one-half inches around.”

“It takes mother to remember facts,” rejoined Tom. “Come, don’t stop yet,” and he smiled roguishly at her.

“I wish I could remember them as she does,” added Bessie, “All I can remember is that it is thirty-six feet high.”

“Now it’s your turn, pa,” continued Tom. “What do you remember? What is your contribution?”

“I was thinking,” slowly answered Mr. Gordon, “what a splendid monument it was for Oliver Ames; better than any he could have had over his grave, for it casts a blessing over the whole nation. That was a splendid gift,” he continued, meditatively. “A good thirty thousand dollars—that cost. He honored his native Plymouth by such an act, as well as Easton, his adopted home.”

“But, here we are at the station,” said Mrs. Gordon. “We’ve been about an hour and a half coming from Boston. If we take the 3.30 train back, as I plan to do, we will have a good five hours and a half to look around.”

“Now, where shall we go first?” enquired Mr. Gordon, as they all left the station. “Come, wife,” he added merrily, “you’re boss to-day. We will all follow you.”

“I wish first,” answered she, “to go through this little park to the Samoset House.”



"I suppose you take to that house because of its name," said Tom.

"The name did attract me, I confess," she replied. "It always attracts those who are interested in our Indian history. I have always felt grateful to the Old Colony corporation for naming it so when they built it, forty-one years ago. But then it's a good hotel aside from its name. Only last week I came across a letter of William Cullen Bryant's, in which he speaks of stopping at this same house in August, 1874, calling it a "very nice hotel." He also said — what I had never known before, — that it was at Plymouth he was admitted to the practice of law some fifty-nine years before. Speaking of him reminds me that you'll find the names of many prominent people registered on the hotel books. I looked over some of them when I was here last. All of the books have been saved except the first year's."

"I was with you then," interrupted Bessie. "I remember seeing the names of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, N. P. Willis, Prescott, and others."

"Daniel Webster often came over from Marshfield," said Mrs. Gordon. "But here we are at the hotel, where we will go in and rest a minute or two. After we have seen all there is in one end of the town (and that includes all but the monument), we will come back here, say, not later than two o'clock, perhaps before, for our dinner, and after that we will visit the monument. There will then be just time enough left to catch the train I spoke of."

Acting upon this plan they started presently on their sight-seeing; going first to Pilgrim Hall on Court street, only a few minute's walk from the hotel.

The heraldic curtains of the iron fence on the northerly side of the building, containing the names of the forty-one signers of the Compact, so interested Tom that he was led to read, on the stone slab which the fence enclosed, the text of the Compact itself. He quietly acknowledged to Bessie that it was more interesting than he thought it would be.

Upon entering the building they paused with their father to read the inscription upon the tablet of Tennessee marble which guards the entrance. It was as follows:

## PILGRIM HALL.

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BUILT A. D., 1824,

BY THE

PILGRIM SOCIETY,

IN MEMORY OF THE FOREFATHERS.

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RE-BUILT A. D., 1880,

BY

JOS. HENRY STICKNEY,

OF BALTIMORE, MD.

"Forefathers!" ejaculated Bessie. "Why didn't they say Pilgrims; that would have included the heroic women."

"They might have added foremothers," said Tom, slyly.

"O, that is perfectly horrid," responded Bessie. "I hate both words. But I never did think enough was made of the brave women who suffered so much. They are not included in the forefathers," she added emphatically. "They had a separate life and work. They were"—

"Look at this, children," called Mrs. Gordon from the ante-room,—“this tall clock in the corner. This was owned by Governor Hancock,—and, although over one hundred and eighty years old, it is still keeping correct time.”

"But this framed commission on parchment hanging here is more interesting," suggested Mr. Gordon, who stood before Oliver Cromwell's commission to Governor Winslow. "See the date, April 19, 1654. Look at that pen and ink sketch of Cromwell in the corner." And they all found pleasure in examining it.

When they had registered their names they passed into the main hall. This was a room forty-six by thirty-nine feet, with walls twenty-two feet high, and lighted entirely from the roof.

The first thing which seemed to attract them all was Charles Lucy's large and valuable painting of the Departure of the Pilgrims, which hangs on the north side of the hall.

"That was ex-governor Rice's fine gift," said Mrs. Gordon. "At a prize exhibition in England it took the first premium of a thousand guineas. See how different in tone and color it is from

the other large paintings hanging here. Look at the face of Wm. Bradford, in the foreground, also John Robinson, and the children of Elder Brewster, gazing up at him." Mrs. Gordon's enthusiasm imparted itself to such an extent, that they paused to study the picture with the aid of the chart provided, and then passed on to "The Landing," a painting thirteen by sixteen feet, hanging on the east side of the hall.

"Halloa! there's Samoset, mother," cried Tom. "He's greeting the Pilgrims—one, two, three, . . . there are over twenty figures in this."

"I like this one better," said Mrs. Gordon passing around to the south wall. "I thought it looked natural. It is a copy of one in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington,—Wier's 'Embarkation from Delft Haven.'"

"The women couldn't have been so elaborately dressed as that, I know," said Bessie, looking at it.

"That's a picture, Bess; 't isn't real life," suggested Tom blandly. "Here, ma,—you know. Were these our foremothers, dressed up like this to go to sea?" and the boy laughed heartily over what seemed to him his facetious humor.

"Foremothers!" cried Bess. "You shan't so malign them. They were noble, heroic women."

"I'm not maligning them. 'It is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,'" rejoined the boy. "If the men were forefathers, then of course the women were foremothers, you can't get away from it."

"Time is short, children," again broke in Mrs. Gordon, who was often obliged to check Tom and Bessie's discussions, especially those pertaining to the woman question. "There is much to see here. Don't stop to argue. Here is Miles Standish's Damascus sword, which dates back two or three centuries before Christ. When General Grant was here in 1880, he found great pleasure in handling it. I suppose nothing here was more interesting to him. Look at those Arabic inscriptions on the blade. They are very ancient. Their meaning only became known to us five years ago, when Professor Rosedale, of Jerusalem, an excellent linguist, translated them. He said that the inscriptions and emblems showed clearly that this very sword fell into the hands of the Saracens at the time of the defeat of the Persian tyrant war-

rior Kozoroi, when Jerusalem was wrenched from him by the Kahdiff Omar 1st, in A. D. 637. See what he says about it. And they lingered to read the short, interesting account of the sword, which Professor Rosedale published after his examination of it.

"If that is genuine, that alone is worth coming to Plymouth to see," said Mr. Gordon, decidedly, looking at it with great interest.

"Genuine!" exclaimed his wife. "Of course it is. How can you doubt it with all this evidence. I do believe men are born doubters," she added, looking fondly at him, only to meet a little tantalizing smile. "Yes, born doubters," she repeated. "But here is something not even a fool could doubt."

"Do show us the wonder," he replied. And she pointed into a glass case in which lay the oldest state paper in existence in the United States,—the first Plymouth patent, granted June 1, 1631.

This and other interesting documents held their attention for some time. Tom was amused while reading the lines of an open copy of Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation (1602-1646) to see the peculiar manner in which it was written. Bessie found more pleasure in reading some of the verses in John Alden's Bible printed in 1620, and brought over in the Mayflower. She expressed a wish that she knew enough to read those in John Eliot's Indian Bible, which also lay open before them. When Mr. Gordon learned that the portrait of Governor Edward Winslow was the only one known of any person who came over in the Mayflower, he begged his wife for some of her emotion with which to view it.

"That," said he, "is something like it. It gives me some idea of the men. It is next to seeing the originals." "It is no more indeed, I think it isn't as much," returned Mrs. Gordon, "as to see the fruits of their minds,—these documents, etc."

"Holloa, here is the old Governor's table,—homely old thing, if it was his," he said laughingly. "Here's his chair, too;" and when Mrs. Gordon was in the library-room adjoining, he actually sat down in the chair in memory of Governor Winslow. Later, he confessed to her that if Elder Brewster's and Governor Carver's chairs were not in glass cases, he might find it a pleasure to sit in them a moment, in honor of such worthies.

"A moment!" interposed his wife. "I should like to sit in them an hour, and think over all their lives."



"And rock that Mayflower cradle in which Peregrine White was rocked," suggested Tom with a twinkle in his eye.

"That is a curiosity anyway," she replied. "Governor Winslow brought that over. Did you see it? But we must not stay here too long. We must be going. We've seen the most important things."

And so they had. Before leaving, however, they obtained a general idea of the relics in the lower hall.

From the Pilgrim Hall they walked southward on the same street, a short distance to the Plymouth County court-house. Here they were kindly shown some of the valuable ancient documents, preserved in glass-covered drawers. They enjoyed particularly the original patent of the Old Colony, yellow with age, granted in 1629, and signed by the Earl of Warwick. Much to his mother's gratification, Tom was much delighted when he was privileged to handle the great wax seal engraved for and once attached to the charter.

Mr. Gordon did not say much, but his wife noticed that he lingered some time over the original order, in Governor Bradford's handwriting, establishing trial by jury in 1623; also, Miles Standish's will and the laying out of the first street in town, now bearing the name of Leyden.

"These are valuable," he said, "and growing more so every year. These rules laid down for the colony are sensible and wise. I always was more interested in the Pilgrims than in the Puritans. Weren't you, Bess?"

"Yes, indeed," Bess replied. "People are beginning to make the right distinction between them, and I am glad. The Pilgrims never would have done what the Puritans did."

"Come, we can't stop," interrupted Mrs. Gordon, "we must be going. Save your philosophy for home-talk. This is the time for seeing. We've seen the essentials here. Now for the Rock."

"Yes, now for the Rock," echoed Tom.

While they were taking the short walk thither Tom all at once broke a long silence by repeating aloud in a solemn manner—

"The breaking waves dashed high,  
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

"You won't find it very rock-bound," said Bessie. "That was the great surprise to me when I first saw it. I expected to see

something like our Manchester rocks. By the way, did you see the original manuscript of that poem in Pilgrim Hall?"

"Yes, and also Bryant's 22nd of December poem. But, Bess, do you really believe that it is the same rock. I don't. Ma thinks so though. But then she would believe anything they told her about history."

"I wish you had some of her historic imagination. It is not to be laughed at,—her reverence for the past, with all its sacred associations. You are altogether too flippant. If mother wasn't the best natured woman in the world and didn't love you so she would get provoked with you."

"O, Bess, don't chafe. I do it partly in fun, and she knows it. That's why she is so good-natured about it. But, really, do you believe that is the genuine rock?"

"Certainly I do. It has been fully proved to be the identical rock. The fact has been handed down through generation after generation from the very first settlers. It now occupies its original site, the change having been to raise it up at different times on its shore-bed. There's the pretty canopy now. Isn't it symmetrical?"

"It was designed by Hammatt Billings," said Mrs. Gordon as they approached it. "I do reverence this rock, I assure you," she added. "It rests me to sit on it." And as she said this she threw herself down upon it.

"Kiss it, mother," said Tom roguishly.

"It's nothing to make light of, my boy," she returned, earnestly. "No nation on the globe has a more solid or sacred foundation. It represents a strength and stability which, if fully appreciated and realized, will make our nation the strongest and most lasting of all that have ever lived. If you will stop to think over what was enacted here you will find no cause for bantering, only for a profound reverence and gratitude. There is Cole's Hill up there—where the Pilgrims buried, during that first hard winter, half of their little band. No one who forgets to take into account all that suffering, sickness and death can fully appreciate what this rock commemorates and what we owe to it. In order that the Indians might not know how many they had lost, they leveled the graves, and when spring came planted corn above them. Just think of that! At four different times the remains of those buried have been discovered; so that now that hill is set apart as the first

burying ground. It is marked by a slab which we shall see upon going up those steps."

Mrs. Gordon's earnestness in telling of these early days made her hearers instinctively feel that the possession of an historic imagination did tend to broaden one's sympathy and elevate one's mind.

A few minutes later they were reading the names on the slab commemorative of the dead, and taking in the fine view which the sacred place afforded them.

From Cole's Hill they went by way of Leyden Street—where were the sites of the first house and the first church of the town—to Burial Hill.

"Here were buried those who survived the first winter," said Mrs. Gordon, upon reaching its top. "This is where they had their fort and watch-tower. Here are signs of them."

"I wonder which engrossed their thoughts most, the Indians or this splendid view," remarked Mr. Gordon, sitting down to enjoy the panorama before them.

"Poor things," sighed Mrs. Gordon, "I don't suppose they had much chance to sit and enjoy this view as we are now doing. They had to plan and work every minute to keep themselves alive. That is what it is to be a pioneer. Over there is Clark's Island, where they spent their first Sabbath."

"All of those hills are historic," added Bessie. "Being here makes Massasoit and his treaty seem more real and interesting, doesn't it?"

"You'll have to read that to us when we get home, Bess," responded her father. "It is so long since I ever thought of that Indian that I can't recall much anyway of what he did. It is a shame to us Americans to be so engrossed in business that we can't know more of our own history. It's all money-making, money-getting, money ——"

"I've found the oldest stone on the hill, erected in 1681," broke in Tom, coming to them from his explorations by himself. "It is so old that all but one side of it is encased in tin."

"Sixteen eighty-one," repeated Mr. Gordon. "That wasn't a Pilgrim's was it?"

"Poor Pilgrims," replied his wife sympathetically. "They had other things to do than to erect grave-stones to their dead. Too

bad, though, they couldn't have done it. We should have had older stones than this of Mr. Gray's. He was one of the wealthiest men of the colony. The monument to Governor Bradford—over there—was not erected until as late as 1825. That has on it a text in Hebrew which nobody seems to know anything about. The Latin one, though, is good for something. Let's go and see it;" and they found their way to the monument. "Freely translated," she continued, "it says: 'Do not basely relinquish what the fathers with difficulty attained.'"

"And mothers, too," added Tom mischievously looking at Bessie. "Doesn't it say that?"

"That is always understood, of course," answered his mother.

"Bess doesn't think so," replied the boy. "She believes in 'individuality,' 'equal' ——"

"But we must hurry," interrupted his mother. "It is getting on to two o'clock,"

"We always have to hurry if I refer to Bess's hobby," muttered Tom. "It's been so three times to-day."

At this they all laughed so spontaneously that Tom could not, if he chose, remain in a sulky mood.

Before returning to the Samoset House they spent a few moments in looking around the older part of the town. Some old houses on Sandwich street, particularly the one which is said to be the only structure in existence associated with the Mayflower Pilgrims, claimed their attention.

"I glanced at the old houses," said Tom, on their return to the hotel, "just to please mother; but I gazed at the soldiers' monument to please myself. That was worth the whole of them."

"Our dinner just now is worth more than anything," added Mrs. Gordon, inwardly amused at Tom's attempt to discriminate. "We are back in good time, and must be very hungry."

After dinner they started to walk to the monument.

"I wish they would hurry up and finish the whole thing," said Bessie as they came in sight of it. "This delay is not complimentary to those who have worked so hard and done so much for it."

"If that Minister Harding had lived it would have been done by this time, I believe," said Mr. Gordon, as a picture of that enter-



prising laborer in the cause came before his vision. "He was full of the work."

"But thanks to ex-governor Long and Senator Hoar," interposed his wife, "Congress has appropriated a sum for the third statue, Liberty, and its accompanying panel. There is only one more to get—Law—and it has been hinted that the lawyers of the land will give that."

"Who gave the others?" enquired Tom. "The whole thing is kind of a medley, isn't it?"

"A medley!" exclaimed his mother. "What an idea. Why, Tom, it is all the more valuable for having been the offering of many hearts and hands."

"Didn't our Massachusetts legislature appropriate something?" asked Bessie.

"Yes; ten thousand dollars towards the figure of Morality. Then the State of Connecticut gave that beautiful piece of marble sculpture, the tablet of the Departure from Delft Haven. You must examine that. It was a Connecticut man, too,—Roland Mather, Esq.,—who gave the figure of Education, and the demi-relief of the Signing of the Compact on the west buttress. That is also beautiful. The figure of Education alone weighs twenty-three tons. Just think of that."

"The conception of such a national monument," said Mr. Gordon, as they approached its base, "is worthy of the Pilgrims whom it commemorates. This situation is unsurpassed."

"When it is all completed," added his wife, "and these nine acres of ground are laid out according to the plan, it will be a fit shrine for the American people to visit. I can't be contented until it is all done."

"You'll have to come to Plymouth again when it is," said Tom, archly.

"Of course I shall, my boy; and I hope you all will, too."

Half an hour later they were on the train bound for Boston. What they had seen became the chief topic of conversation for several days. Bessie re-read her history of the Pilgrims, and Tom even begged her to tell him of Samoset. Much to Mrs. Gordon's surprise and delight, both he and his father soon began to make inquiries as to another old historical place they could visit before the summer was over.

## ISMS.

## II.—EARLY TRANSCENDENTALISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY ANNIE WALL.

IN considering very briefly the remarkable movement in religious and philosophic thought which occurred in New England in the early part of this century, and which bears the name of Transcendentalism, it may be useful to speak first of its development in Germany and of the principles upon which it was based, remembering that in its passage across the Atlantic it "suffered a sea-change" and underwent some striking modifications.

There existed during the Middle Ages, as perhaps there always have been and always will be existing, two great schools of philosophy, the Nominalists and the Realists. The first maintain that the terms used to express abstract ideas, such as duty, truth and love, are mere names, corresponding to no actually existing things; the others assert that these terms describe real, though bodiless, entities; not things which are visible to our eyes, but the types of such; in this they follow Plato's theory of ideas, which declares that everything, concrete or abstract, that appears but incomplete here, has elsewhere its perfect archetype, its divine idea.

These schools are mainly represented to-day by the Sensationalists and the Idealists; to the first, as one of its earliest expositors, belongs John Locke, who sought to define the capacity of the understanding, and to mark the limits within which it can push its investigations; while Kant, as the founder of the second school, reviewing and dissenting from Locke's stand-point, asserted metaphysical theories, which have become known as Transcendentalism.

The term itself, signifying *what goes beyond*, had already been used by the schoolmen to denote those ideas which lay outside the Categories of Aristotle; viz., truth, unity, goodness, being; but Kant employed the phrase to signify those fundamental conceptions which transcend experience, and may be held to impose the conditions which render experience tributary to knowledge; all cognition being termed transcendental, which is concerned less

with objects themselves than with our method of cognizing them, as far as possible, *a priori*.

In accordance with Kant's analysis, we find that Mind and Matter, Subject and Object, Ego and Non-Ego, are opposed to one another; that Mind is conscious of its own operations only,—the subject-receptive of impressions made by outward things, all falling within the limits of time and space, which are to be held as pre-established forms of sensibility, primeval facts of consciousness. The Mind, classifying material furnished by the senses, transforms sensation into conception, and impression into thought, and finds that all judgment must conform to four conditions,—Quantity, Quality, Relation and Modality. Having thus arrived at conceptions, thoughts and judgments, we see that another faculty, the Reason, links thoughts together, draws inferences, finds conclusions, and arrives at length at ultimate principles, supplying the final generalization, and reaching the idea of a divine unity, which gathers up into itself all other ideas, that perfect, infinite and eternal unity, that we call God.

The fidelity of the Mind to itself is Kant's corner-stone of faith; the law of Duty is imperative whether there be a God or no; and he took firm hold of speculative truth and the obligations of the moral law, while opposed to the dogmatic theology of his day. Beyond these limits no one, he declares, can pass; but Jacobi, following him, proclaimed faith to be the power by which man arrives at essential truth, and declared God, Duty and Immortality to be actualities, and that through intuitions the Mind may enter into a world of divine realities.

This mystical thought received a yet greater impulse from Fichte, who declared the facts of consciousness to be solid and substantial, the only things, indeed, that we really know to be such; the outward world, it may be, being only phenomenal,—the reflection of our own thought.

Ideas alone are fixed and sure, and the visible universe may be but "such stuff as dreams are made of." The soul must, therefore, rest satisfied with its own realm, the world of thought and of ideas; and of these ideas the chief are God and the Immortal Life. If they are more than that we cannot know; the Infinite is not something to be attained hereafter, it surrounds us here, and man,

with his mind's eye, beholds God, while he feels within his breast the workings of the Divine will.

In the religious world of Germany the touch of the new philosophy was deeply felt; Schleiermacher asserted religion to be an inward experience, a sense of divine things within the soul; and this sense to be based, not upon knowledge or action, on theology or morality, but upon aspiration, dependence, love; a doctrine which seems to have proved especially grateful to the liberal orthodox.

Hence there grew up in New England a great sympathy with those who separated religion from dogma; but Schleiermacher, who had written for the purpose of opposing rationalism, had made it possible to retain the essential spirit without the formal creed of the Evangelical party, and thereby encouraged a neglect of the very system of theology he had designed to support. In England, Coleridge became prominent as the leader of the new school of thought, and aimed to construct a system, which, based upon the teachings of Christianity, should substitute spiritual ideas in place of traditional authority.

This influence became one of the most important factors in the movement in New England, where his influence was great; and Wordsworth's poetry opened a yet wider vision in the same direction,—the noble "Ode to Immortality," with its Platonic reminiscences, being most highly prized of all.

Nor was French philosophy wholly passed by; the writer who seems to have been most regarded being Cousin, a disciple of the Eclectic School, who supposed himself to have fixed upon sure foundations the system of idealism.

No where else did the new theories so affect life in all its social aspects as they did in New England, where they influenced every form of thought, and where prejudices and traditions were less fixed, and the forms of society less rigid than in Europe.

All were excited by the sense of individual freedom, and a strong intellectual vitality was aroused, which seized upon and appropriated all that was fresh and novel in the Old World thought.

Ideas, said they, must conform to life; and since New England had broken, or for the moment fancied that she had, with political and social traditions, why should she not fling aside the philosophy



of experience altogether, and, starting afresh for herself, base a new system upon the study of the human mind to-day? "Happy," says a recent essayist, "is the philosophy that can support its own larger creed upon the instincts of duty inherited from many a generation of narrow uprightness, of unquestioned law." No where could this be more truly exemplified than in New England, where the prevailing Puritanism had constituted a religion of a highly intellectual type, transmitted through a long series of strong and lofty lives. The early Puritans, who were, when they left the Mother Country, still within the lines of the Anglican Church soon became, when separated by the ocean and by wide differences of opinion, Congregationalists,—for the most part, adopting a system which favoured that freedom of thought and action which developed individualism of character and opinion. The prevalent theology also trained their minds in speculative questions, and often manifested a highly spiritual phase, based upon Platonism, as contrasted with the more dogmatic system, which induced, and yielded to the Unitarian Movement.

The Unitarians, at first certainly, were not Platonists; they were seekers after positive knowledge, clear in thought and argument, practical, averse to mysticism and extravagance, lovers of good taste, friends of free thought and eager for truth, without a creed, or the philosophy on which to erect one; they asserted the absolute freedom of the human mind, and "building better than they knew," they helped the growth in their own camp, as Luther did, of theories that would have amazed the leaders.

The new philosophy came to us first at second hand, through French or English expositors, then by direct translations from the German, and it found a congenial soil in a community where idealism had long since taken firm root. Attention has been drawn to a certain coincidence between the new teaching and the Quaker doctrine of the "Inner Light," but the resemblance is more striking in appearance than in reality, since George Fox attributed this light to the direct influence of the Holy Ghost, while the Transcendentalists averred it to be a natural possession of the human soul.

In 1834 the Rev. James Walker made the assertion that those spiritual faculties and capacities which are assumed as the foundation of religion in the soul are attested by the relations of consciousness, and expressed the hope that the new philosophy might

remind us of our relations to the spiritual world. Two years later, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the unquestioned master of the new movement, published his essay on "Nature," wherein he makes the most uncompromising assertion of idealistic thought, and declares Idealism to be "an hypothesis to account for Nature by other principles than those of carpentry and chemistry. The world is a divine dream from which we may presently awake to the glories and uncertainties of day."

In 1840 came Theodore Parker's declaration that "the germs of religion must be born in man; the existence of God is a fact, given in our nature; as the sensation of hunger presupposes food to satisfy it, so the sense of dependence on God presupposes his existence and character." In the next year came his great sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," which had the effect of causing a division in the Unitarian body, between those who still clung to authority and the historic evidences of faith, and those who, carrying out entirely the doctrine of Transcendentalism, affirmed that the best proof of the truth of Christian teachings was to be found in the response which they awakened in the human soul.

Nor was it on theology alone, or on Unitarian theologians solely, that the influence of the new philosophy was exerted; art, literature and science were stirred by its inspiration, which found its fullest literary expression in the pages of the "Dial," a magazine, conducted by Margaret Fuller and Ralph Waldo Emerson, which numbered among its contributors many famous New England orators.

The Transcendentalist Movement is by no means to be regarded as a mere reaction against Puritanism, which, spite of its hardness, bore, hidden in its heart, a grain of pure idealism; it was, rather, an assertion of the inalienable worth of man, and a declaration that in his natural constitution are to be found the attributes of the supernatural. Nor were its followers dreamers merely, though some there were, no doubt, who shrank from conflict with the outer world, and sought refuge from its struggles and temptations in the quiet of their libraries, as of old the Christian hermits fled into desert wastes and lonely caverns. But for the most part they were strenuous workers, wrestling with all problems, social, political and religious, that beset the mind of man; they sought to draw souls

onward by drawing them upward through spiritual attraction, and if they sometimes fell into error they most certainly strove manfully by noble means to reach to noble ends.

Our age is possibly somewhat too much given to the belief that nature never moves with a leap, that all progress is gradual and continuous, that in the long run the tortoise always wins the race. This assumption, however, seems to be disapproved both in natural and political history. Nature certainly does sometimes make very long strides, at any rate; and the story of Transcendentalism has shown that a thought may have vital force enough to send the human mind over vast space at a bound, as the hare, by one inspired effort, may win the goal towards which the patient tortoise is still painfully plodding. That active work must be the visible result of such aspirations, we are forced to believe, and events proved that to be true.

Another charge sometimes urged against Transcendentalism is that it makes self-culture too prominent, thus conducing to egoism and selfishness; and the perpetually adduced example of the truth of this charge is Goethe. In this instance the charge may be somewhat difficult to refute, although it is hard to see that Goethe was any more selfish with his culture than he would have been without it, or than a great many other men who certainly never have made any kind of culture a prominent aim in life; but it is by no means true of his countryman, Fichte, who abandoned the lecturer's desk to fight against the French in defence of the Fatherland; nor of Emerson, or Parker, who risked, with many another heroic soul, worldly honors, happiness, life itself, at the call of duty.

A system deserves to be judged by its best results.

Nothing seemed to escape the transcendental eye, and even food became a subject for the idealizing tendency. Mr. Alcott, preferring Pythagoras to Plato as his master, declared himself a vehement advocate of a purely vegetarian diet, and, forgetting that by many "death and all our woes" have been referred to the eating of an apple, asserted that only by a return to that primitive nutriment could man "work out the beast," which he believed to have entered into human nature through the eating of flesh.

In Brook Farm we have an attempt at the formation of a perfect society upon Socialistic principles; an attempt, foredoomed in its

very essence to failure, and justly so; but whose high moral tone and exalted thought saved it from failure as a spiritual influence. After all, every man can do some one thing better than others, and whatever may be our estimate of the elevating influence of house-work or farming, we can not help feeling that Hawthorne was more truly fulfilling his mission when writing "The Scarlet Letter" or "The Marble Faun," than when with fear and trembling he milked the Brook Farm cows or brandished the Brook Farm pitch-fork.

To religious ideas Transcendentalism was peculiarly adapted and, from the nature of the case, most suitable.

Professing to deal with matters beyond the domain of experience, it entered into the realm of the absolute and the eternal, and made them the objects of its contemplation and investigation. Religion had been so generally presented in a dogmatic form, had been so made to depend upon authority and upon assent to certain doctrinal ideas, that ever since the establishment of the Baconian school of thought there had set in a sceptical feeling in regard to it among those who found themselves unable to accept, either wholly or in part, the proofs adduced in support of church authority, or the supernatural arguments in favor of church doctrines.

Nor was it special doctrines only which had lost ground through this scepticism; faith had grown less in the nobler aspirations of spiritual thought, and in France especially the tone of the literary classes had been sensibly lowered thereby. In Germany, however, the tendency toward free thought came from the idealistic philosophy, which gave an impulse to the naturalistic or historic school, the influence of which is so widely felt to-day, and which preserves the spiritual nobleness and beauty of the gospel teachings, while depriving them of their miraculous character.

Transcendentalism asserted plainly that there is in the soul of man an intuitive perception of God, as a Being infinite in power, wisdom and goodness, and that this perception is a half-latent fact of consciousness. This faith was declared to be ineradicably implanted in the human heart, and to be discoverable in all religions, under the darkest symbols and in the meanest shrines. Thus, while the sceptic doubted of immortality as unproven, and the orthodox accepted it on the authority of revelation, transcendental thinkers declared the belief in it to be a portion of the mind itself,



that it needs no proof, but is a fact of consciousness. The other life is but an extension of this, into which, in the words of the quaint English poet,

“ We go

As from one room to another ;”

and in place of the hope of heaven and the fear of hell, was substituted a longing after spiritual perfection and freedom, and a declaration that the soul is, and must be, immortal purely by virtue of its essential qualities. All seeds of truth are contained within the soul, ready to expand into beauty when touched by the light from heaven, and all religions are the effort of the soul at self-expression.

Many transcendentalists believed in miracles, since they declare that man was himself a supernatural being, and the powers of the illuminated soul were sometimes spoken of in strains of rapture, which the profane were fond of likening to the ecstasies of the revivalist. Every man, it was asserted, is born with a moral faculty, which, being developed, creates in him the ideas of right and wrong.

As a system of philosophy, Transcendentalism may be said to be based upon what have not been proven to be facts; and it has been well declared that it should rather be called a Gospel. Its data are hidden in the recesses of consciousness, its utterances are delivered *ex cathedra*, its greatest exponents have been preachers and seers. It deals with divine things and eternal, with essential causes, with spiritual laws, with ideas of goodness, truth and beauty, and, above all, with the possibilities of the soul. It is fascinating to the imagination, and readily bends itself to acts of worship.

The greatest of its preachers, Theodore Parker, declared the three cardinal facts of human consciousness to be an absolute God, the Moral Law, and the Immortal Life; and upon these declarations he took his stand. The great work which it was the part of Transcendentalism to accomplish was to present to the world pure and lofty ideas, illustrated by noble lives; to awaken to fresh vigor all true and ardent souls, and to teach, in a material age, the beauty and worthiness of those things which are pure and lovely and of good report.

It exalted all that it touched, and proclaimed the truth that

within the humblest, lowliest and most ignorant soul may burn the divine spark that allies it with the infinite light. And since it asserts man's kinship with the Divine, it must believe in the continual upward progress of the soul when the body perishes; nor can we, perhaps, better illustrate that faith, than by turning backward to the days before Christianity was born into the world and quoting the words of the purest and noblest of Latin poets, white-souled Virgil, who, living on the boundary line between the old world and the new, may connect the hope of the one with the faith of the other:

“ Then since from God these lesser lights began,  
And th' eager spirits entered into man,  
To God again the enfranchised soul must tend,  
He is her home,—her author is her end;  
No death is her's, when earthly eyes grow dim,  
Star-like she soars, and God-like melts in Him ! ” <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Virgil: translation of F. W. H. Myers.

## SISTER AGNES.

## A STORY OF THE SHAKERS.

BY O. A. BIERSTADT.

A NEW ENGLAND village on Sunday is about as quiet a place as any in the world, and the little Shaker settlement of Hancock, in the westernmost county of Massachusetts, was no exception to this rule one Sunday morning in August, many years ago. It was a very hot day, and all nature seemed to be lazily content with the fullness of its own development. The hard, dustless road leading through the town was bordered by green grass and stone walls, so compactly built that even the chipmunks could find no refuge in them, and on either side the Shaker farm appeared most flourishing. The high Indian corn waved its tassels over the huge yellow pumpkins, nestling snugly upon the ground in its shadow; the ripening wheat and oats glistened in the brilliant sunlight; an acre of buckwheat diffused a subtle and penetrating odor; and the trees of the orchard groaned comfortably under the burden of abundant fruit. The great buildings, which the Shakers always find necessary for their peculiar social arrangements, showed not a sign of life for some hours. Severely plain in architecture, they were only redeemed from ugliness by the characteristic Shaker neatness, which was happily indicated by a broom hanging outside every door, and warning all to brush their boots before entering.

But the deathly stillness, brooding over the works of nature and of man, was broken at last. A capacious wagon, drawn by a pair of horses, rattled noisily down a back lane, and up to the door of one of the largest houses, and its Shaker driver, without quitting his reins, shouted in stentorian tones, — “All aboard for meetin’!”

At once it became evident that at least this house was inhabited. Several staid old Shakeresses glided forth from it, looked approvingly up at the cloudless, blue sky, and then scrupulously held their skirts well off from the wheels as they got into the wagon. When they were fairly seated, they gave a final twitch to their

stiff white caps and the scoop-like Shaker bonnets that completely concealed their heads; then they ran their hands over the white silk handkerchiefs, thrown around their shoulders and crossed on the breast; and after smoothing the numberless plaits of their lilac, neutral, and subdued-mouse-colored skirts, they folded their shawls about them, though the heat was fast growing oppressive, and silently awaited what was to follow. Two decrepit old brethren next appeared, bent almost double over their stout canes, with their broad-brimmed hats thrust down on their ears, so as to display their banged hair in front and their flowing locks behind, and with long-tailed coats flapping around their legs and making it difficult for them to mount to their seats. Last came a bevy of young girls, whose bright eyes and fair complexions were wonderfully well set off by the quaint primness of the Shaker costume. They were laughing and talking, as if bound for a picnic, and nothing near or far escaped their keen vision.

"Oh! how clear Greylock is today! I wish we were going there instead of to meeting," said one girl, pointing to the distant mountain, the highest of the Berkshires, looming up on the horizon.

"Too bad Agnes isn't here! She never gets enough of looking at the mountain, when it's so pleasant," spoke up another girl.

"Where is Agnes? There's room enough for Agnes. We must have Agnes along," exclaimed several youthful voices in chorus.

"Agnes, where be ye?" roared the driver; and only stone-deafness could excuse not hearing him.

A young woman of slender form and pale face appeared at the open door.

"Agnes! aren't you going to meeting?" was the question put to her with general accord.

"Nay, I must stay at home to look after Polly. She is not well today," answered the young woman, gently.

"Oh! we're so sorry you can't come," cried all the young voices, and the older people, too, looked a bit sadder, as the whole party drove off.

Several times the wagon passed between the great white house and the greater brick mansion of the "church family," where religious services were to be held. The distance was but a stone's



throw, and the only possible reason for riding so short a space was the fear that the supreme neatness of the Shaker dress might be disordered or soiled by the exercise of walking. After all the brethren and sisters had gone over to meeting, Agnes sat at the window of an upper room, dividing her attention between Polly, dozing fitfully in a chair, and the peaceful prospect out-of-doors.

"It was real good of you to stay here with an old woman like me," said Polly, rousing herself somewhat from her lethargy. "I'm bounden grateful to you, and I declare, I feel smarter and more talky right away, now I'm all alone with you. It makes me think of the old times, when I used to tend you, a helpless little babe, for hours, while the rest of the sisters were busy with the household work. Do you remember as far back as that?"

"Nay, Polly," replied the younger woman, "I can only remember myself just as I am now. But I like to hear about the past. Please tell me all about it, and all about my mother."

"Yee, yee, child," said Polly with the peculiar pronunciation of the affirmation characteristic of the Shakers. "It does seem to me that as I get on in years, I grow about as loose of tongue as any wicked woman of the world. Why, I have to talk, just as much as I have to breathe. I must surely take up a cross against this bad habit, or it'll be the ruination of me. But perhaps there's no harm in my indulging myself just this once, as a sort of medicine. I'm sure it'll do me a sight of good."

"If talking is any help to you," interposed Agnes, "you need never be sick, for I would rather listen to you than to anyone else in the world."

"And I like to talk to you best," rejoined Polly. "Well, Agnes, seeing that you want to know your mother better, I must say that she was the sweetest-faced woman I ever laid eyes on, and you are as much the picture of her as can be. Before she came to this abode of the Christ spirit, she had gone through a pretty hard time of it in the big world. It's no sort of place for innocent angels like you or her. Poor thing! she never smiled, and reason enough she had to be sad. One day she told me her story; I never heard anything like it before or since,—how your father, from being a good and honest husband, had sunk lower and lower, become a wreck in body and mind, and at last had been

brought home dead to her. Oh, how she did cry, when she opened her heart and showed me its sorrow!"

"Dear, dear mother; how I wish I could have helped her!" murmured Agnes.

"I think you did help her by giving her something to live for," continued Polly. "You weren't more than a year old or so, when your mother brought you here. I remember, as well as if it were yesterday, her putting you in my arms, while the elders and eldresses were confessing her and making up their minds to let her enter our novitiate order. I hadn't ever before seen such a little mite of a human being, and I don't doubt I held you rather awkwardly. All the younger sisters crowded around, and not one of them but what wanted to touch you, just to be sure that you were alive. You opened your brown eyes wide, stretched out your chubby little arms, and cooed pleasantly enough, but when later you began crying for mamma,—and it wasn't any small bit of a noise you made either,—the sisters all scampered away in a hurry, like a flock of frightened sheep."

"I am afraid I must have given you a good deal of trouble then and ever since," said Agnes, regretfully.

"Bless you, child, you never made the least speck of trouble," protested Polly, "you were as quiet and good, a little kitten as ever lived, just like your dear mother. Well, as I was saying, they let her come into the family as a novitiate, and then she tried hard to be a good Shakeress. She worked early and late, though she wasn't any too strong; she went to meeting as regularly as an eldress, and what's more, she wanted to understand all she heard there, but some of Mother Ann's teachings, I presume, were not very clear to her. One idea she got into her head, I never could tell how, that it was a part of our Shaker religion to discourage anything like love between mothers and their children. When she felt sure that she was expected to be no nearer nor dearer to you than any of us might be, it quite broke her heart. She lost all hold on life, took a quick consumption, and day by day she grew so pale, thin, and weak, that it was distressing to look at her. Often she talked to me about her dear little girl, and begged me to care for you, so far as the rules of the community would allow, which I was only too glad to promise. The hour appointed for

us all came at last to her. After a night of terrible suffering, she wept and prayed over you for a time, then sent you out of the room, and soon death had made you an orphan."

"And so she died?" asked Agnes, musingly, as if she had not heard the story a hundred times before.

"So she died," said Polly. "It seems to me, though, that we're getting into a very sad strain. Hark, what's that I hear? Are they marching in the meeting?"

"Yes," answered Agnes. "Shall we join them from a distance?"

"That we will with all my heart and soul," exclaimed Polly, eagerly.

The reader should know that the most curious part of a Shaker meeting is the marching; but it is not necessarily ridiculous, though one might imagine it to be. A few of the brethren and sisters form an oval in the middle of the room, and sing a rather lively tune, while the rest go marching briskly round and round, singing if they please, but invariably holding out their arms, and beckoning gently with their hands, — "gathering a blessing," they call it. Often some aged or infirm individual, unable even to shuffle along, sits down, but he never ceases to invoke his share of the blessing by the movement of his hands. In like manner, Agnes sang the familiar marching hymn in a low voice, while she and Polly both marked its rhythm with motioning hands, and much peace and comfort this simple ceremony seemed to bring them.

"Are you perfectly contented, Polly?" asked Agnes with sudden emphasis, after a long pause.

"Yes, surely, that I am," replied Polly. "But that's a very curious question for you. Aren't you just as perfectly contented yourself?"

"I don't know whether I am or not," said Agnes. "I wish I only knew. You always look so calm, so occupied with the present moment, so unexpected of anything to come, that I often wonder if you never dream of any other way of life than this."

"Well, I declare, child," spoke up Polly, briskly, "you're a little queer today. Ever since I knew a dish from a door, I've been a Shakeress, and I've never dreamed nor wanted to be anything else. I think it's the nicest fate in the world to belong to

this chosen people, who set a divine example to the rest of mankind by living together in a holy community, like the angels of heaven, without marrying or giving in marriage. Why, what greater happiness can you imagine, I should like to know? You're not thinking of the world, I hope."

"I do think of the world sometimes," Agnes answered timidly, "and wonder what it is like. When I see any of the world's people, I try to read in their faces the wickedness and misery with which, as our Elder tells us, they must all be devoured. But they don't always look so very unhappy. See, Polly, here come two of the very people we are talking about!"

Polly edged her chair nearer the window, for woman's curiosity is not extinguished by even a Shakeress's gown; and with more than a touch of scorn she soon exclaimed,—

"And a pretty pair they are, too! Appears to me, they might find something a little more seemly to do this hot Sunday than to come traipsing miles along a dusty road. Like as not they've walked all the way over here from Richmond."

"They have stopped at the church family's," said Agnes; "they want to go to our meeting."

"But the brother on duty at the door will see to it that they don't disturb the meeting," remarked Polly, with satisfaction. "Sure enough,—he's telling them now that our services are not public, and is warning them away."

"Yes, and now they are coming this way," Agnes said, with growing interest.

"Laughing and talking, as if there weren't any such thing as Sunday!" snapped forth Polly. "Did you ever see the like? There they are sitting down on the grass, in the shade of the great tree, just under our windows, almost. Should think they did need a rest!"

"How different they look from any of us on the farms around here!" murmured Agnes.

"Oh! It's easy to see, they're from the city," said Polly. "City people always do the wildest sort of things when they come to the country. How thankful I am, we're not like unto them. But this young man and woman are worse than most of their kind even."



"Why?" asked Agnes, "because he is taking her hand and talking earnestly!"

"Wicked people!" Polly answered. "I hope, Agnes, you could never have the heart to dress yourself up, as that girl has done. Why, there isn't room on her straw hat for another bit of ribbon, so she's put the last and the brightest piece around her flaunting yellow hair. From head to foot she's one mass of fluttering flummery, and seems to me she might have been satisfied without wearing such a big bouquet as that upon her worldly bosom. The man, too, doesn't compare with our good brethren. I never could respect our Elder if his hair and his coat were cut as short as that."

"See, Polly," said Agnes, "the young woman has taken a flower from her bouquet and is plucking it to pieces. And the young man is putting his lips to her's. What does that mean?"

"It means that sin is near us," answered Polly. "Come, child, you musn't look another instant. Here's something better for you to do. Read me a chapter of the 'Millennial Church,' please."

Agnes obediently turned from the window, opened the book that was thrust into her hands, and began reading aloud. Reading is a most effectual opiate to many people, and perhaps Shaker literature has peculiarly soporific virtues of its own. A few pages sufficed to put Polly sound asleep; but not until her deep and sonorous breathing gave certain assurance of her flight to the land of dreams, did Agnes venture to raise her eyes from the profound compend of Shaker theology. When she again glanced out of the window the young man and woman of the world had disappeared, and somehow or other without them the Shaker maiden found the prospect far less interesting. A sudden fancy seized upon her. She wanted one of the rose leaves that beautiful city lady had plucked and thrown away. So she quietly slipped out of the room and down the stairs, and was just stepping foot on the broad stone in front of the house-door, when she became aware of another human presence. Jacob Small, the jovial and happy-go-lucky young fellow, hired by the Shakers as a farm-hand, stood before her; and he was laughing away, until the tears came into his eyes.

"Well, I declare to man," said Mr. Small between two bursts of laughter, "I didn't have no idea that you was to home from meet-in' Sister Agnes."

"Why, what is there to laugh so about, Jacob?" asked Agnes, with the free use of the Christian name, taught by Shaker custom.

"I am almost tickled to death at the circus I've just had," answered Jacob. "The way that 'ere city feller did spark his gal, right under my nose, beats all creation. It kind of made me feel like doin' something in that line myself."

"I don't understand you, Jacob," said Agnes.

"I presume not," remarked Jacob with a near approach of gravity. "'Taint likely you would understand such things. But if you saw them two a sittin' there just now, I'd give a cookey to know what you made out of 'em."

"If you refer to the two world's people, who were under the tree, I don't know what to think of them," rejoined Agnes.

"You can take my word for it," said Jacob, "that them two folks was mighty sweet on each other. Here's a leetle rose the gal dropped. You can have it. You don't see many such useless flowers in them Shaker gardens, and it 'll sort o' put you in mind of the good things of the world that you've given up;" and the young farm-hand held out a rose-bud, which his capacious palm had hitherto concealed.

"Yes, I should like the pretty little flower," said Agnes with undisguised earnestness. "But the good things of the world I do not care for, because I have never known what they are."

"That's just about it," remarked Mr. Small. "If you only knowed what you was a given' up, I guess you'd think better of it and jump t' other way mighty soon. 'T ain't in human natur' to lead such a life as you Shakeresses do, unless you're old enough to be disgusted with the world, or too young to know nothin' about it. If it warn't too presumin', I'd like to ask whether you don't never have a leetle hankering after the world."

"I have been a Shakeress ever since I can remember, and I expect to live and die in the same holy order." Agnes spoke resolutely.

"'T ain't right that such things be so," said Jacob Small with a softening of his rude manners and a tenderness of tone that would never have been expected from him. "Here you are just a wastin' your young life, where you can't no how be happy, and out in the big world there's many a poor fellow sinking into a good-for-

nothing wretch for the want of a wife such as a good woman like you would make. Oh, it's all wrong! If only an angel like you would take me in hand, I kind o' think, I might be more of a man. I beg your pardon, Sister Agnes, for what I say and do;" and suddenly he seized the Shakeress's hand, pressed his warm lips to it, and was gone.

Sister Agnes blushed as red as the rose in her hand, while she hastily regained her room; and not until the little flower was hidden quite away and the brethren and sisters began to come home from meeting, did her ruby cheeks fade to their usual pallor. Awakened by the sound of many voices, Polly started up in her chair and exclaimed:

"That last was beautiful, Agnes. What was it? Do read it again."

As the days and the summer passed by, there was more than one occasion for Jacob Small to exchange a few words with Sister Agnes. But it was never more than a very few words. She did not seek him, but neither did she take great pains to avoid him; and he—if he did not seek her, it certainly looked very much like it. One day he pleaded indisposition to excuse his leaving the brethren in the field; but when he saw Sister Agnes carrying a pail of water toward the house, he recovered at once, relieved her of the pail, and talked away in his most ingratiating fashion. One favorite walk she used to take, when her share of the household work was done, he soon found out; and after that she always discovered a pretty little flower, such as never grew in Shaker ground, peeping from the green grass and inviting her, not in vain, to pick it up. If ever she looked from her window in the evening, she was pretty sure to notice the dark figure of a man loitering in the shade of some neighboring building. It would be hard to describe the growth of the kindly feeling towards the young farm-hand that sprung up in the Shakeress's heart. Accustomed to work hard, to receive no thanks for it, and never to have the least help offered her, it was a new and delightful experience to know that some one stood ever ready to lighten her labors; and, contrasted with the sour visage and harsh words of the Shaker brethren, Jacob's smiling countenance and pleasant words were very attractive. Briefly, Sister Agnes needed love, and as Jacob Small was the

only one to offer her even the semblance of the tender passion, love arose between them. Such an event was so utterly inconceivable to the well-regulated Shaker mind, that never was there the slightest suspicion of it, until one morning in the late autumn the whole community was astounded to learn that Jacob Small and Sister Agnes had eloped together during the preceding night.

Two years later the winter was uncommonly severe, and the oldest inhabitants of a small manufacturing town, some five miles distant from the peaceful Shaker community, shook their hoary heads and solemnly declared that never before in all their time had they seen the like of such cold and stormy weather. It was a bitter season of trial and suffering for the poor, and many of them paid the penalty of their poverty with their lives, while those who survived long remembered the terrors of their struggle for existence. There was an old three-story wooden house, standing alone by itself on the outskirts of the town, which looked about as wretched and God-forsaken an abode as ever humanity was forced to occupy. Its site was most unfortunate; in summer the stagnant green and festering pools around made it a nest of malaria; and in winter it was so open and exposed to icy blasts from all sides, that it was a wonder man, woman, or child could keep from freezing to death within its tumble-down walls. So notorious was its unhealthfulness, that even the poorest of the poor refused to risk their lives in it, and its owner, without income from his investment, would have been glad enough to see his miserable tenement drop to pieces, and thus relieve him of paying taxes on it. But it was occupied by one family still. In a cheerless room of the upper story a young mother was trying to rock her baby boy to sleep in his cradle. An empty fireplace and an empty cupboard were eloquent of cold and hunger, and the direst poverty was indicated by the scanty furniture,—one broken chair and, in the corner, a rickety bed, from which the few clothes had been taken to wrap around the suffering child. The poor woman wore a singular dress, neat though sadly patched, of a soft and clinging lilac-colored fabric, with many plaits in the skirt, and a faded silk handkerchief came over her shoulders and was pinned at the waist, so that, but for the absence of the stiff white cap, she would have been the very picture of a Shakeress. It was Sister Agnes,



two years older in actual time, but twenty years older in appearance, from the wear and tear of the existence she had gone through.

The day was dark and storm-threatening and intensely cold; a driving wind blew savagely around the old house, rattled every window furiously, and swooped down its chimneys and through its many crevices with a rush and a roar that seemed to announce imminent destruction. When now and then the blast rose to a higher pitch and shook the house to its very foundations, the anxious mother trembled with alarm, and tucked the clothes more closely around her child. She did not mind the cold for herself, though she was blue and quivering with it, but she did want to keep it from her boy. It was past the hour of noon, but as the last crusts had been eaten the day before, mother and child could only fast and wait. The unhappy child uttered a piteous wail from time to time, but his eyes did not open, and he seemed lost in that restless sort of slumber with which merciful nature often dulls hopeless suffering.

Sister Agnes sat there with consciousness of the present and all its woes, while her thoughts were busy with the past. All the years of her life among the Shakers rose up before her mind; one day just like another in its regular round of easy duties, homely pleasures, and sincere acts of worship; she wondered if earth had another such happy home as that neat and spacious family house which was always so delightfully cool in the hottest summer and so comfortably warm in the sharpest winter; and the rough but honest Shaker brethren and the kind and earnest sisters appeared to her now as angels of heaven, compared with the men and women of the world she had since met. Why had she ever left such an earthly paradise? An uneasy movement and a mournful cry from the cradle reminded her of that she had sought for—love.

Jacob had drawn so glowing a picture of the happiness that awaited them in the world! They were to live in the town, while he worked and saved up the money to buy them a home and a farm. And he loved her so much, and promised to love her always so much, that her heart was won. Since that eventful night, when she had stolen away from the Shakers to be united in marriage to Jacob Small by the minister of an adjoining village,

everything had gone wrong. Jacob obtained work again and again, but never could keep it; for his convivial tastes, and the opportunities of indulging them, soon developed him into an idle and drunken vagabond. What a miserable life he had led his poor wife! Gladly would she have forgotten her sufferings for want of the commonest necessities of life, the insults and blows that had been heaped upon her, but she could not. For some months they had lived in this wretched tenement, but as they had not yet paid a cent of rent, formal notice had been sent them to leave it. Two days before, Jacob Small, in drunken rage, had beaten his wife, threatened to kill his child, and then had gone away, declaring that he would never again see either of them. Sister Agnes was a deserted wife.

Between the sting of present misery and the remembrance of past happiness, a purpose slowly evolved and fixed itself in her mind. She would go back to the Shakers with her child, and live and die among them. An irresistible longing for the peace of her old Shaker home moved her to take up her helpless babe and fly from the world. At last her thoughts embodied themselves in action. She hurriedly put on her bonnet and shawl, wrapped a blanket round her child, held him closely to her breast, and descending the creaking stairs and stepping out into the cold air, she started off with desperate energy to walk to the Shaker settlement. The way was well enough known to her, and she felt thankful it did not go through the town. The snow of past storms was moderately deep upon the road, but it had been so well trodden down by passing sleighs, that walking was only excessively tiresome, not impossible. She walked on, weak and tired, but every nerve of her body was strained to accomplish the task before her, which was to assure life and happiness to her child. The wind did not blow so hard now, and the cold was not so intense, though the delicate mother noticed no improvement; but the clouds were shutting down darkly, and the short twilight of winter was evidently near at hand. A few flakes of snow fell, then they came thicker and faster, and finally their ceaseless energy announced that an old-fashioned storm had set in. The baby had hitherto been quiet; now a flake or two of snow upon his face roused him and caused him to cry with all his puny strength. His mother put him under

her threadbare shawl, where the snow still sought and found him; she clasped him more closely to her bosom; she bent down her head and kissed him repeatedly; she prayed for him; she hushed him and sung to him a sad mixture of lullaby songs and Shaker hymns; but he continued the pitiful cry that cut her to the heart, until a long shudder convulsed his little frame, and he was still and motionless. All the time Sister Agnes was hurrying on, past farm-houses, through the leafless maple woods and the gloomy pine forests, and it was only marvellous instinct that kept her from going astray in the thick darkness and the blinding snow. The Shaker settlement was reached at last. She struggled through the deepening snow up to the great house, that had been her only home, and when she had opened the door and entered the lighted room, where her old friend Polly and the other Shakeresses were gathered, she looked down and saw that her child was dead.

For many years afterwards the visitors to the Shaker community were apt to carry away with them very vivid impressions of the school they had seen there, and not a few of them wished their own children could attend such a model institution. The pupils of this school were neat and orderly of course, and they were remarkably bright and clever in their studies, but most wonderful of all was their respectful love for their teacher—a pale and unassuming Shakeress, answering to the name of Sister Agnes,—whose history is contained in these few pages.

**HORATIO G. KNIGHT.**

BY HON. WILLIAM G. BASSETT.

IN Easthampton, where agriculture, education and manufactures are conducted with some prominence, are located the mills of three companies, which are the leading producers of the several kinds of goods they make. These are covered buttons, rubber thread, and suspenders and other elastic goods. Samuel Williston, the well-known munificent philanthropist, founder of Williston Seminary, was the leader in these enterprises.

Horatio G. Knight commenced with Mr. Williston as a boy. Expecting to go at once into the store of his employer, he was set to work in a garden. Though a little disappointed and dissatisfied, he has since said he did the work the best he could. Mr. Williston had a purpose to educate him in the schools, but he at once became so useful that he could not be spared for that purpose. But reading, constant contact with means of education, a study of and participation in affairs of importance, with travel and observation in this country and in foreign countries, have made him a man of unusual general intelligence. Thirty-nine years ago, Williston and Knight established the button business in Easthampton. They remained partners in business till Mr. Williston's death.

It fell to the lot of Governor Knight to buy the first India rubber and the first elastic fabric looms and braiding machines there used. During that long and intimate association in business, the names of Samuel Williston and Horatio G. Knight were suggestive of successful business integrity and enterprise. The manufacture of goods in their native town, and in connection with it, a prosperous selling business in New York, both during the life of Mr. Williston and since his death, have owed much to the intelligent energy and vitalizing contact of Governor Knight. His success is the result of constant, systematic and intelligent diligence. He is an alert man. He walks fast, works and thinks rapidly and well. His writing is uniformly plain, handsome, and a strong hand. Every detail of his business is in exact order.



Haste is not allowed to make waste, though the maximum of work is done in the minimum of time.

The personal appearance of this busy man is always attractively neat. The appearance of his works and person alike indicate that he never does a slovenly thing. With an even and placid temper, he thinks and speaks well of others. The idea that men are famishing wolves that devour each other never entered his mind. Nor is he a man of neutral color who makes no enemies; and yet he is an agreeable gentleman and a kind neighbor. In nothing is Governor Knight more commendable than in the spirit of helpfulness to others. Few men, while making their own fortune, have exhibited so little of the too common spirit which might be expressed in the phrase, "Thou shalt want ere I want." His direct charities have been large, numerous, and constant, but that better charity of helping and inspiring men to help themselves has never been wanting. A community has relied on this neighbor more than any other to help its sons to just what they needed and might honorably accept,—permanent positions of usefulness and profit. The method of this has been characterized with good sense and absence of claim to recognition.

But the community for which he has done so much to make it as a whole—and not simply a few favorites in it—prosperous and happy, always takes pleasure in celebrating his distinguished merit. A larger constituency, also, has thought it worthy to pay him particular attention. As representative to the general court, State senator, member of the Governor's council, and as Lieutenant-Governor of the Commonwealth, he has served the public with ability and fidelity. During the four years he was Lieutenant-Governor, the contract was made under which the Hoosac Tunnel (in the progress of which so many failures had resulted) was completed, and his services in the achievement were conspicuous.

The Committee on Pardons, while he was its chairman, passed upon no less than four hundred applications for pardon. Appointed by Governor Andrew in 1862 sole Draft-Commissioner for Hampshire County to raise soldiers for the Union army, instead of drafting he aided and promoted enlistment,—paying thousands of dollars therefor from his own pocket,—so that a draft from his county was unnecessary. Its quota was filled by enlistment. By the appointment of Governor Washburn he

attended the Vienna Exposition in 1873 as one of the Commissioners from Massachusetts.

In all these stations, as in the offices of bank president, seminary and college trustee, member of the State Board of Education, trustee of charitable institutions, and in a position that may be described as that of leading citizen, punctuality and regularity in fully meeting the duties expected of him, have characterized him. He has travelled hundreds of miles to attend a town meeting, or to vote. He is now serving as chairman of the town school committee.

That spirit that takes pleasure in improvement—in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before—he possesses. Having formed a village improvement society, knowing that it would not prosper by faith alone, in its early days his tall, lithe figure served him well in lopping unsightly limbs; and he himself made bonfires of the rubbish in the street. For the time, village improvement was his vocation and his example.

We have been told often enough that we in this country have no aristocracy. But we have leading men—men who lead. “They are able because they seem to be able.” They give tone and direction to affairs. A community not servile is yet impressible. A spirit of liberality, a general live and let live policy, shown in the life of one of these leaders tends to suppress selfish meanness and illiberality. There is quick contagion in generous conduct; and, often, the retroactive influence of one’s business principles, illustrated in his business life, is of inestimable value. He builds better than he knows. This has proved true in the career of the subject of this brief sketch.

The button business, which, under his management, had been very profitable, passed in full prosperity into other management. In 1883 it disastrously failed, and proved to have been completely wrecked. The most of his considerable fortune was lost and he was greatly embarrassed financially. The reorganization of the business seemed impossible, and he was advised by sagacious men not to undertake it. Rising from a sick bed with a comprehensive plan to meet his own and the company’s indebtedness, he took the management upon himself and went forth to win. The great thing needful was confidence,—that foundation which underlies and upholds all business.

Was there confidence—business confidence—that he in his years could and would begin again and succeed? He was then sixty-four years old. His record as a business man was his all. Creditors met him with his own spirit. They were more indulgent than he asked. New capital came to him as by magic. His reorganized company might have an ample capital paid in to do its work and without being a borrower. He eliminated much, and reorganized on the old successful basis with himself as the managing head; and three years of fine prosperity have rewarded the effort—and that, too, when business generally has not been profitable. This success has been achieved by a master-hand with consummate skill, business capacity and judgment. It was possible only by reason of the confidence which the business life of this man of business had inspired.

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## THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY J. B. M. WRIGHT.

Up in the dell where dewdrops glisten,  
Floweth the stream, a silver thread;  
There in the hush of eve we listen,  
To bird-song sweet in the boughs o'erhead.

A little more,—its course is taken,  
Out to the sun and the summer air,  
Over the meadow, where flowerets waken,  
Dotting the green with blossoms fair.

Onward still to the winding river,  
Under the boughs where mosses grow,  
Reeds are drooping and rushes quiver,—  
Mirrored green in the depths below.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Boston has become famous for its clubs, as much so in its way as Paris was in the latter days of Louis Philippe. They are all of them Saturday afternoon institutions, and range in their scope from farming to politics, and from personal devotion to the pursuit of pleasure for its own unadulterated sake. It would be interesting to go through a recital of them. As a rule, they are not organized in a clannish spirit, and still there is an undeniable coloring of cliquishness in them. Perhaps it could not very well be otherwise. Men are human still, and are likely long to remain so. At every meeting of these clubs there are invited guests and at least one set speech or elaborate essay. Generally it is on somebody's candidacy for public office, or on affairs of State or National Government, and more generally somebody feels sure that the effort lifts him higher in the esteem, if not of those who listen, yet of those who read him as reported. There is no harm in exercises of such a character, while the expression of views on many subjects becomes very much acrated.

The sociability of these clubs might no doubt be greatly intensified, if the limits of the topics habitually discussed at them were not so restricted. We have all the party politics we require already; how much it were to be wished that we could import new matter into our wonted social talk, that would enlarge instead of narrow the prevailing feeling, and call out the best and freest of men's inner selves. Not politics wholly, nor business wholly, nor literature wholly, nor any one of the staple industries wholly, is capable of filling the requirements of the time; nevertheless, the mingling experiences of men variously employed ought to yield topics enough for genuinely social and intellectual fructification. At present, men are too much absorbed in the purely material; and if, now and then, a chord is struck that responds with a different sound, it is still very apt to suggest too strongly the professional, if not the pedantic. So we go, however, all the same. Evolution, with its mechanical and mysterious processes combined, will certainly help us out, but our clubbable days may by that time all be over.

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The President's brief speech at the banquet given at the time of the memorial celebration of Harvard College was acknowledged to be in the most fitting phrase and admirable spirit. Under the circumstances, it was not an easy matter for him to decide what to say, more than



what is generally said, in response to the customary toast offered in sincere compliment to his high office. Naturally he recognized, first, the occasion to which he had willingly lent his official presence, and finely remarked, in a half-pathetic strain for such as could so see it, that there exists for him nowhere an *alma mater*, which excited in him a feeling of regret only tempered by the reassuring kindliness of his reception; and he recited the not too familiar fact that but twelve of the twenty-one of his predecessors had the advantage of a collegiate education. The fact, however, he reminded his collegiate hearers, only served as a proof of the "democratic sense of our people," and was no argument "against the supreme value of the best and most liberal education in high public position."

The tribute he candidly paid to learning was thoroughly timely, and in excellent taste as well. "The disinclination"—said he—"of our best men of education to mingle in political matters, thus consequently leaving all political activity in the hands of those who have but little respect for the student and the scholar in politics, are not the most favorable conditions under a government such as ours." He thought he "saw indications that in the future the thought and the learning of the country will be more plainly heard in the expression of the popular will." Coming, next, to the more salient features of our system of government, he referred to his own office to illustrate most strikingly the fact of the nearness of the people to their President and all their other high officials. This close view of the conduct and character of those to whom they have entrusted their interests serves as a regulator and check upon the pressure and temptation in official place, and teaches "that diligence and faithfulness are the true measure of public duty." This topic easily led the President to the comment in which he indulged on a slanderous press.

And here appeared the first opening for criticism on his speech. Some thought he descended from the dignity of his position to indulge in remarks on such a theme at all. Some considered that the occasion warranted no such exhibition of feeling, however deserved his criticism itself might be. Very many could not help thinking, whether they said it or not, that such a concentrated charge of denunciatory phrase as he proceeded to bring against "certain newspapers" had better be brought, if at all, by somebody else at another time. We do not hesitate to say that the precise language of the President does not make pleasant reading after the warmth of the speaking itself is abated. It was a clouded spot on a speech from the highest official in the land, made on as august an occasion as could occur in our present civilization, which otherwise would have been accounted the perfection of pro-

priety, equipoise and impressiveness. The closing portion of the address only served to impart to this judgment all the more justice and force from the fact that it was all that could have been looked for from a man of the highest education.

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The subject of "Isms"—supposed to be indigenous to New England—is continued in the present number of this Magazine, and will proceed in due course through the entire series. Those who thoughtfully read the analytic and descriptive paper in the last issue could not have failed to become freshly interested in a subject of which it may perhaps be said that, if it had no beginning, neither is it certain to have any end. Of course it is not meant by this that there is likely to be no limit to the series of papers themselves, which must finally come in sight; but it is a truth that there can be no end to the speculations of the human spirit, and as fast as they become fashioned into schools, systems, projects, and other embodied shapes, they challenge the common attention newly and enlist concerted action in different degrees.

The papers descriptive of the differing phases of "Isms" which are making their appearance in these pages may each and all be received as the exposition of genuine experts in relation to them. As a class, or a group, they cluster like ripening fruit on the boughs of the vigorous tree of Transcendentalism, transplanted long ago to our receptive New England soil and atmosphere, and flourishing nowhere as for a time it flourished at philosophic Concord. The names of the noble men and women who became early disciples of Transcendentalism have long since become a part of the permanent record of American thought. They were brave men and women, too, possessed of the full courage of their convictions. They lived, they wrought, they sacrificed, in obedience to the clearer light with which they became illuminated. The Dial was the exponent of their thinking; Brock Farm was the embodiment of their life and activity. Both may be pronounced failures, but that all depends on the angle of vision occupied by the beholder. If we believe, as we certainly must, that neither in human thought nor human effort is anything ever lost, then we are bound to accept the appearance of the transcendental spirit amongst us with gratitude as well as wonder.

While the whole subject of mind-healing, for example, may be refused hospitality in the thoughts of those who either will not reflect or have no time to do so, it is certain that it is finding lodgment none the less in other minds, and for some unannounced good. At any rate, so far as that, or the faith-cure, or any other Ism tends to lift people out of the mire of materialism up to the levels of spiritual life, it cannot but

be accounted an active blessing, come in what guise it may. If life here has any meaning which it is worth our while to try to grasp, it must be that the constant struggle placed before us as its main condition is one between the lower and the higher natures, and not for the absolute conquest of either but for the temporal harmonization of both. Yet always for the spirit's good, else there would be no higher and lower, no superior and subordinate. If we may not too rashly embark on a stream whose flow is to conduct us to the unknown shores of an unseen life, it is still permitted us to throw off, in the gradations of our experience, that servitude to the lower nature which is the aim and end of our earthly discipline.

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The welcome return of the Christmas Holidays never fails to set all hearts tingling with fresh emotions of pleasure. It is a season crowded with social delights and the satisfactions of true friendship. Though necessarily an imported observance, it is hardly the less indigenous because it is a natural outgrowth of the observances of the Christian religion: Wherever that goes, Christmas and its joys go with it. The religious sentiment born of Christmas has come to bear many kinds of fruit, but all sweet and wholesome. Dedicated as it instinctively is to childhood, in sacred commemoration of Him who lay in a manger, it has come to represent all fresh and new-born feelings, as if to impress us all with the divine fact that it is a fitting memorial time for every one to be born into the life of love again. And so innocent and merry greetings are given, and gifts are freely exchanged, and hearts that were growing cold beat warmly again, and homes and churches are decorated with living green, and tables groan with the bounties of the year for the happy circles that sit around, and the bells proclaim "peace and goodwill to man."

There is a commercial side to the picture, too, the very natural evolution of the habit of gift-making at this season. It breaks out in all our large cities, making the streets suddenly populous, lighting up the showy shop windows with a holiday display, and pouring fresh currents of life into the channels of trade. All this imparts an unwonted vivacity to the passing season, and signalizes it as something wholly different, and always pleasingly so, from the rest of the year. The dealers in all sorts of manufactured things, from ingenious toys to splendidly illustrated volumes, and from seasonable garments to brilliants in exquisite settings, come forward to announce in preternatural typography the abundance of the riches they have in store for gratifying the sentiments of the gift-givers. It is high carnival for both parties to the delicious excitement, and they celebrate its fleeting hours with a

zest that is marked with an annual renewal. And this is the Holiday Season that is just at hand. Let none of us fail to greet its welcome coming with all the sincerity of childhood itself, to whose innocent enjoyment it is confessedly dedicated.

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It may be said without coloring it at all that Dr. McCosh's conduct at the Harvard anniversary celebration was a *fiasco*. He abruptly left the commemorating company because he fancied Princeton College to have been purposely slighted in the distribution of honorary titles, and his recognized friends are willing to add that he felt hardly less affronted by the allusion made to Princeton by the venerable Dr. Holmes in his poetic address. Without venturing to enter upon any discussion of the points of the case at all, it ought certainly to be enough to remark that other men, of not less merit and distinction than himself, sat patiently and good-humoredly by and saw their idols one by one dethroned, without a thought of wiping the dust from their shoes at the door of exit, and filled only with admiration for the courteous courage with which the men of Harvard have long since learned to give free utterance to their opinions. The daily journals are making much of this unseemly display of what at least may be called hasty temper, and the more they work at explanation the more ridiculous the whole matter is made to appear.

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THE dissolution of the present Canadian federation is believed to be impending. There are numerous causes for such an event, which taken together would seem to be sufficient. The confederation bonds at best have always been light and fragile. It has long been a notorious fact that a number of the provinces have been weary of the existing union, and impatient of the yoke of the one-man power and the mockery of a court which it imposed. There are, in fact, two distinct nationalities in Canada, whose political blending must always prove as difficult as that of their social and religious unity. Then the economic views of the different component provinces are irreconcilably variant. The protective interests openly clash with those of a freer trade with our own and other countries. One section is purely commercial and devoted to navigation and fishing, while another is given up to farming. The outlet for the great railway line which traverses the Dominion is another standing cause of contention. And an intestine war of races may be counted on with almost perfect certainty. So that, taken in all its aspects, the case of the Canadian federation may be thought an unpromising one indeed.



THERE will always be histories and histories. The reason why reflective readers of history like to have large groups of facts, and lengthened arcs of people's conduct, and wider relations of events presented to them, is that they grow tired of this habitual short-sightedness in looking at things, and long to be taken to an elevated position where they can escape from the perpetual present and see some of its relations to the past and future. It is for just such a reason that history writing will never cease while man inhabits the planet. If Macaulay was inspired with a love of details and what was popular, Guizot presented human actions philosophically. The one painted, the other was a sculptor. And so this historian takes us into a gallery, and that one makes us look down a vista; one is an advocate, another is a judge. All are useful, each in his chosen way; but it is the one who classifies human experience, and brings all things under rule, and threads events on a recognized and visible law, that keeps the field longest. He is the century-living oak among the lindens, and birches, and willows. He clears up the confusion and establishes order. The reader is able for the first time to discern the connection of epochs and ages. The sketch, however, must be no mere outline, without clothing or color, but cosmic; bringing events into logical as well as living relations; a picture of progress by the course of regular development; philosophy, in fact, opening its storehouse of examples.

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## HISTORICAL RECORD.

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D. D., LL. D., the President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, delivered the annual address before the New York Historical Society, on the occasion of its 82d anniversary, on the evening of November 16. Among the men of note present were General W. T. Sherman, Rev. Dr. Collyer, and Hon. John Jay.

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AN old \$50 five per cent. United States bond, issued under the act of March 3d, 1864, has just been presented for redemption at the Treasury Department. The wording of the bond provides that all bonds of the same issue shall be payable forty years after date, with an option to the Government of redemption any time after the expiration of two years. The bond in question was embraced in a call made in 1879, and has now been presented with all the coupons detached. It is decided by the comptroller that, as the nominal value of the unmatured detached coupons is greater than the face value of the bond itself, the bond cannot be redeemed until such coupons shall have been presented.

At the last monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, over which President George E. Ellis, D. D., presided, Hon. George F. Hoar was elected a resident member of the Society, and Prof. Alexander Johnson of the College of New Jersey was chosen a corresponding member. Judge Chamberlain presented a diary of Capt. Henry Dearborn, extending from July 25, 1776 to June 16, 1778, being a continuation of his journal during the Quebec expedition of 1775, the original of which is preserved in the Boston Public Library. Mr. Deane exhibited the original will of Peregrine White, who was born on board the Mayflower in Cape Cod harbor, in November, 1620, and to whom the Court granted, in 1665, two hundred acres of land "in respect that he was the first of the English born in these parts." The will is in a fine state of preservation, and bears the date of July 14, 1704.

Mr. A. B. Ellis read a paper on Sharples's portraits of Washington, the circumstances of the painting of which were recited in detail, and which are of extreme interest. These two portraits of Washington and Martha Washington are asserted to perpetuate a truer likeness of their subjects than the better known portraits by Gilbert Stuart. They were both on exhibition at the gallery of Williams & Everett in this city, where they were inspected by throngs of interested visitors. The portrait of Mary, the mother of Washington, was exhibited with them.

\* \* \*

Dr. Ellis, the President of the society, spoke of the recent commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College, saying that the society took no second place in welcoming and in sharing, through its members, the delightful observances of the occasion. Three-fourths of the members of the society are graduates in its classes. The society loaned to the college for the occasion the President of the University, the Orator and the Poet, the President of the Association of the Alumni, the chief marshal and many of his aids. He also alluded eulogistically to the presence of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop at the commemoration, and pronounced it to be especially fitting that the Chief Magistrate of the nation should have come to see and hear and share in the grateful and elevating influences of the occasion. Dr. Ellis made descriptive reference to the Washington portraits then in the city, and discussed their claims to supersede the hitherto universally accepted portraits of Washington by Stuart.

\* \* \*

The 250th anniversary of the foundation of Harvard College was commemorated in an elaborate manner on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th

days of November. All graduates of Harvard were invited, besides the Presidents of other Colleges, and the President of the United States and his Cabinet. Nearly 2500 graduates registered as present and responding. The first day was given up to a general meeting of the Harvard Law School Association, the members of which listened to an oration by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., and afterwards sat down to dinner together. The second day, Saturday, was under-graduates' day. It was celebrated with a morning boat-race, literary exercises in Sanders Theatre, a game of football, and a torch-light parade in the evening with supplementary fireworks. College characteristics and unique costumes formed the features of the parade. Former students of the Lawrence Scientific School likewise held a reunion, and the Observatory was open to public view. Sunday, the third day, was celebrated as the anniversary of the actual foundation day. Commemorative exercises were held in Appleton Chapel, morning and evening. A number of distinguished men of Harvard and other colleges participated. Monday, the fourth day, was Alumni day. Graduates and invited guests, the President of the United States being among the latter, listened to an address by James Russell Lowell and a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, after which honorary degrees were conferred by the University. A collation was subsequently served in Memorial Hall, at which the President made a speech, elsewhere noted. The Museum of Comparative Zoology, the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology, and the Boylston Hall mineral cabinet were opened to visitors during the four days of commemoration. The programme was successfully carried out to its end.

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## NECROLOGY.

Ex-President Chester Alan Arthur died at his residence in New York City on the morning of November 18, aged 56 years. For some time past he had been suffering from a complication of diseases, chiefly kidney affection. After having passed the Summer at a watering place on Long Island Sound, he was considered improved in health, yet his family and intimate friends were apprehensive of his demise in case of any sudden assertion of the rallying force of his complaint. He finally died of cerebral apoplexy, after being a whole day and night in a state of unconsciousness. President Arthur was born in Fairfield, Vt., October 5, 1830, his father being a Baptist clergyman. He was a graduate of Union College, and subsequently went to New York and entered the law office of Judge Culver, whose partner he afterwards

became. He was appointed quartermaster-general in New York City at the opening of the war, and General Grant, on becoming President, appointed him collector of the port of New York, in which office he continued for eight years. In 1880 he was nominated by the national convention of his party on the same presidential ticket with General Garfield, as Vice-President, and was elected. The assassination of President Garfield raised him to the presidential chair, and he administered the affairs of the government with dignity and grace, although his administration was marked by no executive acts of special note and was free from any of those events which had excited the hopes and feelings of the country. The remains of the late ex-President were interred in Rural Cemetery, between Albany and Troy.

\* \* \*

Charles Francis Adams died at his winter residence in Boston on the morning of November 21st, in the 80th year of his age. He was the third son of John Quincy Adams, and the grandson of John Adams, both of whom were Presidents of the United States. He lived abroad in his youth with his father, and on coming home pursued his studies until he became a graduate of Harvard College in 1825. He subsequently studied law, but never entered on its practice. He was at one time a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, after several years a member of Congress, and was appointed minister to England by President Lincoln in 1861. In this important position he performed service for his country which will ever remain a part of its history. His admirable judgement, tact, coolness, and ability, reenforced by his watchfulness, without doubt prevented the open support of the cause of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain. After his return from England he was made one of the board of arbitration for the settlement of the Alabama claims. He ran as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts in 1875. He was in the best sense a statesman, for which he was eminently qualified by his habitual studies and pursuits.

\* \* \*

Judge George L. Ruffin died in Boston November 19. He was a colored man, born of free parents in Richmond, Va. His mother brought her eight children to Massachusetts to educate them. After a time Judge Ruffin studied law, and was a well-known practitioner at the Suffolk Bar. He was appointed judge of the municipal court in Charlestown, and was the first colored judge in Massachusetts.

\* \* \*

Dr. Luther Parks died at Pau, France, November 19, at the age of sixty-three. He had been a Boston physician, having been born in this city, and graduated at Harvard College, in 1843.



Joseph Peabody died November 21st, at Lowell. He was a native of Middleton, Mass., scholar of Phillips Academy, Andover, a school teacher in Lynn for fifteen years, and subsequently the principal of the Moody School, Lowell, for twenty-five years.

\* \*

Hon. Charles B. Hoard, of West Virginia, died November 20th, at the age of 81 years. He was a native of Springfield, Vt., and a member of the 35th and 36th Congresses from the 23d district of New York.

\* \*

Hon. Thomas W. Gillis died in Milford, N. H., November 20th, aged 80 years and 8 months. He was born in Deering, N. H., but went to Nashua in early life, where he rose to be agent of the Nashua Manufacturing Company, and so continued for 18 years. He held various positions of trust and honor.

\* \*

MAJOR LEWIS ALLEN died at Peabody, Mass., on the 16th of November, aged 82 years and 5 months. He was born in Weston, Mass., and went to South Danvers in 1817, and engaged in the manufacture of shoes. When but nineteen years old he saw by chance a pair of pegged shoes, and on returning home made a pair, whittling out each peg he drove into them. Four days after he became 21 years old, he began business for himself on a capital of only fifty dollars. For over forty years he was president of Warren Bank, and one of the oldest Masons in town.

\* \*

HON. RUSSELL B. WIGGIN died on Sunday, November 14th, at his home in Malden, Mass. He was a native of Dover, N. H., and a member at one time of the New Hampshire Legislature; also a member of the Masonic Lodge and Royal Arch Chapter, in Dover. He established the extensive flint and sandpaper manufactory at Edgeworth, Mass., the firm of Wiggins & Stevens being well-known throughout the country.

\* \*

DUTY PLACE, the oldest man in Gloucester, Mass., farmer and business man, died November 13th, at the age of 102 years, 11 months, and 13 days.

\* \*

MR. JOHN DOUGHERTY, the inventor of the portable iron section boat, and the suggestor of the route of the Pennsylvania railroad, died at Pittsburg, Pa., November 12th. He had been a millionaire, but died poor at last.

JUDGE WILLIAM RITCHIE WHITAKER, a native of Boston, and formerly of New Orleans, La., died at Monticello, Wis., November 13th. He had been collector and sub-treasurer in New Orleans, and judge of the superior court, and been prominent in journalism. He was an active Freemason. His remains are to be interred in Boston.

\* \*

DR. JAMES O. MOORE, a native of Parsonsfield, Me., died at his residence in Haverhill, Mass., November 16th. He became a homœopathist in 1849, and settled at Saco, Me. After the breaking out of the civil war he was appointed surgeon of the Twenty-second regiment United States colored troops in 1864. He was a member of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society, and for many years a member of the school board.

\* \*

WILLIAM H. LONG, formerly master of the Dearborn School, Roxbury, Mass., died at his home in Roxbury, November 5, at the age of seventy-three. He was a native of Hopkinton, N. H., a graduate of Yale College in 1840, and subsequently studied theology. Owing to a vocal difficulty he never preached, but entered on the profession of teaching in the old Washington School of Roxbury, and took charge of the Dearborn School in 1852, continuing to hold the master's position for thirty years, resigning it in 1882. Thirty of the teachers who have been associated with him at different periods are still in active service in Roxbury.

\* \*

CAPT. FRANK C. HOMER, of the Boston and Bangor Steamship Company, died in early November. He had been a steamboat man thirty-five years, and was last captain of the steamer Katahdin.

\* \*

MR. WASHINGTON H. AMSDEN, a prominent citizen of Athol, Mass., died November 3. He was born in Dana, Mass., in 1825, and spent his life as a public servant.

\* \*

CAPT. THOMAS FERNEY, a native of Nantucket, Mass., and a member of the United States Coast Survey Service, died in Washington, D. C., November 10th. He had been in command of government vessels since the rebellion.

\* \*

SAMUEL H. COLBY died at Weare, N. H., on the 10th of November, at the age of ninety-two years. He had been a representative in the State Legislature during his life.

DEACON CHARLES DREW, of Fairhaven, Mass., died on the 10th of November, at the age of eighty-five. He was a native of Fairhaven, and had been educated for the ministry, but owing to ill-health he entered on a business life in Boston. He subsequently returned to his native town, and succeeded his father as postmaster. He likewise represented the town in the Legislature, and for thirty years was clerk and treasurer of the Fairhaven Institution for Savings.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

IN the set of 16 mo. volumes entitled *Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature*,<sup>1</sup> we have a collection of the most amusing literary efforts of our American authors. The three volumes include selections from nearly all our eminent authors—from Washington Irving to Frank Stockton—the broad absurdities of Artemus Ward and the polished shafts of Burdette, with pieces from the more dignified writers—doubly effective when they relax into humor; also many examples from feminine authors, whose buds of delicate wit sometimes bloom into pieces of humor most demure and excellent. Here are selections suited to parlor reading or to public recitation,—for professional elocutionist, and for school girls and boys; while the silent reader will find in any portion of the volumes matter both entertaining and restful.

\* \*

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY, edited by Professor Henry Morley, is being increased by Shakspeare's plays, of which the familiar *Macbeth*<sup>2</sup> (constituting No. 39 of Vol. I.), lies before us. Though small enough for the average pocket, this, like the other volumes, is printed in type of medium size on good paper.

\* \*

A HALF-DOZEN oblong little volumes, called "*The Pearl Series*,"<sup>3</sup> bound in blue floriated cloth with gilt lettering and enclosed in a neat box of gold-surfaced paper, constitute a pretty and convenient library of choice selections in prose and verse. Under the heads, for the several volumes, of *Reflection*, *Wit and Humor*, *Fancy*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*, *Love*, and the *Poet's Garden*.

<sup>1</sup> New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$3.75.

<sup>2</sup> Cassell & Company, New York; paper, pp. 192; \$3 a year; single number, 10 cents.

<sup>3</sup> G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

OF St. Nicholas<sup>1</sup> the *London Times* has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Some leading features of this popular juvenile for 1886-7 are several stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank Stockton; a short serial story by Mrs. Burnett; a story of Mexican Life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor; war stories for boys and girls, by Gen. Adam Badeau; also numerous short stories from old and new contributors.

\* \* \*

The design on the front cover of *Wide Awake*,<sup>2</sup> showing rosy leaves falling, would indicate the season of the year without the imprint, *November*. This number has a fine historical article relating to Pocahontas and the Rolles of Heacham Hall, England,—illustrated by an engraving from a painting of that Indian Princess and her little son. Besides the three serial stories, which are concluded in this number, it contains some delightful short stories and poems, while there are numerous attractive illustrations.

\* \* \*

The supplement to *The Atlantic Monthly*<sup>3</sup> for December greatly enhances the value of the number, as it contains Dr. Holmes' poem and Mr. Lowell's oration, delivered on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of Harvard University. In the regular pages are "The Strange Story of Pragtina,"—the most interesting study of Eastern occult science that has appeared lately; a paper by the late Elisha Mulford on "The object of a University;" an amusing yet careful criticism of "The Church of England Novel," by Miss Harriet W. Preston; "Up the Neva to Schlüsselburg,"—a travel paper of much interest, by Edmund Noble; a paper by Maria Louise Henry on Mazzini, and a political article on "The Dream of Russia." There are poems by Helen Gray Cone, Louise Imogen Guiney and Julia C. R. Dorr. Miss Murfree's "In the Clouds" and Mr. Bishop's "Golden Justice" are brought to a conclusion. The number is an attractive one.

\* \* \*

THE collapse of the recent projected invasion of Mexico by a pack of desperadoes incited by a contemptible schemer cannot fail to gratify every good citizen; but the subject of the volume before us,<sup>4</sup> as it was a movement of larger views by a leader of elevated personal character and splendid courage, will command a degree of admiration at

1 St. Nicholas. The Century Co., New York. Yearly subscription, \$3; single number, 25 cents.

2 D. Lothrop & Co. publishers; \$3 a year, single number 25 cents.

3 Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00 a year; single number 35 cents.

4 *Reminiscences of the "Filibuster" War in Nicaragua*, by C. W. Doubleday. New York and London; G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25.



the same time that it meets with our decided disapproval. A large number of readers beside those affected by Walker's filibustering operations will be interested in the narrative of those in Nicaragua, from the pen of C. W. Doubleday,—who was personally associated with General Walker in the early part of this invasion.

\* \*

THE Magazine of Art<sup>1</sup> for December opens the new volume, and makes an advance from its former excellence. In turning over the pages one is surprised at the amount of color and variety of form which meet the eye in its illustrations. The chief articles are on Van Haanen and his art, an Outside View of the South Kensington Museum, Old Blue and White Nankeen China, Some Historic Gloves, the National Art Exhibition, Art in New Zealand, Art Notes, etc. There are five full-page engravings, and a total of thirty-three illustrations, exclusive of vignettes, etc.

\* \*

ANOTHER new theory of the creation comes to us in Professor Vail's book on the *Earth's Annular System*.<sup>2</sup> The author admits that the reader must first divest himself of pre-conceived opinions. At the very start he will be struck with the originality of the whole theory. The thought that the earth existed for ages under the influence of a system of perpetually declining, saturn-like rings is a fascinating one. In brief, the claims are set forth that the earth, from the earliest time to the close of the Noachian deluge, was surrounded by rings of aqueous vapors, commingled with much of the solid matter now composing its crust; that the coal and many other formations of the entire earth fell to its surface from these rings; that mountain upheavals occurred immediately after such baptisms; that the falling of these rings to the earth somewhat weakened the attraction of the moon, which therefore receded from the earth; that the downfall of these rings of aqueous vapor necessarily took place chiefly in the polar regions, and falling there as snow caused all the glacial periods of geologic times. It would be strange if the finite powers of man should already have constructed a faultless cosmology from the crude materials at hand, previous to the recent years which have been so fruitful in the practical knowledge of the physical forces of the universe; but the true theory exists in nature, written by the Creator himself, and we may trust that sooner or later the being made in His image will decipher the record. It is claimed that the theory of Professor Vail explains the numerous

<sup>1</sup> The Magazine of Art. New York; Cassell & Co.; \$3 50 per year, single number 35 cents.

<sup>2</sup> The Waters above the Firmament, or the Earth's Annular System. By Issac N. Vail, Cleveland, Ohio; Clark and Zangerle.

blind passages in Genesis relating to the creation,—but how certain parts of the theory can be explained, is a problem that remains to exercise the reader.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE STORY OF CARTHAGE; by Alfred J. Church, M. A., with Arthur Gilman, M. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 309. \$1.50.

THE STORY OF SPAIN; by Edward Everett Hale, and Susan Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 407. \$1.50.

HEARTS' OWN; verses by Edwin R. Champlin. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 69.

THE BRAVO OF VENICE; published by Cassell and Company, New York. Cassell's National Library. Vol. 1, No. 43. Paper; 32 mo. pp. 192. \$3 co a year; single number 10 cents.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH; by Mrs. Glover Eddy. Boston: Published by the Author. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 590. Price \$3.00.

OLD THEOLOGY. For the Healing of the Sick By E. J. Arens Boston, 33 Union Park: Published by the Author. Cloth, 12 mo. pp. 318. Price \$1.50.

THE STORY OF THE SARACENS; with maps. By Arthur Gilman, M. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 493. Price \$1.50.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, Vol. 1. *The Development of American Thought.* By Chas. F. Richardson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 535.

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REV. L. CLARK SEELYE, D. D.

[President of Smith College.]

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
AND  
BAY STATE MONTHLY.

Vol. V. No. 3.

JANUARY, 1887.

Whole No. 27.

SMITH COLLEGE.

By M. A. JORDAN.

The attempt to give an account of Smith College meets at once a difficulty like that suggested by Fielding's heading to one of the chapters in Tom Jones: "A brief history of Europe: and



SMITH COLLEGE BUILDINGS, REAR AND CAMPUS.

a curious discourse between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill." The higher education bears so close a relation to its various embodiments that the wider subject besets the historian of any

one College as persistently as the sense of a subtle connection between civil history and biography did the satirical romancer. Fifteen years ago the public faith and practice, as touching education, showed a marked advance when compared with the items in the complaint of good old Roger Ascham, uttered some three hundred further back: "A child that is still, silent, constant and somewhat dull of wit, is either never chosen by the father to be made a scholar, or else, when he cometh to the school, he is smally regarded, little looked into; he lacketh teaching, he lacketh encouraging, he lacketh all things, only he never lacketh berating, nor any word that may move him to hate learning, nor any deed that may drive him from learning to any other kind of



THE LILLY HALL OF SCIENCE.

living." They showed, too, something done toward making good the criticism of Milton that "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in the year."

But all that had been done was apparently emphasizing the need of still further effort. As long as the struggle for the mere main-



tenance of schools and colleges had been difficult and when many of them were kept in operation from year to year by appeals for money made from the pulpit and by systematic begging expeditions, the people who gave and the people who received were at once too much interested and too anxious to be very critical about methods of study. College was simply an incalculable good, or



MISS SOPHIA SMITH.

vague in everything except the effort necessary to get there and stay there. Some of us can still remember the vivid interest we felt in the young Soldiers of the Cross whom our mothers were helping through college by weekly meetings of the Dime Society, and some of us wonder now whether the colleges do not lose something in the withdrawal of this intimate sympathy on the part of the general public in favor of the comparatively few who individually possess the requisite money or influence. At all events, this change brought others in its train; and the opportunity that paid large sums of money in adding to the equipment of institutions brought to light unsuspected weakness in their original plans and rapidly taught the public that two things were needed in the successful outlay of money for schools of the higher educa-

tion,—the first, the definite adjustment of means to ends, made possible only by a course of study founded upon a thorough-going psychology,—the second, an elasticity in the curriculum itself which would secure the greatest possible individual development.

Three lessons were being taught and learned at the same time : that women were making their claim to wider opportunities for training than had been granted to them in the past, and it was consequently in a sensitive condition of public attention that the first experiments in women's education were tried. As a result, the colleges for women have no such vicissitudes to chronicle as marked the history of infant Yale and Harvard. Smith College



STAIR CASE.

has not needed reconstruction or revolution, and this is a great advantage ; but on the other hand, the college has been working at a problem whose equations had lost or were fast losing the interest of novelty, and were passing into truisms without ever going through the stage of ascertained fact. Oberlin and Vassar had been pioneers ; it became necessary for Smith College to devote much careful experiment to the task of reasserting truisms intelligently. These are conditions intrinsically unfavorable to the production of a sudden sensation, but exactly those required for the steady growth of a reputation founded on the application of ascertained principles.



SMITH COLLEGE.

GROSS SCOP & WESTERLICO, PULL, A.



Something more than economic interest attaches to the history of large sums of money, especially when the student begins to investigate the motives which aided their accumulation and deter-



HILLIER ART GALLERY.

mined their use. The fortune now represented by Smith College is one of two amassed by the shrewdness and industry of an uncle and nephew living in the quiet Massachusetts town of Hatfield. Curiously enough, Northampton has profited by both. The uncle, Alvin Smith, founded the Smith charities to encourage marriage by offering portions to worthy young men and women who would



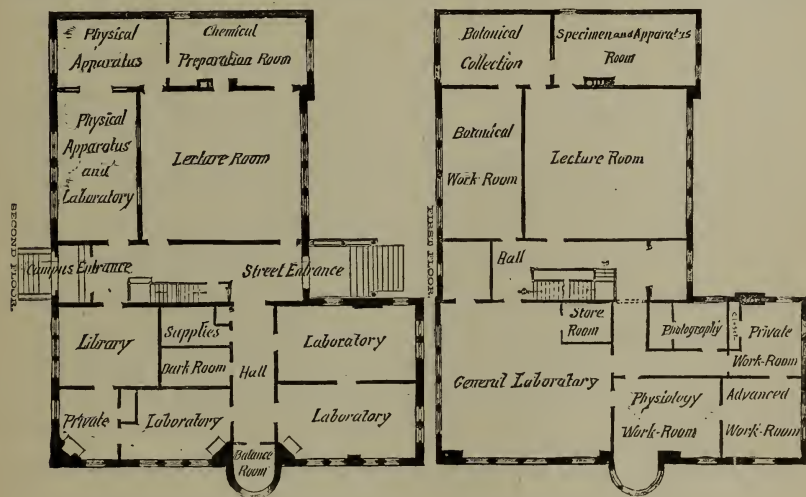
MUSIC HALL.

otherwise be unable to marry. A sum now amounting to a million dollars was thus laid out by a man who lived and died a bachelor. The nephew, Austin Smith, died without organizing



any scheme of benevolence for the use of his careful store, but left it to his sister Sophia; who, unmarried, like her brother and uncle, had reached the age of sixty-five, to be, perhaps, unusually impressed by the value of intellectual resources, as her own education had been limited to the primary schools of Hatfield, and her experience, from the time she was forty years old, painfully conditioned by deafness.

Miss Smith sought the advice of her pastor, the Rev. John M. Green, and counselled undoubtedly by the repressed activities of her own life, thus stated the object for which she wished her money used: "The establishment and maintenance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish



them means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges for young men." The formal wording hardly tells the story of self-denial, painful industry, commonplace restriction and isolation that lies behind it in the lives of this brother and sister; it could as little prophesy the successful realization of the generous project it made possible. But time and work make history out of generous dreams and impartial conjecture alike. Miss Smith chose the location of the college, appointed a Board of Trustees to carry out the provisions of her will, and until her death, June 12, 1870, did everything in her power to insure the success of her undertaking by enlisting talent and integrity in its service.

In 1871, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts issued a charter to Smith College, with full power "to grant such honorary testimonials, and confer such honors, degrees and diplomas, as are granted or conferred by any university, college or seminary in the United States." This charter was the first of its kind ever granted to women in Massachusetts.

Wealth, like the value of a vulgar fraction, is a matter of relation rather than of the absolute size of the sums involved, and by a wise provision of Miss Smith's will, a financial policy was indicated that secured to the new college many advantages not always accompanying the control of much larger sums. Only one-half the \$387,468 bequeathed by Miss Smith was to be expended in buildings and grounds, so that the opening years of this educational experiment were free from the embarrassments due to holding more real estate and apparatus than there is patronage to support. The trustees have ever since tried to keep all the expenses of the college within the income of the property. The sum of \$25,000 was given by Northampton in fulfillment of a condition concerning the location of the college.

There is a popular delusion that the pious wishes of good men and women serve as an antiseptic to preserve their project and undertakings for the benefit of the world. The first stage of the history of the college was doubtless successfully accomplished when its charter committed it to the higher education, when the wish of its founder indicated an equality of opportunity with those offered to young men, and when it was furnished with a board of trustees interested in accomplishing these ends. But all this carried the purpose of Miss Smith hardly further than the idea. Here was admirable equilibrium, and the popular delusion would have us believe that this was enough, — that contact with the original idea would in time produce motion; but there is no antiseptic for the idea of a college like a live President; no motor like a man; and, fortunately for Smith, in 1873, L. Clark Seelye, D. D., (at that time a Professor in Amherst College,) was elected its head. He had no small task before him in the work of gathering together a faculty and students, determining a course of study, putting up buildings and creating *esprit du corps* on the money basis of something less than half a million dollars.

The homestead of Judge Dewey, on Elm street, Northampton,

was bought for the site of the college, the old house with its high pillared porch was made into a dwelling house, where such of the coming first class as did not care to board in the hospitable homes of the towns people should find a home instead of a dormitory. A stately and refined woman was put at the head of the house to direct its machinery, and stand to the young women in the place of counsellor, friend and social superior. Any one having the least knowledge of the so-called dormitory system as carried out in our large schools or colleges for girls, will at once see the subtle but complete revolution worked by the adoption of this arrangement. It removes much of the necessity for routine and minute regulation and secures the quiet orderliness and circumspection of family life by the creation of an atmosphere, instead of by lectures on propriety of conduct and the iteration of the old assertion, "Such things do not become a young woman." The talent for administration shown by the first lady who held one of these positions at once commanded the respect of the students; and a longer acquaintance with her only served to change this feeling into admiration and love.

The recitation rooms, offices and public rooms of the college were provided for in a central building of brick and freestone, admirably constructed for the purpose. The college walls and tower can never be without their share of romantic association, too, to those who have seen the icy points touched into glittering silver by a winter moon, or who have walked in their deep shadows through the long summer evenings. Here, for the time being, were sheltered the art gallery and the science laboratories.

Something of the distinctive character of the college had already been shown in the adoption of the cottage system. At the opening of the college in 1875, the principles of its course of study were outlined by President Seelye in his inaugural address. In the first place, the college was to be free from the manifold evils of a preparatory course of study carried on at the same time as the collegiate work. By this action President Seelye secured for his students the homogeneous conditions, the freedom from irksome restraint, the methods of teaching and study, which are the right of college students, but which are impossible when the needs of younger and less disciplined students must also be considered. President Seelye made substantially the same requirements for

admission to the first class as are made in the best American colleges for men. This was done under the definite belief that girls do not lose their womanliness by what they study so much as by the way in which they study; and he emphasized the claims of Greek, Latin and mathematics in the education of girls all the more that he was fully alive to the need of greater attention to modern languages and art in the courses of study prescribed for boys. Generous recognition of the liberalizing effect of art study was made by its admission to the curriculum on the same terms as any other elective study. Time has only proved the wisdom of this as of most of the other departures of the college



REAR ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE.

from the ordinary methods. Art, undertaken with the responsibilities of serious work, proves of high disciplinary value at the same time that it offers immediate rewards.

The first class of a young college has memories that cannot be shared with any later ones. The worst pessimist cannot prove our human nature so fallen that its response to an appeal to its innate generosity is not made with an ardor that adorns its own service with the charm of serious and tender association. This perhaps is explanation of the fact that although few first classes see their Alma Mater at her best, there are likewise few who love



her better. The twelve young women who graduated in 1879 have also a store of less serious tradition. They were among the first of many to explore the part of Mill River Valley, known as "Paradise," making a new calendar by their spoils. The exact site of the house in Old Hadley where the regicide judges were concealed seemed to them so attractive a subject for investigation that they were as sorry as any of their successors to dismiss it as an unanswerable conundrum. Descriptions of the Edwards elm and sonnets on Round Hill were written then as now. The hint of what were afterward to be the "house-rattles" organizations in the Washburn and Hubbard houses for social enjoyment and recreation, was to be found in the informal charades and tableaux of the Dewey House evenings.

The college grew at a rate hardly to be foreseen. In 1876 it had two classes, thirty students in all; in 1879, the official circular ranks 202 students in four collegiate classes. Its public also was enlarging. The class of 1879 graduated not a student living further west or south than the state of New York. In the same year, the junior class had two students out of thirty-eight, who lived west of the middle states; the second class had twelve out of sixty-two, and the entering class for that year, eleven from the west and one from Virginia, out of a total of ninety-two. For the accommodation of these students three dwelling houses had been built, and in 1879 the old Dewey House stood the centre of an attractive and convenient group—the Hatfield, the Washburn and the Hubbard.

The work of the students in Music under the direction of Doctor Benjamin C. Blodgett had reached such proportions and importance in 1881 that the President and Trustees felt justified in building a Music Hall for the use of the department, providing it with ample lecture and practice rooms as well as with a hall of admirable acoustic properties for use in the public exercises of the school itself or of the college.

In the same year Mr. Winthrop Hillyer gave money for an Art Gallery. It was built in the same general style of secular gothic as the main building and music hall. Mr. Hillyer's generosity also provided for its endowment, and the work was at once begun of gathering together what is now the finest collection of casts in this country. The paintings owned by the college are for the most part works of representative American artists.

So high a standard of health had been maintained in the college community there it was not until the fall term of 1885 that a student died during the session. And even then the student had not been living in one of the college houses, but with her parents in town. The students of Smith College at that time well remember that in addition to their heart-felt sorrow at the loss of a singularly lovely companion, there was over them all almost awe-stricken gloom at the breaking of what had seemed a spell. The natural healthfulness of Northampton is doubtless responsible for something in this extraordinary record, but the regular life, habits of exercise and gymnastic practice so strongly insisted upon, count for much.

In 1885 the demand for rooms in the college became greater than the houses already built could satisfy. During the summer vacation, President Seelye directed the refitting of a frame house on the opposite side of Elm street, and for some time the property of the college, to meet this pressure. The Stoddard House, with its old-fashioned, low ceiled, square rooms and its wide fireplaces, bids fair to rival in attractiveness the houses on the campus.

Meantime the main building had been feeling the need of more room, for the growing numbers and expanding work. The science laboratories, in particular, were daily more inadequate, spite of the space-saving inventions of the professor of Physics and the temporary housing of the biological work-rooms in the music building. The students of Astronomy depended upon the observatory and telescopes of Amherst College for illustration of text-book descriptions. This arrangement was made in the utmost generosity by Amherst and accepted with gratitude by Smith; but not even this cordial feeling could materially shorten the miles of sandy road in summer and of snow-drifts in winter that lie between the two colleges.

The needs of two of the departments were met by the gift of Alfred Theodore Lilly, of Florence, whose beautiful Hall of Science was dedicated during the commencement exercises of 1878. The visitor who listened to the explanatory remarks of President Seelye, or of Mr. Lilly himself, at that time, might have caught a glimpse, through the wide windows, of the scaffolding still hugging the walls of the new observatory. The names of the two donors of the Observatory are as yet unknown to the public.

These appliances, however, are but tools; and the critic will at

once wish to know the theory of education behind all this. And indeed there is a closer connection than is sometimes admitted between the material prosperity of an institution and its organizing, vitalizing power in matters of the intellect. The history of the course of study of Smith College has been marked by a conscientious independence of tradition and by an equally conscientious deference to the needs of the students as they developed under its care. The college began by demanding Greek of its entering students, and at the same time allowing some elective work among the studies of the first year. Its care for the health of the students led to the establishment of a maximum and minimum of hours of work,—at once affording a check to undue ambition and protecting the class-room against shirks. Under this system, it has seen no reason for dispensing with the disciplinary influence of prescribed studies or for caring to avail itself of the incentive offered by elective work. Experience shows that properly conducted elective study enjoys the strongest kind of prescription—that of individual taste and interest. The emphasis placed upon Greek as a prime factor in the formal Arts course has been continued, but the growth of the college has brought it into contact with an increasing number of individuals who do not acknowledge any special value in Greek, but whose earnest purpose and definite attainments merit recognition.

The disadvantage of requiring this body of students to carry on a four year's course of study without the moral support or presumable relations that come from organization was more and more evident. There was besides a definite waste of force in retaining these students, subject to no obligations except individual ones, when they might be positive factors in the aggressive intellectual life of the college. The treatment of such students as exceptions or as being in some way outside the pale that surrounds the students for a degree is almost unavoidable, and yet such treatment involves the loss of nearly all the benefit from the presence of persons carrying on specialized lines of work. Considerations like these led to the publication, in connection with the official circular for 1885, of two courses of study parallel with that of Arts. These courses, tentative as yet, require the presentation of an amount of work in literature or science fully equal to the Greek of

the other, and are so adjusted as to provide consistently developed systems of study.

But even the most superficial account of Smith College would be inadequate if it ignored the name and work of M. Stuart Phelps, Professor of Philosophy, whose counsels availed so much in the formation years of the college, and whose tragic death in the summer of 1883 has been so deeply felt. The great personal



SMITH COLLEGE OBSERVATORY.

magnetism of Professor Phelps made him a power in the classroom and enabled him to do much toward the creation of that enthusiasm for sustained individual effort which is his best memorial in the college.

Smith College is still young. Mr. Gilders' poem, *Mors Triumphatis*, read last June, marked only its eighth annual Commencement. Its history thus far indicates the spirit in which the increasingly complicated problems of the future will be solved.



## SAMUEL MAVERICK.

By ELBRIDGE H. GOSS.

CONTRAST the Boston of today, with its hundreds of thousands of people, its teeming industries, and its commercial activities, with the picture of almost utter solitude suggested in "Wonder-working Providence," by Edward Johnson, who came over with Gov. Winthrop's colony: "The planters in Massachusetts bay at this time [1629] were William Blackstone at Shawmut, Thomas Walford at Mishawum, Samuel Maverick at Noddles Island, and David Thompson att Thompson's island, near Dorchester. How or when they came there is not known." Until recently the exact year of Maverick's advent upon our shores has not been known. Various dates ranging from 1625 to 1629 have been given. Whether he came in one of the fishing shallops which cruised along the coast soon after the settlement of Plymouth, or how, is not known, but the actual year of his settlement has been now authoritatively fixed.<sup>1</sup>

That delver in American antiquities, Mr. Henry Fitz-Gilbert Waters, of Salem, now resident in London, has proven that this "one of the first white men who ever settled on the shores of Massachusetts Bay," this one of the "old planters whom Gov. Winthrop found here," came as early as 1624. Plymouth had been founded; Wessagusset had commenced its career; Weston's colony had come and gone. Mr. Waters has found among other important things, notably the Winthrop map, Maverick's "A Briefe Discription of New England, and the Several Townes therein, together with the present Government thereof," wherein he says: "Now before I come to speak of Hudson's River, I shall most humbly desire the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Councill to take it in consideration the great benefits and profitts, which may redound to the English by these Western Colonies if well managed. Of their present

<sup>1</sup>"Whence these people came, what brought them to the shores of Boston Bay, and when they set themselves down there, have been enigmas which the antiquaries, after exhausting conjecture, have generally dismissed with the remark that they will probably never be solved." Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in "Old Planters About Boston Harbor." Proceedings Mass. Hist. Soc. for June, 1878.

condition I have given a briefe accompt in my foregoing Relation, being my observations which for severall years I have spent in America, even from the year 1624 till within these two years last past." This "Discription" was written, probably, in the year 1660, to Sir Edward Hyde, then King Charles the Second's Lord High Chancellor, and shows that Maverick had travelled over New England, and the adjacent territory, extensively, and was well acquainted with the locality and products of the various places in New England of which he speaks,—some fifty or more of them. Some of his observations are curious and instructive: "In the yeare 1626 or thereabouts there was not a Neat Beast Horse or sheepe in the Countrey and a very few Goats or hoggs, and now it is a wonder to see the great herds of Catle belonging to every Towne I have mentioned; The braue Flockes of sheepe. The great number of Horses besides those many sent to Barbados and the other Carribe Islands. And withall to consider how many thousand Neate Beasts and Hoggs are yearly killed, and soe have been for many yeares past for provision In Countrey and sent abroad to supply Newfoundland, Barbados, Jamaica, and other places, As also to victuall in whole or in part most shipes which comes there." And of Boston: "And the place in which Boston (the Metropolis) is seated, I knew then for some yeares to be a Swamp and Pound, now a great Towne, two Churches, a Gallant Statehouse & more to make it compleate than can be expected in a place so late a wilderness."

It has generally been considered than when Winthrop's colony arrived in Boston Harbor, in July, 1630, Maverick's residence was on Noddle's Island, now East Boston. The sole authority for this statement, says Hon. Mellen Chamberlain in his "Samuel Maverick's Palisade House of 1630," and the one which all historians have followed, is Edward Johnson, in his "Wonder-Working Providence," published in 1654, who says, "On the north side of Charles River, they landed near a small Island, called Noddell's Island, where one Mr. Samuel Maverick was then living, a man of a very loving and courteous behavior, very ready to entertain strangers, yet an enemy to the Reformation in hand, being strong for the lordly prelatical power. [Like Blackstone, Walford, Thompson, and others, Maverick was an Episcopalian.] On this Island he

had built a small Fort with the help of one Mr. David Thompson, placing therein four murderers to protect him from the Indians."<sup>1</sup>

Untrustworthy as Mr. Chamberlain proves many of Johnson's statements to be, it is to be noticed that, although he says "on this island he had built him a small Fort," he previously says they landed *near* a small island, called "Noddels Island;" and that he did land near that island, at Winnisimmet, and that he there built a house, "the first permanent house in the Bay Colony,"—which stood as late as 1660—is now satisfactorily proved by Maverick's own "Discription," which says: "Winnisime.—Two miles South from Rumney Marsh on the North side of Mistick River is Winnisime which though but a few houses on it, yet deserves to be mencond. One house yet standing there which is the Antientest house in the Massachusetts Goverment. a house which in the yeare 1625 I fortified with a Pillizado and fflankers and gunnes both belowe and above in them which awed the Indians who at that time had a mind to Cutt off the English. They once faced it but receiveing a repulse never attempted it more although (as now they confesse) they repented it when about 2 yeares after they saw so many English come over." And that he was living in Winnisimmet (Chelsea) as late as 1633, is confirmed by Winthrop, who says, under date of Dec. 5th of that year, while speaking of the ravages of the small-pox among the Indians: "above thirty buried by Mr. Maverick of Winesemett in one day;" "only two families took any infection by it. Among others, Mr. Maverick of Winesemett is worthy of a perpetual remembrance. Himself, his wife, and servants, went daily to them, ministered to their necessities, and buried their dead, and took home many of their children. So did others of their neighbors." This was none other than Samuel Maverick, as Mr. Chamberlain says: "Uniformly and without exception, both in the Colony Records and in Winthrop's Journal, Samuel Maverick is called 'Mr. Maverick.'"

This "Manor of Winnesimett," as it came to be called, and the land belonging, in which a John Blackleach seems to have been a part owner, and the "fferry att Wynysemet graunted to Mr. Sam"<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Phillips' "New World of Words, or Universal Dictionary," printed in 1706, defines "Murderers, or Murdering Pieces," as "small cannon, either of brass or iron, having a Chamber or Charge consisting of Nails, old Iron, &c., put in at their Breech. They are chiefly used in the Forecastle, Half Deck, or Steerage of a Ship, to clear the Decks, when boarded by an Enemy; and such shot is called a Murdering Shot."

Maûacke" by the General Court, were sold to Richard Bellingham, Feb. 27, 1634, soon after he arrived from England.<sup>1</sup>

Another mention of Mr. Maverick's property is as follows: "Mystic Side" was granted to Charlestown, July 2, 1633, when it was ordered that the "ground lyeing betwixte the North [Malden] Ryv<sup>r</sup> & the creeke on the north side of Mr. Mauacks & soe vpp into the country, shall belong to the inhabitants of Charlton." The year before Oct. 2, 1632, he had been admitted a freeman. Noddle's Island having been granted to Maverick April 1, 1633, by the General Court,<sup>2</sup> and he having sold his Winnisimmet house, he built him a house on his new island home, probably during the year 1634, or spring of 1635, for although he was absent in Virginia from May 1635 to May 1636, his wife wrote a letter dated "Nottell's Iland in Massachusetts Bay, the 20th November, 1635;" and it is clearly indicated also by the Court records. Here he lived for many years, dispensing his hospitality on many and divers occasions as is witnessed by Josselyn,<sup>3</sup> who made a voyage to this country in 1638, and other early travellers. Other grants of land were made to Maverick; one of 600 acres and one of 400 acres; the latter being located in "the upper parts of Monotocot

<sup>1</sup> In the "Boston Town Records," vol. 2, p. 27, on "The last day of the 9th moneth, 1640," this property is thus described: "The lands of Mr. Rich. Bellingham's, lieing at Winnissimett, belonging to the towne of Boston, are bounded with the land of William Steedsonne, of Charles towne, and with Charles towne lands, limited by fences and marsh towards the norewest, with a winter fresh water runnell and powder horne Creeke, parting betweene the land of Mr. Bellinghame and Mr. Nicholas Parker, of Boston, towards the north East, with the salt water on all other parts towards the east, and south and west; all the lands within the said Limitts and bounds belong to the the said Mr. Richard Bellingham." Mr. Bellingham at once took a prominent position in our Colonial affairs, dying in 1672, while Governor, and still owning this Chelsea property. Here are some receipts for rental given during the last years of his life copied from the manuscript in possession of Artemas Barrett, Esq., of Melrose, Mass.

Rec. of Jeremiah Belcher and Sarah his wife ten pounds in fifty bushells of Barley & it is for the rent of the Farme wh nowe they live in 19. 1. 1667.	} 10-0-0
68	

*Ri. Bellingham.*

Recd. of Jeremiah Belcher and Sarah his wife ten pounds by 30 bush of mault—by ferryige—60 rodd wh a stone wall—by a fatt Hogge.	} 10-0-0
17. 1. 68	

*Ri. Bellingham.*

Rec of Jeremiah Belcher and Sarah his wife ten pounds for the yeare 1671 now past. This account made 1672 Mar. 25.	} 10-0-0

*Ri. Bellingham.*

<sup>2</sup> 1633, 1 April. Noddles Ileland is graunted to Mr. Samll. Maûocke, to enjoy to him & his heires for ever, yeilding & payeing yearly att the Genall Court, to the Gofn<sup>r</sup> for the time being either a fatt weather, a fatt hogg, or x ls in money, & shall give leave to Boston & Charles Towne to fetch word contynually, as their neede requires from the Southerne pte of the sd ileland.

<sup>3</sup> "The only hospitable man in all the countrey, giving entertainment to all Comers gratis." Josselyn's Account, p. 12, (Mass. Hist. Coll. vol. iii, p. 220).



River, neere Taunton Path," which he assigned to Edward Bendall in 1643. He was one of the patentees of lands in Maine, owning land on the banks of the "Agamenticus" in Maine, as early as 1631, as is witnessed by a deed found in the York County records.

If not the earliest, Maverick was one of the earliest slaveholders in Massachusetts, having purchased one or more slaves of Capt. William Pierce, who brought some from Tortugas in 1638. Slavery was always repugnant to the feelings of our Puritan fathers, and from this fact, and the Episcopacy of Maverick, there was gradually engendered an ill-feeling between him and the government, which began to show itself as early as March, 1635, when the Court ordered Maverick to leave Noddle's Island by the following December, and take up his abode in Boston, and, in the "meantyme" not give "entertainment to any strangers for a longer tyme than one night without leave from some Assistant, and all this to be done under the penalty of £100."<sup>1</sup> This, for fear that he might aid in some way, an anticipated and threatened change in New England affairs, to uproot Puritanism and establish Episcopacy; a plan concerted in England, but which came to naught. This injunction upon Maverick was repealed before December arrived. This was but one of many similar controversies which sprang up between Maverick and the government. Sumner, in his "History of East Boston," says: "His hospitable disposition subjected him to numerous fines, which, however, were frequently remitted; indeed, he seems generally to have been at war with the government."

Notwithstanding all this, he was frequently entrusted by the colonial government with more or less of the public affairs, as is abundantly witnessed by the records, although he held no public office. He seems to have been a man holding the goodwill and respect of all who came in contact with him; but, owing to his religious opinions, was involved in these difficulties with the government. These ecclesiastical troubles resulted in harsh and oppressive acts, on the part of the government, towards all who were members of the Church of England and who were simply contending for their rights. In 1646, a petition signed by "Robt Child, Thom. Burton, John Smith, John Daniel, Thomas Fowle,

<sup>1</sup> Massachusetts Archives, vol. 1, p. 140.

David Yale [and] Samm: Maverick," was addressed to the General Court, setting forth what they considered their grievances. For this a fine was imposed. Then the petitioners claimed the right of appeal to the commissioners for plantations, in England, which was not allowed; nevertheless, they appealed to Parliament. The signers of this appeal were treated with much indignation; and May 26, 1647, the Court passed sentence upon them as follows: "The Courte having taken into serious consideration the crimes charged on Doc<sup>t</sup> Rob<sup>t</sup> Child, M<sup>r</sup>. John Smith, M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Burton, M<sup>r</sup> John David & M<sup>r</sup> Samuuell Mavericke, & whereof they have been found guilty upon full evidence by the former judgement of this Courte, have agreed upon y<sup>e</sup> sentence here ensewing respectively decreed to each of them." Mr. Maverick's fine was £150, a half of which was finally remitted after several petitions from Maverick, the first of which was as follows:

"I Samuuell Mavericke humbly request that whereas, at a Co<sup>r</sup>te held in May & June, 1647 there was layd to my charge conspiracy for w<sup>ch</sup> I was fined 150£, no witnes appearing either *viva voce* or by writinge, but was refered to the records for sufficient testimony to convince me, w<sup>ch</sup> records I could not obtaine in thirteen weekes, in the space of one month after sentence I yielded myself prisonner according to the order of the Co<sup>r</sup>te, & after my abode there 12 dayes paid the fines, & so was discharged, w<sup>ch</sup> time haveing gotten coppies of the records, and finding nothing materiall against me, whereby I may, (as I conceive) be rendered guilty, so as to deserve so great a fine, or to lye under so great disparagement upon record.

I therefore humbly desire this honored Courte, that my fine may be repaid, and my Credit repaired, by recording my innocence, if such testimony do not further appeare, as may render me guilty.

8, (3), 1649.

SAMUEL MAUERICKE."<sup>1</sup>

Additional evidence that Maverick was incarcerated during these troubles is given in a petition to Sir Edmund Andros, February 13, 1687, by Mary Hooke, his daughter, who first married John Palsgrave, and then Francis Hooke, in which she says her father was "imprisoned for a long season." By this same petition

of his daughter it is evident that for a while he became dispossessed of his home on Noddle's Island in a rather dishonorable and unfilial manner. She says, after referring to the above fine: "Which s<sup>d</sup> he resolving not to pay, and fearing the s<sup>d</sup> Island would be seized to make payment of itt, he made a deede of Gift of the s<sup>d</sup> Island to his Eldest sonne, not w<sup>th</sup> any designe to deliver the s<sup>d</sup> Deede to him, onely to p<sup>r</sup>vent the seizure of itt. But yo<sup>r</sup> Peticon<sup>rs</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Eldest Brother heareing of itt, by a Crafty Wile contrary to his Father's knowledge gott the s<sup>d</sup> deede into his custody. But whether he sold it, or how he disposed of itt yo<sup>r</sup> Peticon<sup>r</sup> canot sett forth, soe that yo<sup>r</sup> Peticon<sup>rs</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Father in his life tyme and yo<sup>r</sup> Peticon<sup>r</sup> since his decease hath been debarred of their just right, and partly by the Massachusetts Government continuing soe long, and yo<sup>r</sup> Peticon<sup>rs</sup> Father being one of the King's Comiss<sup>rs</sup> sent with Collon<sup>l</sup> Nicolls, Gen. S<sup>r</sup> Rob<sup>t</sup> Carr & Collon<sup>ll</sup> Cartwright to settle the affaires in New York & New England but were interrupted at Boston w<sup>th</sup> sound of the Trumpett."

But by deed recorded in Suffolk Registry of Deeds, Lib. 1, fol. 122, it seems that matters were adjusted only a few years after these troubles, for, in 1650, the Island was sold to "Capt. George Briggs of the Island of Barbados, in the West Indies, Esq.," by Samuel Maverick and his wife, Amias, their son Nathaniel,—the Peticon<sup>rs</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Eldest Brother," above referred to,— "for divers good causes & valuable considerations vs hereunto moveing, especially for & in the consideration of fourty thousand pounds of good white sugar, double clayed," "giue grant bargain sell alien convey enfeoffe assure confirme vnto the s<sup>d</sup> Capt. Georg. Briggs a certain pcell of land or an Island comonly called or knowne by the name of Nodles Island lying and being in the Bay of Massachusetts in New Engl. aforesaid, together w<sup>th</sup> the Mansion house millhouse & mill, bakehouse & all other of the houses out-houses barnes stables edifices buildings, water privileges easements commodities advantages immunities & emoluments whatsoever." There were some subsequent conveyances, but in 1656, the same parties, Maverick, wife and eldest son, made a final deed to one Col. John Burch, as "S<sup>d</sup> Samuell hath Received full satisfaction of the s<sup>d</sup> £700-stirling menconed in the aboue order made at the Generall Court aforesayed."

Referring to the troubles that resulted in thus driving Mr. Mav-

erick away from Boston, Drake says: "It may appear strange that Mr. Maverick should submit to so many indignities as from time to time it has been seen that he did; *a man that Boston could not do without*. He was a gentleman of wealth and great liberality. A few pages back, 291, we have seen how much the town was indebted to him for help to rebuilt the fort on Castle Island. He may have looked upon these and other proceedings against him as petty annoyances, to which it was best quietly to submit, not wishing to set an example of opposition to the government, or, having a large property at stake, he might not wish to jeopardize it."<sup>1</sup>

Certain it is that he now left his home on Noddle's Island; and his subsequent life shows him to have been a royalist, true to Episcopalianism and to the King; and upon the restoration of Charles II. he went to England to complain to the King; and was two or three years soliciting that commissioners might be appointed who should visit New England with authority to settle all difficulties.<sup>2</sup> In this he succeeded; and April 23, 1664, the King appointed four commissioners, "Colonel Richard Nichols, Sir Robert Carre, Knt. George Cartwright, Esq., and Samuel Maverick, Esq.," "to visit all and every of the same colonies aforesaid, and also full power and authority to hear and receive, and to examine and determine, all complaints and appeales in all causes and matters, as well military as criminal and civil, and to proceed in all things for the providing for and settling the peace and security of the said country." Upon the arrival of the Commissioners in this country there commenced a controversy and a conflict between their authority and that of the colonial government, particularly that of Massachusetts Bay, which was persistent and determined. Many letters passed between them; reports were made by the Commissioners to the Lord Chancellor; and only with the recall of the Commissioners did anything like peace reign, and that but temporarily. An extended and interesting account of this controversy, together with many of the documents passing between the parties, is given by Gen. William H. Sumner, in his "History of East Boston," chap. VI., pp. 127-160.

Just when and where Maverick died is not known, but it is generally thought that at the time of his death he was living in New

1. History of Boston, p. 296.

2. Sumner's East Boston, p. 127.



York, probably in Broadway, in a house presented him by the Duke of York for his fidelity to the King. "During the early years of his residence in the colony, upon Noddle's Island, he was distinguished for his hospitality, public spirit, and hearty coöperation in efforts for the welfare of the province; and if in subsequent years, he manifested feelings different from these, they can only be considered as the natural result of the harsh treatment he had received. Like all men, he had his faults; but they were so small in comparison with his traits of character as a man, citizen, and public officer, that, in spite of all opposition he rose to stations of high importance, enjoyed the confidence of his sovereign, and identified himself with the efforts to establish religious freedom in the colony."<sup>1</sup>

This sketch of one of our very earliest Bay settlers, whom Adams pronounces "a man of education and refinement," and "a man of substance," cannot be better closed than by giving a few words of John Ward Dean's introduction to Maverick's "Description" which was printed in the "Historical and Genealogical Register" for January, 1885. Speaking of this account of New England, his letter to the Earl of Clarendon, printed in the Collections of the New York Historical Society, for 1869, p. 19, and his letters printed in the third volume of the New York Colonial Documents, he says: "They show the persistency displayed by Maverick in his efforts to deprive New England, and particularly Massachusetts, of the right of self-government which had so long been enjoyed here. . . . The death of Maverick, which occurred between October 15, 1669 and May 15, 1676, did not bring repose to the people of Massachusetts. In the latter year a new assailant of their charter appeared in the person of Edward Randolph, whose assaults on their liberties did not cease till the charter was wrested from them, and the government under it came to an end May 20, 1686."

<sup>1</sup> History of East Boston, p. 160.

## RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

## I.—THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

BY REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D. D.\*

Congregationalism is the democratic form of church order. It has its name because—under Christ—it vests all church power in the Congregations of Christian believers; at the same time recognizing a fraternal and equal active fellowship between them — by which it is differenced from strict Independency.

Its fundamental principle is that the Bible, adequately interpreted, is the only authority in the practice, as in the faith, of Christianity; so that, while tradition may sometimes aid in that interpretation, it can neither control, nor determinately supplement, the Scriptures.

From the Bible expounded in accordance with this principle, the following subordinate positions are deduced, viz:

1. Any company of persons believing themselves to be Christians, and confessing themselves to be such through association by covenant for purposes of Christian worship and work, thus becomes a true church of Christ.

2. Such a church should, as the rule, include only so many as may conveniently meet together in one place, and easily know, watch over, and work with, each other.

3. Every member of such a body — save for some special abridgement in the case of females and minors—is equal in right, power, and privilege, to every other.

4. By majority vote—absolute unanimity always being sought—the members of such a church have the right and duty of admitting, dismissing and disciplining members; of choosing—and of deposing—all scriptural and needful officers; and of doing all business appropriate to a Christian Church.

5. Every such local body of believers associated by covenant is independent of all earthly jurisdiction or control,—is on a level of equality of genuineness, privilege and duty, with every like body; all being amenable solely to Him who is “the Head;” yet all such, being equal sisters of the one great family of Christ, owe

\* [Editor of *The Congregationalist*.]

to each other sisterly esteem, fellowship, and coöperation in their common work for Him.

6. Such fellowship—in addition to formal coöperation for purposes of benevolence, and the like—finds wise expression and useful service through coming together by delegation in ecclesiastical council; when a new church desires admission to the sisterhood, when a pastor is to begin or close his labors, or when some trouble perplexes a church with which it feels its incompetence to deal alone; the result of such a council, however, being purely in the nature of advice, and having only so much of force as there may be force in the reason of it.

7. Should, in any case, such advice seem to be unreasonably neglected, and scandal follow, sister churches may purify their fellowship and bear emphatic testimony against disorder and sin, by suspending the mutual relation until what is wrong has been set right.

8. The New Testament assigns to such churches two, and only two, classes of permanent officers; the first—indifferently called bishops, elders, evangelists, angels of the churches, pastors, and teachers—for its spiritual oversight and training; the second—called deacons, or helpers—for the care of its temporal concerns, and the administration of its charities.

Reducing these principles to their simplest form we get the two germ-elements of the New Testament polity, viz.: the independent self-completeness—humanly speaking—of local churches, which is their *autonomy*; and their equal sisterhood, which is their *adclphity*.

The confidence which Congregationalists feel that theirs is the church system of the New Testament, is founded upon the two conclusions, that whatever system Gospels, Acts and Epistles, by precept and practice set forth, must be divinely favored; and that the Congregational is that system. They hold it impossible for an intelligent and candid mind to study critically all passages of the Word which bear upon the subject, and relying upon Scripture alone without coloring from tradition or patristic teaching, reduce them to a reasonable harmony, without reaching that conclusion.

But three systems—the democracy of Congregationalism, the aristocracy of Presbyterianism, and the monarchy of the Episcopacy, the Patriarchate, or the Papacy—are possible. Combination

of any two would furnish a hybridity necessarily unfertile and temporary. No confusing similarity exists between them. So that, so far as the new Testament touches that subject—whether, by implication in setting forth church methods, or by suggestion, or command—serious doubt as to which system it has in mind becomes to the last degree unlikely. Our Saviour gave but one precept on the subject—to the effect that if trespass arise between brethren and the trouble cannot be settled by the parties, not even with the intervention of one or two friends, the aggrieved “tell it to the church.” This “church” even Dean Alford admitted “cannot mean the church as represented by her rulers.” It follows that by enacting as its permanent law of discipline one which can be legally carried out neither under Papacy, Episcopacy, Methodism nor Presbyterianism—in point of fact nowhere but in Congregationalism—our Saviour did, for substance, ordain the democratic polity for His church. So, further, Congregationalists have not failed to note how subsequent important utterances of Christ harmonize with the same view. No other polity, it seems safe to say, so fully accords with, and tends to promote, that loving oneness, and perfect brotherhood of his disciples for which He prayed. His last command, addressed not to any hierarch or bench of bishops, but to the equal fraternity of His followers, whom He commanded to “go preach,” befits the Congregational system better than any other; while Congregational churches surely have the advantage of their hierarchal brethren in that they are able, with verbal accuracy and perfect naturalness, to copy in the administration of the Lord’s supper the words, and acts, of its first institution as Inspiration has preserved them “for our learning.”

Passing on now into the Acts of the Apostles, Congregationalists find there their system in practical operation. Even Chrysostom declared that an apostle was chosen in place of Judas by popular suffrage of the whole one hundred and twenty members of the church, and not by the remaining eleven. The gift of the Holy Spirit descended not upon apostles or disciples alone, but upon every member. When Peter and John were released from their imprisonment they reported to the whole church, and “great grace was upon them all.” The mass of the church selected Stephen and his six associate deacons. When persecution scattered these believers they went about “preaching the word;” which, if they



were substantially Congregationalists, was a natural, and, as one might say, necessary record, but would be not merely abnormal, but amazing, on any other theory.

The brethren, and not the apostles, sent Paul, after his conversion, to Tarsus. Peter did not himself baptize Cornelius, but left it to be done apparently by some of the "certain brethren from Joppa." The whole church appears to have considered and decided upon Peter's defence for having eaten with men uncircumcised. The whole church sent Barnabas to Antioch. The whole church of Antioch moved in the matter, when, because of the great famine in the days of Claudius, aid was needed in Judea; and they sent it not to the bishop, but "unto the brethren." The whole church of Antioch sent out Barnabas and Saul upon a foreign mission, and laid hands on them in consecration; and when these missionaries returned, they "gathered the church together," to make to them their report. When Antioch wanted advice from Jerusalem, that advice was sent "by the apostles, and elders, with the whole church." The "brethren"—not the bishop—wrote the letter of commendation which Apollos carried to Ephesus. When Paul—since it was impossible for the whole church at Ephesus to journey thirty miles to Miletus to meet him—sent for the elders (or pastors) of that church, he called them "bishops," showing that, to his mind, a bishop was simply a pastor, and a pastor a bishop. So he was "brought on his way" to Jerusalem not by any church officer but by "the brethren;" he saluted not any hierarch at Ptolemais, but "the brethren;" when he reached his journey's end it was neither the bishop, nor the rector, but "the brethren" who received him gladly. So, later, on his way to Rome he found "brethren" at Puteoli, and the "brethren" from Rome went out as far as "the Market of Appius," and "the Three Taverns," to meet him, and his company.

This usage of the Acts of the Apostles prevails, as well, through the Epistles. In more than fifty cases in them the word "church" clearly has the Congregational sense of a single congregation of believers. Cenchrea was the port of Corinth, yet there were churches in both places. The five churches of Hierapolis, Laodicea, Colosse, and those in the houses of Nymphas and Philemon were all, apparently, within eye-shot of each other; yet each was recognized as having an identity of its own. There are also many

passages of the Epistles which incidentally suggest a Congregational constituency. Among these are the salutatory texts, never addressed to any primates of the churches, but almost always to those brotherhoods themselves. That to the Philippians is sent "to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons," which seems to show two things; first, that it was not an Episcopal church having but one bishop, and, second, that in Paul's eyes the church was before its officers. So the direct references to church officers scattered through the Epistles establish the essential Congregationalism of churches in that only two orders of the ministry are spoken of while the same qualifications are demanded of pastors, teachers, elders and bishops; the same duties are assigned to each; and all are spoken of interchangeably. There is not a passage in the New Testament which requires, asserts, or justifies the assertion of, any superior function on the part of bishops over pastors. Furthermore, Paul says that Titus was appointed "by the churches" to accompany him in his journey. He calls him and the unnamed brother who was with him, the "messengers of the churches." Paul directed Titus to put the brethren in mind to reject "a factious man after a first and second admonition;" and he charges the Corinthian brethren to "put away from among yourselves" an impenitent gross offender; and, subsequently, referring back to the same case, and to their compliance with his command, he says [so our Episcopal friends Conybeare and Howson translate *in loco*], "For the offender himself, this punishment, which has already been inflicted on him *by the sentence of the majority*, is sufficient, without increasing it."

Pressed by this remarkable Congregationalism of the written Word, the claim has been made that there must have been much instruction as to Church government which was never put upon the record;—that, indeed, a considerable portion of the "other things which Jesus did," the writing down of which (John suggests in his affectionate exaggeration,) would more than fill the world itself with books, may have been instructions from his lips favoring the Episcopacy! To which ingenious theory it seems quite sufficient to reply, that, granting our Saviour to have left oral utterances on the subject of polity which were never written down, and their claim to our obedience, still, unwritten teachings which led the Apostles and their converts to act upon Congregational

principles—as both Acts and Epistles show that they uniformly did act—must have been Congregational in their tenor. So that, if this argument have any value it enforces the democratic, rather than the hierarchic system.

Congregationalists, therefore, claim that theirs is the Church polity of the new Testament, in accordance with which, in the beginning Christian Churches were organized. They concede that in the second century this original democratic polity faded, and began to vanish, before ambitious influences by which, for wise purposes, the Great Head of the Church allowed it for a time to be overcome. The converts of those early generations were comparatively uncultured, so that clerical ambition and assumption, enforced by the forgeries of the Ignatian Epistles and otherwise, easily invaded the Christian liberty of the masses, and subverted and hardened their simple government into a hierarchy.

Thirteen or fourteen centuries passed. The dark ages settled down upon the Church and the world. The Word of God was withdrawn from His children. There was no open vision of a Saviour. The Gospel was degraded into another Gospel, which was not another. Except for a man—however thoughtful and fervid—to trudge, wearily obedient, his treadmill round of daily idolatries, led by ecclesiastics whom he often felt to be bad, in an ecclesiasticism which he could seldom feel to be good, there was no resource.

Then came the reformers, each with his own coal for the common fire;—simple, honest Grossteste, pre-Puritan Wyclif, severe Savonarola, benign erudite Erasmus, pure and self-sacrificing John Colet, Luther, Zwingli, Latimer, Hooper, Ridley, Calvin—one after another feeding the kindling blaze. The immediate pressure, however, for something better in religion, regarded spiritual life more than Church form; while, as the existing hierarchies were so everywhere identified with the State, reform in polity became rebellion, and so could be looked for only under a vigor of thought, and a stress of conscience, which would justify martyrdom. Luther—who was a man of the people—came near indeed to the conception, if not the reproduction, of the original Congregational way; yet, in his intense feeling of doctrinal needs, he under-estimated the importance of the relation of church-form to

spiritual life; while the current of circumstances in which he wrought swept him almost irresistibly along toward ecclesiastical arrangements in which princes should lead, and the people follow. Calvin — so to speak for definition and not for reproach — was a born aristocrat, and, called suddenly to nominate government both for Church and State in Geneva, it was not to be expected that in those days, he should evolve democracy from the acts of the Apostles. He sincerely believed aristocracy to be a better form for civil government than either a monarchy or a republic, and he chose that for the Church; confessing, however, [Epis. 54] that the eldership was a feature of polity to which he was driven — *temporum infirmitas* — by the stress of circumstances.

And now we come over into the land of our fathers, where, about as the sixteenth century was entering its last quarter, we see Travers and Cartwright diligently endeavoring, with as much openness as reigning severity permitted, to bring in from Switzerland this new Presbyterianism of Calvin, as the specific for all the ill under which the nominally Reformed Church had long been groaning in England. We find not a few grievously dissatisfied with the Establishment, who, after gravest consideration of Travers's "Full and Plaine Declaration of Ecclesiasticall Discipline owt off the Word off God, etc.," and Cartwright's "Admonition to Parliament," with his writings in answer to Whitgift, still felt insurmountable objections against the Presbyterian plan. In its relation to the State they not only distrusted, but despaired of it, since the theory was that the Queen must substitute it for the regnant Episcopacy, and that, when established in place of that, it shou'd remain substantially under civil control. And, in itself, it seemed to them essentially unscriptural, in that it proposed to imitate the system it was seeking to displace by taking into the Church the entire baptized population, relying upon Church discipline to maintain general purity; and because it contemplated an organic unity between all its congregations, one effect of which would be to retard those most advanced until all laggards could keep step with them.

Six years after Calvin's death, and cotemporaneously with the issue of an injunction to the "clergie"—ordering them not to take upon them "to expounde any Scripture or matter of doctrine by way of exhortation or otherwise," unless duly licensed so to do;



and to Church-wardens to present for discipline the names of any in the parish who "wilfully and obstinately defende or maintaine any heresies, or false doctrine," a young man of about twenty years of age, of gentle blood, name Robert Browne, went up from Rutlandshire to Cambridge. His studies were intermitted by teaching, and by the plague, but were resumed at a later date. He became a member of the family of the devout Richard Greenham of Dry Drayton, and studied theology with him. His tutor encouraged him to preach, and he proved himself acceptable, not merely to rural assemblies, but in Benet Church, in Cambridge, under the shadow of the University itself. One of the Cambridge churches pressed him to accept its pulpit, but, after some months of mental and spiritual conflict, he "did both send back the monie thei would have given him, and also give them warning of his departure." He could not take ordination from the bishops, and his mind was so exercised by that "wofull state of Cambridge where-into those wicked prelates & doctors of divinitie had brought it," that he "fell soare sick." When recovered "he took counsell still & had no rest, What he might do for the name & kingdom of God. He often complained of these evill daies & with manie teares sought where to find the righteous which glorified God, with whom he might live & reioise together, that thei putt awaie abominations." While thus mournfully studying the Bible and his duty, it flashed upon him that genuine spiritual reformation "was not to be begun by whole parishes, but rather off [by] the worthiest, were they never so fewe." This idea he found the Scripture to sustain. It was the seminal principle of the original Congregationalism. As such, it started him upon a new track of thought, which grew luminous day by day. Hearing that there were those in Norwich who were warm with a kindred desire for reform, he went thither, and there, after a few months of prayer and meditation over the Scriptures, he came at length into the clear conviction that believers in any place who wish to walk with God and with each other, need not wait for authorization from Queen or Prelate, but separate themselves from the world, and embody in local companies, each of which—being properly confederate—becomes a true Church of Christ, competent to choose and ordain one of its own members as its pastor, and, in suitable, practical union with other like bodies, competent to every Christian word

and work. At some time in 1580, with a few associates who thought and felt with him, he formed in Norwich, by mutual covenant, what I believe to have been the first Congregational Church since the last of those which had been founded in Apostolic days, yielded its life under the intolerable pressure—the *peine forte et dure*—of the superincumbent weight of an intolerable hierarchy. He thoroughly elaborated his system. It resulted in practical democracy, inasmuch as although Browne had no notion of inherent individual rights, he held that each believer is a viceroy of Christ, through whom Christ reigns. This system was Brownism, but, contrary to the popular conception, it recognized fellowship by council. He was persecuted, as everybody was in those days who dared to think for himself. His little company emigrated in a body to Middelberg, in Zealand. There for a time they flourished, and Browne published several treatises ably expounding and defending his system. But all his people were miserably poor and most were uneducated, and they had taken too large a contract to keep each other in order; so that, unfit, at once, to bear responsibilities, to which their preparation and circumstances were inadequate, their company before long went to pieces—Browne retreating to Scotland, and then to England. To make bad matters as much worse as might be, he himself, under the pressure and patronage of his noble kinsman Lord Burghley, went back to the Establishment, and took the petty living of Achurch-cum-Thorpe; so that all which can save his subsequent forty years from censure, and rescue his earlier career from the ignominy of presumed hypocrisy, or admitted apostasy, is the conviction, for which there is much reasonable evidence, that, always in poor health, he became so diseased in mind as to be, in this latter portion of his life, always on the borders of insanity, sometimes passing over into clear irresponsibility. There is neither hypocrisy nor disorder of reason about his books; and they with great power set forth the theories which, when he wrote them, he surely sincerely held. How much influence they had over the minds of Barrow and Greenwood, who came into notice as Separatists a few years after, it is impossible to say; but they adopted his system, so far as the duty of separation from the State Church, the right of forming local churches by covenant, and kindred features, were concerned. They seem, however, to have

reasoned that the collapse of the Middelberg endeavor was due to its practical democracy; to avoid which it seemed to them wiser to entrust the government of the church to a few of its wisest and most experienced members. Their system thus became an amalgamation of Congregationalism with one feature of the new Presbyterianism. It was Congregational in that it advocated local churches, each confederated by covenant, with officers chosen by itself, independent of earthly control, yet recognizing obligations of fellowship to all bodies of like faith and order; it was Presbyterian in that it would have each of these churches governed by a session of lay ruling elders, which the membership were first to elect, and then to obey in the Lord.

This was Barrowism, which, by 1592, had a Church, under difficulties, fully organized in London. After the martyrdom of Barrow, Greenwood and Perry, that portion of the Church largely made its way to Holland, where it remained for four years without its pastor, and for a considerable period without the sacraments; and not until 1597 were all its emigrating officers and members — escaping from various jails and banishments — able to commence together its Amsterdam life of troubles. Nine years after John Smyth and his little Church from Gainsborough-on-Trent settled at their side; and, two years later still, came John Robinson and his company from Scrooby — the next year to remove to Leyden. There is not here space to describe how this attempt to run a Congregational Church on a Presbyterian plan fared so ill that neither the High-Church Barrowism of Francis Johnson, the Low-Church Barrowism of Henry Ainsworth, nor the Broad-Church Barrowism of John Robinson, proved equal to any permanently satisfactory solution of the problem how a body, under Christ, controlled by its members, can also and especially, under Christ, be controlled by its Elders. Robinson achieved practical comfort under it by having but one Elder; by never filling the vacant place after his occasions led Brewster across the sea; and by undertaking no control beyond what belongs to intelligent moral influence.

A fragment of the church which under Francis Johnson became the "Ancient English church in Amsterdam," appears never to have left London. There is some evidence that it maintained there a secluded and precarious life for three-and-twenty

years or more under one "Mr. Lee," until, after his death, it joined itself to a small company organized in Southwark by Henry Jacob returning from Leyden; the two together constituting the mother Congregational church of England. As the ferment of the civil war came on, Separatism made sudden expansion; until, under favor of Cromwell, it acquired force enough to send two hundred delegates to a Synod, in 1658, which adjusted the Westminster Confession to Congregational needs as the Savoy Declaration, and consolidated a denomination of Christians in England, which, in spite of vigorous and unrelenting legal persecution and through more than two hundred years of social ostracism, has steadily and solidly advanced until to-day it numbers more than 4000 churches and exerts, in a thousand ways, even around the world, a wide and beneficent influence.

The Leyden-Plymouth company which founded the "Old Colony," was left there for nearly ten years without a pastor on the ground. This force of circumstance added to the tone of Mr. Robinson's previous influence, developed the Presbyterian element out of their theoretical Barrowism, until it became, in practice, little more than Brownism itself. The Nonconformity which the Massachusetts immigrants brought over was of the crudest description—to the extent even of imagining some sort of connection with the church of England still—but matters soon changed at home, and the influence of the Plymouth men combined with the inevitable effect of circumstances, to consolidate the colonizing forces of New England into essential Congregationalism. Cotton, Davenport and Hooker, however, could not forget that Browne had just died the death of a renegade in Northampton jail. They had probably never seen any of his books, which the blaze fed by the hangman had made among the scarcest of all the Separatist literature; and their language shows that they gravely misunderstood his system, of which it was then the fashion to speak in contemptuous disparagement. So, led largely on by too close an interpretation of a few passages [like Rom. xii: 6-8, 1 Cor. xii: 28, and 1 Tim. v: 17] they established Barrowism as the type of New England Congregationalism. As such it shaped and colored the Cambridge Platform, and gave rise to that enigma of Congregational Ruling Elders, which has puzzled the generations since, and of which, at any time for near two hundred years, the angel of



truth might have said, as the Revelator did to the church in Sardis : "thou hast a name that thou livest, and thou art dead." New England never took to it,—never even fairly tried it. Not, after many years of vague unrest, until the days of the great John Wise of Ipswich, and, two generations later, of the acute Nathaniel Emmons of Franklin, was that alien element of the polity thoroughly sloughed off, and the demonstration made that democracy is not only a secure, but the best, government, whether for church or state. And so—after almost three centuries—those votes which the members of Robert Browne's little church at Middelberg individually gave—not as by birth entitled, but as vicegerents of Christ, American Congregationalists now cast—under deep sense of obligation to the Master, indeed, and with chief desire to please him—humbly as of their own right, as intelligent and responsible members of a spiritual republic.

It would, no doubt, have been an extraordinary thing if the early New England Congregationalists had not brought with them the ideas into which they had been born, and had not gone on, as they were bred, to ally church and state. It would have been more extraordinary, if, as the world was advancing, especially on this side of the sea, they had not suffered for this. It is, possibly, most extraordinary that their descendants should in all misunderstand and then misjudge them, as if they held, and violated, a theory of liberty of conscience, and because under singular difficulties they did not by two hundred years outgrow their contemporaries.

Before the coming in of the 19th century, Congregational Churches scarcely existed out of New England. And the first generation of this century had nearly passed before New England Congregationalists emigrating to newer parts of the land became aware that Presbyterianism is not the same thing under another name, and made serious inquiry why what had worked so well in the East was not at least worthy of being tried as an experiment in the West. That experiment has been tried with the result that, on January last, there were, in five-and-twenty States and Territories *west of the Ohio and the Mississippi*, reported 2196 Congregational Churches, to 1484 in New England—to 4170 in all; although New England still retained a small supremacy of mem-

bership, having 214,108 members, the other forty-one States and Territories reporting 204,456.

These figures, it will of course be understood, refer to those "Orthodox" Congregationalists, who, since 1871, have been confederated in the National Council, which, without authority, but for purposes of fellowship, mutual acquaintance and coöperation in denominational work, by delegation from the Churches meets once in three years. As, in strictness, Congregationalism is purely a form of Church government, Churches of widely different faiths may hold and practise it. Thus, in a sense, Baptists, Unitarians and Universalists are Congregationalists — together making in this country an aggregate of over 30,000 bodies of Christian believers who differ among themselves as to various points of faith, yet agree to practise the democratic polity in distinction from the aristocracy of Presbyterianism, or the more or less limited monarchy of the various forms of Episcopacy. With the exception that the Unitarian Churches, which had their genesis by a separation from the old Churches of New England because of the growth of divergent views as to the Trinity, the nature of Christ, and related doctrines, often retain the Congregational name, it is uniformly understood, however, to designate those who retain, for substance, the faith of their fathers.

Church life stands upon, and Church work grows out of, some doctrinal conviction, and the revived Congregationalism of England rested upon, and gained its value to those who professed it, from its distinct and earnest dogmatic character. It was because Robert Browne could not see a straight road to Heaven through any other polity, that his mind found rest in this. All the early symbols of Congregationalism therefore, naturally, with great exactness set forth the ancient faith. The formal adoption by English Congregationalists of the Westminster Confession, and by New Englanders of the Savoy Declaration, establishes the essential Calvinism of the Congregational Churches of that day. And, while large liberty has obtained among Congregationalists in the interpretation of the ancient symbols, every successive utterance—as of the Boston Council of 1865, of the Oberlin Council of 1871, and of the Creed Commission of 1883—has substantially reaffirmed them in distinction from their opposites. The National Council incorporated into its organic law the decla-

ration that the Churches constituting it "agree in belief that the Holy Scriptures are the sufficient and only infallible rule of religious faith and practice; their interpretation thereof being in substantial accordance with the great doctrines of the Christian faith commonly called Evangelical, held in our Churches from the early times, and sufficiently set forth by former General Councils." So that it may earnestly be doubted whether it be an act of good faith becoming holy things, for either Church or minister, who has in any essential degree departed from the Evangelical faith, as Congregationalists have been wont to interpret it, to continue to seek to be called by their distinctive name.

It was a chief reason why, down to the time of the Rebellion, Congregationalism advanced so slowly, that the South was inhospitable to it. Edmund Burke said of our New England fathers in his place in Parliament, that their "mode of professing religion" was the "main cause" of their "fierce spirit of liberty." A Congregational Church suggested to Thomas Jefferson the idea that its "pure democracy would provide the best plan of government for the nation." The natural training which such a Church gives its members is as much more kindly than that of other polities in fitting them for good use and work in a democratic commonwealth, as a merchant ship is better than a machine-shop in training sailors for service on board of a man-of-war. To say, as has again and again been urged, that the aristocratic or monarchic polities especially befit the American idea of the State, is to avow that grapes may grow on thorns, and to promise figs from thistles.

## THE WILD GLEN RIVER.

By J. K. LUDLUM.

"I don't care, auntie, I'll not go!"

"Why not, Pen?"

"Because I've another engagement. Norman Leslie can wait until to-morrow if he wishes me to drive with him; if not, he can get some one else. I think poor old Dinah needs her rheumatism medicine far more than Mr. Leslie needs this pleasure-drive."

"But, child,"—Mrs. Hunter said, impatiently, "Dinah can go without her medicine for one day, or one of the servants can carry it to her if it must go, rather than for you to offend this rich Mr. Leslie. Why, Penelope Grey, he has more gold than you ever thought of possessing, and you know you can have it for the taking!"

"But there's an incumbrance goes with it, auntie; you forget that?"

"What incumbrance?" demands Mrs. Hunter, sharply.

"Why, the man himself, of course!" answered Pen, laughing, though her cheeks were red as roses. "Besides he hasn't yet asked me, auntie!"

"But he would if you'd only give him the chance, child; you know that; and this drive will be such a splendid opportunity!"

"It won't," retorted Pen, decidedly,—"that is, not to-day, auntie. Dinah needs her medicine and she shall have it!"

"But one of the servants can take it just as well, Pen."

"No, she couldn't, auntie, for Dinah always likes to have me read to her and talk to her of mother, and would be disappointed if I didn't go, although she'd never say so. She was so faithful to mother always, auntie, why,"—and the girl laughed softly again—"I wouldn't disappoint aunt Dinah for any fine cavalier in the whole wide world! If it hadn't been for the terrible rain we've had for the last three days, and the breaking up of the ice and snow, I would have gone long ago. So, when Mr. Norman Leslie calls, you may tell him to come again or anything you choose, *except* that I am anxious to have his money!"



"Then, if you are bound to go, you must take the carriage, Pen. It isn't fit for you to walk. You'll be sure to go over the bridge, and it isn't at all safe."

"Not a bit of it!" Penelope called back gaily, as she ran up stairs to prepare for her trip. "I wouldn't be hired to ride to day, auntie. A walk will do me good after these stupid days rain-bound in the house!"

The afternoon was beautiful overhead as Pen sallied forth, but the rain and thaw made walking unpleasant, and the girl had to pick her way carefully along the dripping paths across the meadows, smiling to herself as she thought over the past conversation in regard to Mr. Leslie, "*the* catch" in Parkhurst village, who had devoted himself to her since first she came to spend the winter with her mother's sister.

As she walked down between the hills her ears were filled with the roar of waters where paths were brooks, tiny brooks were little rivers, and cataracts dashed, foaming, over the rocks and fallen trees. Crossing Glen River bridge, she paused and looked up toward the western hills, laughing aloud in a gleeful way to see the waters dashing down and sweeping away under her feet with a sullen roar that boded ill had she but known it.

Unconscious, however, of any danger, she went on her way towards the tiny brown house where Dinah lived alone with her cat and rheumatism, her form bent with age and pain, though her dark face held a gleam of light in it. As Penelope entered she actually beamed upon her till the girl felt she had been blest, she scarcely knew how.

"Bress yo' fo' comin' honey?" the old woman said in a trembling voice, as Pen went up to the fire where she sat rocking to and fro, her cat on her knee. "A sight ob yo' bright face is better'n a heap o' med'cine! Whar 'd yo' git all dose roses in yo' cheeks, chile?"

Pen laughed.

"Oh, aunt Dinah, how the river does wash and roar! I believe there are water-nymphs up in the hills, they are so full of gurgling, silvery laughter and shouts and mumurs! And how it rushes under the bridge like an avalanche foaming and whirling, as though driven by a legion of Dante's demons!"

"Yo' didn't cross de bridge, honey?" gasped Dinah, her

wrinkled face whitening with terror. "Why, chile, 'twant long 'go dat de old one was swep' away! Yo' mustn't go back dat way, Miss Pen,—promise ole auntie yo' won't!"

"I'm not afraid!" said the girl, cheerily. "Where's your Bible auntie. Shan't I read to you a while?"

To which the old woman answered:

"Bress yo' bright face, chile! But you mustn't go ober de bridge 'gain!"

The sun sank low down among the hills ere Penelope left the old woman, smiling peacefully over the words to which she had listened, and started out for home.

"Lor' bress yo' chile, for de comfort yo' ob giv' dis ole nigger! But, pray, Mis' Penl'pe, don' go ober de Glen Bridge!"

"Why," Pen answered, gaily; "don't worry about me, aunt Dinah! The bridge is safe enough, you know! Good-bye, I'll come again soon."

And she was gone before Dinah could offer further objections.

"Of course it's safe enough!" said Pen to herself, as she sprang lightly from rock to rock on her way down the hillside. "Still it does make an awful time about it?" and her laughter rang out clear as silver bells on the cool air. Then she burst out in a stray bit of song, her heart glad and free from fear, just for all the world like a little brown song-sparrow,—the words of her song floating away on the winds, to mingle with the mad roaring of the river.

*"All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' breezes,  
The barb'ry droops its strings of golden flowers,  
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school gals love to try  
With pins,—they'll worry yours so, boys, bime-by!"*

But as she turned a sharp ledge and came suddenly out on the overflowed banks of the river, her blithe song died away and she paused a moment to consider the situation.

Should, or should she not, cross the bridge? If she did not she must retrace her steps to the road, The sun was setting; it would be dark before she reached home if she went back. No, she would keep on. The bridge must be safe enough, even though the foam-tipped waves, black as night, surged up and over it.

She had taken off her hat and it hung by its broad ribbons on her arm; the winds had tossed and tumbled her hair till the heavy

coil loosened and fell in a mass of wavy gold down to her waist, while the roses still hid in her cheeks.

Half way across the bridge she stopped to watch the rushing rivers. How the waters roared! How cold as death were the black waves that swept under her feet! How the heavy bridge swayed and trembled and cracked! There! One plank had gone! Suppose the one she was on should give way! She had not thought of that. Some way she had an idea if the bridge went at all, it would go at once in a mass. What if, after all, it proved too weak to resist the mad rush of waters.

The whirling waves were like a horrible, yawning grave—black, resistless—with only the swaying bridge between. She must hurry and get off as soon as possible. What would Dinah say if she knew? What would aunt Mary say? That she should not have gone, of course. And Norman Leslie—Did he call for her, and was he vexed that she was gone? After all, *did* he really care for her as aunt Mary said?

With a faint smile she turned to cross, but a great dizziness swept over her, and she caught at the railing for support.

How the bridge swayed and groaned? How the black waters surged around her? The hills were filled with voices, with shouts and wild laughter and wailing! She grew white as death. Was she losing her senses, she wondered,—was she going mad? Were there mermaids up there in the rocky caverns mingling their elfin laughter with the wailing of their victims? How the winds caught up the sounds and tossed them to and fro among the rocks and leaping waters!

The rays of the setting sun struck through the swaying mist among the hills, touching the mad river waves to greenish foam, lighting up the fair, sweet face of the girl on the swaying bridge—falling across her warm golden hair and casting deep gleams of red through it,—while the long silken lashes shadowing her soft brown eyes were like fringes of gold.

Suddenly, above the tumult and roar, she caught the shout—

“Be quick, for your life! *The bridge is going!*”

Instinctively she tried to obey, her ears ringing with the wild echoes among the hills, a terrible blackness before her eyes, a feeling as though the waters of death were dashing over her feet; and

staggering back she clung to the iron pillars nearest her with a last desperate effort.

The tumult increased. Down from the hills, around the bend, came a great wall of waters sweeping toward the bridge with a roar that was deafening.

At the same instant swift horsehoofs thundered along the bridge, and the fainting, terrified girl was caught up in strong, manly arms and borne beyond danger.

There was a rush and roar, a crash and rumble as of thunder, and a whirling, seething mass of twisted and broken iron and steel and timber swept down the triumphant river.

Penelope, grown brave again as soon as she felt the strong arms about her, looked up into her preserver's face with misty eyes and trembling, pallid lips.

"Mr. Leslie," she said, so low and soft he had to bend his head to her, "how did you know—"

"Your aunt told me you came this way," he answered, drawing her closer to him, his face strangely grave and noble in the fading light; "and I knew it was not safe, so I left my horses at Mrs. Hunter's gate and took the best saddle horse they had in the stable. Pen, you would not *give* me the opportunity I sought, so I take it whether or no. Will you let me—will you give me the right to hold you—so—all our lives, dear little Pen?"

What she answered does not matter to any one but themselves, and the river, shouting its jubilate, had never a moment to listen; but the dying glow of the sunset deepened the wild roses in the cheeks of Penelope Grey as she answered Norman Leslie down by the wild Glen River.



## ISMS.

## III.—TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE AGES.

By REV. WM. I. GILL, A. M.

Much, but far too little, have we heard of the Transcendentalism of New England. It has been viewed all too narrowly, as if it were but a very slim shaft of trap-rock shot up from the abyss, instead of being considered, as it is, in fact, only a slight upward curve in the great back-bone of all human thought and life. It has been traced back to Kant as its supposed source and anterior end. But on this matter Kant had nothing new but the name and a peculiar method of exposition. At the best, he was but a branch on the trunk of the world's intellectual life.

The Kantian form of transcendentalism was the result of an effort to rebut the skepticism of Hume, who, he tells us, "broke the dogmatic slumbers" in which he was indulging. Hume had shown that the logical consequence of the philosophical speculations of Descartes, Locke and Berkeley is, that we know nothing but "impressions and ideas." The justice of this conclusion Kant could not deny; nor could he deny that it is strictly true; and he was obliged to acquiesce in the modern doctrine that man knows nothing beyond the phenomena of feeling and thought and purpose. Man is thus shut up to himself as the subject of these experiences, which he can never transcend by direct speculative cognition.

What then? Shall we throw philosophy overboard as an ultimate intellectual satisfaction, and then be content with a pure empiricism based on sensible experience, like Hume? Kant answered in the affirmative to the first part of the question, but not the latter part. He confessed with Hume that a perfect and ultimate speculative philosophy is impossible; but otherwise, in spite of this, by a peculiar method he reached a far nobler conclusion than that of Hume—not an earth-born empiricism, but a celestial transcendentalism. By a moral stair-case abutting on conscience he mounts as on wings to the skies and to God.

It is true, he said, the universe is only our own complex subjective state, the sensible modus of our own mind, so that directly we know nothing but impressions and ideas; but then that is all we need to know. That knowledge involves regulative principles or psychological laws, which carry with them a self-elucidating light. We thence see that the human mind is constructed on a rational plan and that its limitations result from the action of laws which are the manifest expression of intelligence. These laws serve to regulate all our sensible action and life. Hence in this system they are termed regulative ideas, or laws, or principles. These are all that is necessary for the due action of the sense life, and for this they are effective.

Even here we are a vast distance above the empiricism of Hume. We are in a world of psychological law, the necessity of which we can, *a priori*, understand.

But right in the midst of this *a priori*-sense-universe we find the soul and creative spirit of another universe which is still infinitely grander — the moral and religious universe. This is found to consist in the moral intuition, or, as Rant calls it, the practical reason. As the regulative laws of space and time govern all our mundane life, so conscience or practical reason overtops all times and spaces, and governs all life absolutely in the interests of right and duty, and goodness and love, which the moral intuition pronounces to be the supreme quality and supreme end.

As the speculative or pure reason in the regulative laws of our mundane system points to a rational force, transcending these laws, whence they spring and which they represent, we have hence a speculative transcendentalism. So also here, the practical reason finds not its end and adequate scope in this form of life, and it therefore points to a power and a sphere which are perfect and infinite. Thus all the real scope and force and end, or issue of this life are transcendental to this life. A world of involuntary subjective states, generated by the action of these subjective regulative laws, furnishes a sphere for all practical action in the expression and development of all the moral and spiritual life, and of all other powers which are subsidiary thereto, and thence for the attainment of highest transcendental ends.

This transcendental moral issue is precisely the essential quality of all lofty religious thought and feeling in all ages and countries.

The difference is only in a part of the route by which the goal has been reached. Most other great souls have reached it without going through the submarine tunnel of idealism, and without elaborating Kant's ponderous scheme of a-priori exposition and proof. Their practical reason has been shot through with the light which comes from the eternal and central sun of the universe. They have ascended to their lofty position by no circling back stairs of questionable a-priori logic. Spontaneously and inevitably, they have risen by the law of a celestial attraction, and become the eternal satellites of the infinite. They may have been vulgar dualists in philosophy, but they were none the less exalted as moral and spiritual transcendentalists. Thus Gautama and Confucius were here quite as transcendental as Kant or Emerson; and in this spirit Jesus constantly appealed to the highest form of thought and moral incentive, transcending all mortal motives and interests. He exclaims with vehemence, "Why do ye not even of yourselves judge what is Right?" Paul also said that he "commended the truth to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Here is the direct recognition of the supremacy and transcendentalism of the practical reason. This is the trend of all serious and deep thinking, the goal of all earnest and honest practical purpose, and the day-star of all man's noblest hope.

In Jacobi we see this in close connection with the special thinking of Kant. With this thinking Jacobi was deeply imbued; and yet he cared little for its speculative element and form, which, to his mind, obscured the practical; and so, rather as an opponent of Kant, he pleaded and advocated with eloquence and spiritual feeling for the practical transcendentalism which was the chief outcome and final object of all Kant's labors. Jacobi's faith was spiritual intuition, and nothing else than Kant's practical reason. In Fichte we see a stronger and sterner intellect than Jacobi's and a spirit of far greater fervor working for the same end till speedily self-consumed, while he is still more thorough than Kant himself in the doctrine that we directly know only our own subjective states.

While others than speculative idealists have lived in this lofty region, it cannot be intelligently questioned that idealism, well conceived, does elevate the mind, does most profoundly impress "the categorical imperative," does bring into bolder relief the

grand realities of the moral and spiritual universe as the only proper and ultimate reality. This, if not suffused with an element of common sense, may result in fantastic courses and schemes like the whilom "Brook Farm" of New England transcendentalism; but, even then, it is far better and wiser, than dualistic transcendentalism as seen in Fourier and Owen and others.

We are thus led to see that all the advanced practical life and thought of the world is transcendentalism in one form or another. It transcends the average ideas and aims of mankind. It transcends, in its ultimate motive and object the low-born enjoyments with which they are disposed to be satisfied. It impresses moral and spiritual ideas as intrinsically regnant and as of limitless authority and as despising all the bounds of spaces and times. It thus lives in a transcendental world as its native sphere and home. It ever sings:

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial spirits are insphered  
In regions mild, of calm and serene air  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth.

Idealism, or transcendentalism, is of two kinds, the speculative and the practical. That of Kant was both, but the speculative was far the most conspicuous. That of Emerson and his New England confreres made the practical supremely paramount. In him the speculative idealism was quite well developed, while in Geo. Wm. Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the rest of the brotherhood, it was only very inchoative. They were in the main dualists of the modern phase, or, if monists, their monism was of a very undefined character. On the whole, it was the transcendentalism of the practical reason which formed their governing and characteristic element. It is thus that they are seen to be essentially one with the superior souls of all ages who have developed well and followed faithfully their highest spiritual light; while they enjoy at the same time the distinction of constituting a peculiarly lofty intellectual type, more or less inspired and molded by the speculative transcendentalism of Kant.



## OLD TIME EPITAPHS.

BY CLARA SPALDING BROWN.

During a visit to the good old New England States in a recent summer, I became interested in the "grave-yard literature" of the quiet country towns; those staid and eminently respectable villages which have pursued the even tenor of their ways with little change in some respects since the pioneer days that now belong to "Auld Lang Syne." Fresh from the bustling, progressive West, it almost seemed to me that these communities had been indulging in a Rip Van Winkle slumber; yet now and then something of a modern nature would manifest itself, side by side with relics of a by-gone age, reminding the observer that although the old traditions and customs were not altogether discarded, the fashionable encroachments of this presumably enlightened period were gradually gaining a foothold.

Perhaps the change in popular taste and education was nowhere more conspicuous than in the burial places of the dead. To me, at least, it appeared very significant. We no longer select the most desolate spot in all the country side in which to lay the bodies of our departed friends; nor do we, as a rule, leave these sacred enclosures in a state of perpetual neglect. Our "Mt. Hopes" and "Evergreens" are a delight to the eye and a solace to the heart. The surroundings harmonize with the tender memories of our cherished dead; we leave their mortal part resignedly among the beautiful flowers and trailing vines, the thick foliage, and sparkling waters, which combine to dispel the grewsomeness of the last sleep ordained for all humanity.

This advance in refinement, and triumph over superstition, is evident also in the character of the stones and their inscriptions now in vogue. With the exception of an occasional showy monument, chasteness of design, faith in a loving Creator, and an absence of ostentation, are the noticeable characteristics of tombstones now-a-days. Indeed, to such an extent is the penchant for simplicity carried that a century hence those who walk amid the graves of the present generation will find little to attract attention

in the plain white stones of small size but artistic design upon which will be seen only the simple word "Mother," "Husband," "Mary," or "John,"—but how fraught with meaning! But an hundred years ago an epitaph was the almost unfailing accessory of a tombstone, however humble, and its perusal at the present time gives some insight into the religious beliefs of that bygone people.

The following inscriptions were jotted down while loitering in the mid-summer sunshine among the matted grass and tangle of briars that almost concealed rows of unadorned graves that never knew fostering care. The slabs of slate that marked them were in many cases so covered with a clinging moss that nothing could be deciphered, others lay prostrate upon the ground, and others were broken and disfigured beyond reparation. Nothing but the awful fact of death was present, and the nature of many of the epitaphs was calculated to inspire terror among the living, if not reverence for the occupants of the graves in question, who though dead, yet speak. For instance, this under date of 1805 :

Surviving friends, behold in me  
The emblem of your vanity,  
My bed it is a lonesome grave  
And you such dwelling place will have.

And this, over the grave of an eleven-year-old girl, who died in 1804 :

Ye thoughtless youths, come view the grave  
Where you must shortly lay :  
Your ruby lips and active limbs  
Must mingle with my clay.

The next, bearing date of 1813, appears to have been a favorite composition of more than local fame, as I found it, with slight variations, on a number of stones in each yard visited :

Behold, my friend, as you pass by,  
As you are now, so once was I ;  
As I am now so you must be,—  
Prepare for death and follow me.

To this rather self-complacent verse was added in some instances another :

While I was musing on my end,  
In health, I told it to a friend;—  
Lay here my bones, their last abode,  
To wait the order of their God.

The above was found on five or six stones in a row at one place.

One stone of 1796 pertinently declares:

Tho, not till ninety some retire,  
Yet monuments around declare  
How vast the number who expire.

It will be observed that whereas the occasional epitaphs of the present day are invariably in the third person—eulogistic of the departed one's traits of character, or expressing confidence in a blissful eternity for the same—the old-time inscriptions are veritable voices from the tombs, and often savor strongly of a self-satisfaction which ill comports with the humility of true Christianity. Doubtless most of them are written by friends of the deceased, but the effect of personality is produced.

Here is one of 1816:

My friends, farewell, for I shall dwell  
In scenes of living bliss;  
Then I shall see as I am seen  
And dwell where Jesus is.

O, will you read and not take heed,  
But on your way pursue,  
My God doth know your thoughts also,  
And has a place for you.

And the following bespeaks unwavering confidence in the life beyond the gates:

Farewell, my dear Brethren, my Lord bids me come,  
Farewell, my Sisters, I am now going home;  
Bright angels are whispering so sweet in my ear,  
Away to my Saviour my spirit to bear.

Less blissful, but in a spirit of resignation, is the following, framed in 1800:

Great God, I own my sentence just  
That yields my body to the dust,  
Yet by grace I hope to rise,  
And dwell with Christ above the skies.

Some conjectures regarding that mysterious property of man, the soul are betokened by this of 1801 :

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand leagues beyond the sun,  
Or twice ten thousand more twice told  
Ere the forsaken day is cold.

In 1761 some worthy body left this testimonial :

Dear friends, for me pray do not weep,  
I am not dead but here do sleep,  
Within this Solid lump of clay  
Until the Resurrection day,  
And here Inded I must Remain  
Till Christ shall Rais me up again.

A man killed by a falling tree, in 1798, left a warning, as follows :

Watch ye that live, for you don't know,  
How near you are to death,  
Or what may give the fatal blow  
To stop your fleeting breath.

Another victim of accidental death says,

That sovereign God who set my bounds,  
Saw fit to take my breath,  
Be ready, then, each hour you live  
To meet an instant death.

A good rule for us all to live by, if it can be done without unduly marring the innocent pleasures of everyday existence through a morbid sense of the uncertainty and unimportance of earthly life.

Here is a literary curiosity of 1760 :

Shoon as the silver cord was loosed  
The Golden bool did break.  
This youth he in the grave must sleep  
Till Christ shall him awake.  
The Glorious Sound shall rend the Sky,  
And pears the darktom Cave,  
This youth he then shall hear the sound  
And leave the rotting grave.

A sublime indifference to grammar is hercin displayed, date of 1801 :

No more, my friends, don't weep for me,  
I'm gone into eternity!  
The way to death you all must tread  
And sleep with me among the dead.



This is another inscription that has many duplicates in New England church-yards:

Friends and physicians could not save  
My mortal body from the grave,  
Nor can y<sup>e</sup> grave confine me here  
When Christ shall call me to appear.

The oldest one in my collection chronicles a death in 1755. At the top of the large black slab was the hideous skull and cross-bones with which many of the stones were bedecked, surmounted by the words, "Memento Mori." Down the sides was arranged as follows, the axiom:

From	Age
Death's	is
arrest	Free

In the centre was the name, age, etc., of the deceased, in script.

The same burial-ground—in a "banner" New Hampshire town—contains a stone of which I heard much comment. It

"Commemorates the memory of Mrs. Joanna Farley. She was a woman eminent for industry, usefulness and piety. Having lived 80 years and having been the natural parent of 200 offspring. She died 20th Aug., 1797."

Below is this:

Stay, Passenger, though dead I speak,  
You know the word convey'd  
A thousand calls like this you've heard,  
But have you one obey'd?

In the town above mentioned there lived a quaint character named Doctor Jones, whose droll sayings are still repeated by the old residents. His once fine mind had become what the country people called "cracked," and his memory is perpetuated in the old burying ground back of the church by this aspiring flight into the realms of pocsy:

In youth he was a scholar bright  
In learning he took great delight,  
He was a major's only son,  
It was for love he was undone.

Close by is the following ambiguous stanza:

Benjamin Parker, near eighty-three,  
 Respectable you once did see,  
 His grandson now lies over him,  
 We all must feel the effect of sin.

As late as 1820 this flowery production was placed above the grave of a girl of seventeen :

In faith she died, in dust she lies,  
 But faith foresees that dust shall rise,  
 When Jesus calls, while Hope assumes  
 And boasts her joy among the tombs.

The following is a tribute to a young lady who departed this life in 1821 :

Could youth evade death's secret hour  
 Or beauty stem his tide,  
 Or virtue charm his fatal power,  
 Then Rachel had not died.

In 1831, some thoughtful husband comforted his widow thus :

My partner dear, as you draw near,  
 Your husband's grave you see,  
 Not long ago I was with you,  
 But soon you'll be with me.

The most elaborate epitaph of all I discovered on an immense piece of slate, half hidden by a scraggly rose-bush. Beginning with the usual "Memento mori," of that date—1796—and adding, "Time, how short! eternity, how long!" the announcement was made that here lay the remains of an "amiable consort," twenty-five years of age, and her "inocent babe." The afflicted husband evidently wished to pay the greatest possible respect to the departed one, and covered the stone with praises that surely would have caused the angelic spirit to sing for joy could it have been permitted to behold the loving words. And who shall say that this is impossible for denizens of the "spirit land?"

Here the fair youth, who ever promise gave,  
 Sheds her sweet blossoms in the silent grave.  
 True, mutual love had softened every care  
 When mournful death divorced the happy pair.  
 Blest with mild temper and of soul so even,  
 She seemed a copy of the saints in heaven.  
 How lov'd, she liv'd, how much lamented fell,  
 None but her husband's sorrowing heart can tell.  
 And thou, sweet Babe, too innocent for Earth,

Gave HER immortal joys who gave thee birth.  
 Come, ye virgins fair, your charms survey,  
 She was whate'er your tender hearts could say;  
 Let the green turf receive your trickling tear.  
 To this sad place your earliest garlands bring  
 And deck her grave with firstlings of the spring.  
 Let opening roses, drooping lilies tell,  
 Like those her virtues bloom'd, alas! like these she fell.  
 Round her, ye graces, constant vigils keep,  
 And guard, fair innocent, her sacred sleep.  
 Till that bright morn shall wake the virtuous clay,  
 To bloom and triumph in eternal day.

But I thought the climax in curious inscriptions was reached by a severely plain white stone, dated 1838, among rows of black slabs of all sizes, in the most central—and therefore most frequented—of all the burial grounds in a thriving New Hampshire town. On reading the inscription that, in large letters, covered every spare inch of space, I marvelled that some vandal had not long ago destroyed the too palpable evidence of serious church dissension in times past. Here it is:

Here lies the body of CAROLINE H., wife of CALVIN CUTTER, M.D., at. 33. Murdered by the Baptist ministry and Baptist churches, as follows:

She was accused of Lying in Church Meeting by the Rev. D. D. Pratt and Deac. Albert Adams—was condemned by the Church unheard. She was reduced to poverty by Deac. Wm. Wallace. When an exparte council was asked of the —— Baptist church, by the advice of their committee, they voted not to receive any communication upon the subject. The Rev. Mark Carpenter said he thought, as the good old Deac. Pearson said, “we have got Cutter down and it is best to keep him down.” The intentional and malicious destruction of her character and happiness, as above described, destroyed her life. Her last words upon the subject were, “tell the truth and the iniquity will come out.”

Before leaving this not very cheerful subject, I would like to mention a phenomenon that I witnessed in a little enclosure at Bass Harbor, Mt. Desert, where a strong vein of superstition still exists among some of the inhabitants. While at Southwest Harbor, I was by several parties urged not to “go away without seeing the face on the grave-stone;” and, after listening to a history of the strange appearance, was filled with conjecture as to how much of the vision was attributable to imagination and how much to in-

disputable fact. So one beautiful, breezy day an excursion was made to the mooted spot, on one of those exhilarating buckboards which once enjoyed are never to be forgotten.

Never was there a more incredulous mortal than the writer, for there is not one grain of superstition in her nature, nor any knowledge of the mysteries accounted for by spiritualism. I did not expect verification of the islanders' reports—but it was there! Even my short-sighted eyes beheld it while I was yet quite a distance from the large marble slab. Upon it was plainly seen the likeness of a gray-haired man, with long flowing beard, and eyes upturned in supplication and a clearly-marked crown upon the brow, which—it had been asserted to me—would appear outlined upon the stone.

How did it come there? What made it! Questions none of us could answer,—though we were sure there was nothing supernatural about it. Still it could not be the work of human hands. We observed a discoloration on the other side of the marble, but no traces of a physiognomy. The most satisfactory conclusion of the party was that in some inexplicable manner the action of wind and weather was responsible for the remarkable appearance. Turning our attention to the companion stone, sacred to the memory of the faithful partner of this materialized man's joys and sorrows, who died some years later, we were still further astonished to perceive the beginning upon that of a similar phenomenon. One side of a face was visible, with one eye, and indications of a growing photographic effect. This was as patent to one of us as to another, refuting any suspicion among skeptics that we were victims of an illusion. A resident of the island whose veracity is as unquestioned as her intelligence, informed us that singularly enough the portrait was a fac-simile of the man who was buried beneath the stone; that he was "a pillar of the church," and frequently remarked in the prayer meetings that he had borne the cross in his earthly pilgrimage and expected to wear the crown in the hereafter. The natives at the time of our visit had not discovered the second portrait. I often wonder if it has become more complete, and what would be the scientific explanation of the curiosity.



## THE POETRY OF FORM AND COLOR.

BY FLETCHER REEDE.

"Painting," said Simonides, the Greek Voltaire, "is dumb poetry." To say of sculpture that it is "poetry turned to stone," and of architecture that it is the poetry of harmonious lines yearning upward toward the sky through lifted spire and dome and architrave, would be equally true, and, when taken broadly, equally deceptive; for neither painting nor sculpture nor architecture is in itself poetry in any other sense than that in which all language is poetry,—being, like language, simply a medium of expression.

But we will not quarrel with our text. If Simonides had told the whole truth as regards either poetry or painting, he would have written a folio and spoiled an epigram. It serves the purpose of a text in suggesting a few thoughts concerning the poets whose visions were revealed through form, and the poems that have been painted instead of sung. Between the poets and the prose masters of painting there exists a distinction as broad as that between the poet and the essayist of literature. If Tennyson had used a palette and brush instead of a pen, he would have painted the self-same tender Idylls of the King. A Gerard Dow, if he had turned his attention to literature, would have occupied himself with statistics, mainly of brooms. A Claude would have written pastorals, and Orcagna would have thundered sermons.

Poetry is self-existent, and independent of material or form. Whether using the language of verse, or speaking in more sensuous fashion through the inarticulate speech of painted canvas and chiselled marble, it remains essentially the same. Revealing itself through the sweeping outlines of the hills, and in the colors with which God has painted the earth for our delight and the heavens for our deeper joy and inspiration, it is—whether in nature or in art—what the soul is to the body. It is the spirit that makes alive. To the poet it is the essence of all life, the attar of an inward experience and vision.

Among the ancients, prose and poetry are represented by nations rather than by individuals,—the Greeks embodying the

poetry, the Etruscans the prose element, both in art and life. To the Greek, beauty was both inspiration and reward. It meant, not only physical happiness, health and harmony, but immortality as well. The Theseus of antiquity is a fellow-being far on his way towards divinity. But beauty was divine only because it represented one form of perfectness,—and the aspirations of the Greeks reached out in every direction for the most perfect thing possible under the heavens.

Greek art attempted to deify and idealize the human; mediæval and modern Christian art to humanize and realize the divine. For the Greeks, life itself was divine, existence a living poem; and so it came to pass that Homer sang of heroes and heroic, but quite human, gods, while Phidias and Praxiteles wrought in “marble colored like a morning cloud” the heroic forms inspired by Greek life and aspiration. The Etruscans, on the contrary, endeavored only to reproduce with indiscriminating impartiality, as to beauty and nobility or ugliness of form, whatever nature offered to view. The Greek was an artist and a poet; the Etruscan a photographer and a man of affairs. The art of the one has the power and repose of the ideal; that of the other has the force, the honesty and vitality of all true realism.

“Why should I paint you?” said a Greek painter to a misshapen man; “no one wishes to look at you.”

An Etruscan would have said, “The man is one of Nature’s facts; let us record him with the rest.”

So the Etruscans wrought, on tomb and on statue, the history of their daily lives, while the Greeks painted and chiselled poems which “gently creep into our study of imagination,” and teach us still something of their high art of dreaming. Greek life was manly, many-sided, artistic; the Etruscan, narrow, intense and prosaic,—the vigorous realism of its art degenerating at length into the gross and common-place, and sinking finally into the unnatural stiffness of Byzantine art.

When Byzantine art was born, a new element had crept in. In Greece, Christianity had become a fact and a force, routing the happy old gods and sending them into the fastnesses of the hills. The feeling, noble in its essence, which dignified pain and sorrow, became in its perversion ignoble and abnormal. Denying the old Greek theory that man should find delight in a noble and virtuous

life, it renounced all hopes and expectations of joy, and believed that if a man suffered in doing right he became, by that measure of suffering, the more virtuous. As a result of this spirit of mortification, there came into existence a long line of pallid saints and madonnas, effigies of womanhood, whose only glory is in the golden phylacteries of their garments.

Christian art, according to Ruskin, may be divided into two great masses. These masses, he calls symbolic and imitative; the symbolic reaching from the earliest ages to the close of the 14th century, the imitative, from that period until the present time. This division, although convenient, takes note only of the manner and not at all of the essential character of the art which expressed itself in these two different forms. Early Christian art occupied itself with theological subjects alone and was the outgrowth of theological thought; it was therefore symbolic; for the truths they tried to represent could be portrayed only through symbols.

The art of what is popularly called the Renaissance was poetic or sensitive art, both imitative and ideal; while the art of later times has been for the greater part imitative merely, and therefore prosaic.

The painters of the first thirteen centuries were teachers rather than poets. It was their mission to illustrate certain accepted facts of Christianity,—as that Christ was a prophet, priest or king,—to convey through the medium of painted canvas certain theological ideas.

“When an artist prefers ideas to sensations” says a recent French critic, “he falls inevitably into allegory. Art becomes a mass of symbols, hieroglyphics, even mystifications.” This is what happened to the art of mediæval Christianity. Searching, if so they might find out Him whose name is written in living characters of light, these early painters made of their pictures, treatises and sermons rather than poems; groping after the invisible and unattainable instead of apprehending with passionate delight the knowledge and beauty written upon the lifted hills and in the creeping valley grass; failing to recognize through His countless revelations the one ineffable artist of whom the whole green world and blue dome of sky is one vast sign and symbol.

Not until the time of Giotto, the poet-painter of Assisi, do we discover a new influence and spirit. In Giotto art again becomes

human,—human enough to touch us, as well as divine enough to lift us through the human to that which is infinitely aboveit. As painter, poet and architect, he won the love and reverent worship of Florentine noble and peasant, reaching out too, through the dim ages to speak to us in subtle rhyme and rhythm of colored fresco and in the lifted spire of the Campanile,—“a poem wrought in marble.”

Forty-five and fifty years after the death of Giotto, there were born in Florence, two men whose destiny it was to introduce into sculpture the same influence and impulse which Giotto had already exercised in painting. The names of these two were Lorenzo Ghiberti and Donatello, representatives of a class of artists who might be called pictorial sculptors

Ghiberti was, in fact, a painter in bronze,—aiming to unite to the solidity of bas-relief the perspective of painting. It was because Ghiberti looked not only at, but through nature to her methods, that he discovered her secrets; while Donatello (called somewhat unjustly, the pagan sculptor—from his love of the antique) strove to learn her mysteries from the ancients. But the antique was to him not so much a model as a glass through which he looked to see what manner of men they were who had acquired such power of thought and such perfection of skill. He was pagan only as nature is pagan; in art and in life he was Christian.

This fifteenth century of Ghiberti and Donatello was the mid-summer of poetic art in Italy. England, too, had burst into sudden bloom and blossom of artistic activity, but among the colder and less sensuous people of the North art was dramatic and intellectual; in the South it was pictorial or plastic, appealing to man's delight in form and color as well as in action and idea.

There is not only the parallelism of time in the development of the artistic instinct in these two peoples, but a likeness, fanciful perhaps, but not wholly unwarranted between the poet-painters of Italy and the lyric and dramatic poets of England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Angelico, the George Herbert of religious thought, painted quaintly beautiful hymns instead of singing them. Mantegna, a man of intellect and extraordinary skill, rather than feeling, is not unlike Ben Johnson, with his immense ability, his learning and his love of the classic.

Botticelli and Ghirlandajo are a Beaumont and Fletcher of



most exquisite beauty; and Signorelli, a very Webster in dramatic energy and intensity. But the comparison, like all comparisons, runs at length into differences instead of likenesses. In the year 1483, Raphael was born,—the man whom Schlegel calls the Shakespeare of painting. Raphael's genius, like Shakespeare's, was both lyric and dramatic; and it would be interesting to trace the development of the many-sided natures of these two great masters, from the Venus and Adonis of Shakespeare and the softly smiling Madonnas of Raphael's earlier period, to the tragedies of the one and the violent dramatic action displayed in the later works of the other.

In the year 1506 Raphael went to Florence. Michael Angelo had just completed his design of "Soldiers Bathing in the Arno"; and the year before, Leonardo da Vinci had finished his famous cartoon. These works had an immense influence upon the development of his genius. During Raphael's life in Rome, where he was more immediately under the influence of Michael Angelo, he abandoned what might be called lyric painting and became a dramatist. Action as well as beauty became a dominant and controlling influence.

After Shakespeare and Raphael came Milton and Michael Angelo, the English and Italian masters of the epic; for, although Michael Angelo was born before Raphael much of his most significant work was performed after the death of his rival. His life and work form an epoch in the history of art. Pindemonte calls him the man of four souls; and in none of the manifestations of this four-fold genius does he appear greater or more inexplicable than in sculpture. Whether his marbles slumber like the Night, or turn their faces toward us in shadowy indistinctness, like the Day, we feel in them a power like the power of untamed Nature. We seem to be standing in the presence-chamber of a great and, at times, a baffled intellect. The vagueness and incompleteness of his works touch us like the hush of a mysterious silence. It is as if the vastness of the vision had made the poet dumb, as if the grandeur of the thought had stilled the heart and the hand.

Of the Venetian painters, with all the wonderful glow of light and color, in which their sympathetic, world-loving natures revelled, it is impossible to speak at length. Yet they too, were poets. Whatever the thought,—tender or strong, worshipful or

passionate,—Titian, Tintoretto and the rest always *sung* it, so far as harmonious and splendid color can sing; making of their pictures, poems both lyric and dramatic, and painting for the world of Venice its captivating *vers de societe*.

In illustrating thus imperfectly the poetic side of painting, we have attempted only a broad and general classification which naturally divides itself into the religious, the lyric, the dramatic, and the epic.

To the faith and hope in the future we leave the fulfilment of the prophecies of the past; for that art alone is supremely great which recognizes 'the divinity that shapes our lives,' and perceives likewise the divine element in life which makes possible a reverent apprehension of all that is above, below and around us.

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### LOVE'S PREFERENCE.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

Love likes not laughter all the day,  
 Nor would one like the year all May;  
 For pensive looks oft Love doth crave,  
 And likes his mistress sometimes grave;  
 And though it dim a lovely eye,  
 He chides her not if she do cry.  
 Love likes to soothe a trembling maid  
 Until her sobs and tears are staid;  
 For then he thinks she's not all art,  
 But hidden keeps a gentle heart.

## THE WOMAN OF IT.

By EGBERT L. BANGS.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman:  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other."

Did Longfellow ever hear the old saying, "he has two strings to his bow" applied to a young man who was trifling with two girls at once? And did that same old saying suggest to him the splendid lines with which he begins the story of Hiawatha's wooing? Or did the tales of Robin Hood and his merry men, who, with their long bows and arrows, shot down the King's deer in Sherwood forest, put him on track of the beautiful comparison in verse wherein he tells us that man and woman are just such counterparts as bow and bowstring? Be that as it may, the cord works in one way, the bow in another; and it is only by their united opposition, to speak paradoxically, that the feathered arrow is ever sent whizzing through the air. It takes a man and it takes a woman to make a home, as surely as it takes two persons to make a quarrel. But in a home, made by two congenial spirits, you shall often see things done in such a peculiar, unexpected, original and saint-like way, by the cord side of the copartnership, that you can only account for what you see by saying "That's the woman of it."

It was a pleasant evening in the latter part of October. The day had been one of those bright, clear ones that set the squirrels in the woods to dancing and frisking, and the ladies in town calling on all their friends. As you pass along the streets about 8 o'clock in the evening, glance in through the window of a certain house in a certain town that shall be nameless. You will see—or might have seen, on the night referred to—a man sitting all alone. Like Alexander Selkirk, he was "monarch of all he surveyed." But he was monarch only a part of the time, for he was a married man. On that particular occasion his wife had gone out to spend the evening. She had not gone alone, though

she had left him alone. With her there was the quaintest, best, brightest and most nearly perfect specimen of the Yankee schoolmistress that ever "boarded round" before that abominable system was superseded by the modern improvement, which admits an educational force into a family as a boarder for less than the usual rates, for the sake of her excellent company.

All alone that man his 'lonely watch was keeping;' but he ought not to have been very lonely, for he was sitting right before an open fire-place. It was a new altar to the god of fire; for an open fire was the one thing that two hearts had been set on having for some time, and it had all the charms of a new acquisition. As the flames danced and rose and fell, the solitaire looked from time to time from the book he was reading to the bright fire, as if he found it hard to decide which should receive the honor of his attention. There was a lamp on the centre table, and an unlighted hanging lamp over it. Soon he settled down to the book, as a bee settles upon a clover blossom, intent to gather all its honey,—or—to quote the terse but somewhat rural comparison of the schoolmistress—"like a chicken on a crumb." It must have been a very interesting book, for in a short time he was completely absorbed in its pages.

That man was capable of meeting the emergencies of life in a very creditable manner. He had any amount of moral courage, and could unflinchingly champion an unpopular cause if he believed with his whole soul that it was right. If the good name of a friend was assailed, he was always ready to put lance in rest and defend it. Had a burglar put in an appearance in the deadest hour of the night, he would have quietly drawn a revolver from under his pillow and shot at the rascal with entire self-possession. His presence of mind in the midst of nocturnal alarms was wonderful, and it was once severely tested. He entered his bed room one night without a light, and as a muff supported by four velvet paws leaped from the bed, he illustrated the meaning of Longfellow's famous line, "Useless each without the other," by very emphatically exclaiming,

"Kate! Kate! there's a big cat in our room! What shall we do?"

And yet if called on at a moment's notice by anything human for an off-hand speech, he always rose to the occasion and said



his say without boring the audience or making himself ridiculous by uttering fifth-class witticisms that had been repeated a hundred times before by other men.

Just as he was in the midst of a most interesting chapter there came a quick snap, followed by the downfall of a lamp chimney, and an immediate out-pouring of smoke. Now the breakage of chimneys in that family the preceding winter had been unprecedented. A new chimney seemed like a lover's promise, made only to be broken. At last a new style of chimney came into market. They were called the non-breakables. Pleasing name!

"But wo'nt they break?"

"Let me show you," said the smiling deceiver behind the counter.

And then he took one and threw it half across the room. It fell on the bare floor with a ringing whack, and then rolled under the stove, unbroken.

"You could use that chimney to play base ball with," said the seller.

"It is naught; it is naught," saith Solomon's buyer, "but when he goeth his way he boasteth,"—probably over his wonderful bargain.

This time the seller did the boasting and the buyer believed.

He took the "non-breakable" home. The next morning he complained of his wife's carelessness in leaving needles and pins on the floor for him to step on with his bare feet. Poor man! he had not yet learned to distinguish a needle from a bit of broken glass. Had Hamlet boarded in his family instead of the pretty school-mistress, he would have said, "Frailty, thy name is lamp chimney." He never would have made frailty the characteristic of woman.

"Mistress of herself, though China fall," is a proverb that applies to the perfectly self-possessed woman; for there are women who are perfectly self-possessed and delightfully amiable under all the little annoyances that sometimes bristle upon the duties of a day, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." But when such things happen to a man, even to a good man, he is not the fretful porcupine, but the fretful man; and the porcupine would be the more agreeable companion of the two. It did not occur to our friend that his long coveted fireplace, in all the glory of maple wood in full blaze, really showed off to better ad-

vantage without the rival of a brighter light. Neither did he call to mind the great men who have laid the foundation of their greatness in the chimney-corner, courting science by the blaze of pine knots,—while some country bumpkin was courting their elder sister in the front room by the light of a tallow dip. Our friend was irritated just a little,—yes, just a good deal; and as he was alone—and so had no quick-witted wife to suggest what a man cannot see when it is right before his eyes—he did not at first know what to do. Previous breakages coming thick and fast had robbed nearly all the lamps in the house of their crystal crowns.

But over the table there was a hanging lamp with a large porcelain shade. That lamp could be taken out and placed upon the table. Wonderful discovery! Brilliant idea, to be originated by a man at his own fireside. Yes, there was hope now. Be it remembered that when that lamp was in the socket it just balanced a heavy weight that ran on pulleys and chains. Poor man! how little he thought of the law of balances as he took the lamp out and stupidly let go his hold of the frame. Of course it went up like a balloon, and then there came a grand crash, taking a large piece right out of the porcelain shade.

“Confound it!” exclaimed he, “the very d—l is to pay to-night! What will *she* say? And that irrepressible school ma’am—what will she say? Very likely she will want to air her Latin, and will trot out Virgil’s *horrentibus umbris*, and then ask if I ever saw the solemn shades, or the horrid shades, or something else that will be aggravating.”

There was another drop of poison in the cup that poor fellow had to drink. Only a few weeks before, his good wife had allowed the same upward tendency in the balancing power of that lamp to display itself to the utter ruin of a magnificent porcelain shade, and he——well, he did not scold; he never does; but he wondered—aloud—how she could have done it. Now he knew.

But what does he hear? There is the rattle of a key in the night lock, and his wife and the pretty schoolma’am have returned. A beautiful state of mind he is in to receive them.

“Why, my dear! what *is* the matter?” asked his wife, as she entered the room fresh and radiant after a pleasant evening with the history class.

"Matter? why, matter enough to make a saint use profane language. What an infernal swindle these lamp chimneys are! You can't even look coldly on one without smashing it into a thousand pieces."

"Don't fret your poor soul, my good husband, over so small a matter."

"But confound it! that is'n't all. Look at that porcelain shade, will you?"

The schoolma'am took the situation in, and gave, first, a look at the broken shade and then a prolonged whistle,—for whistling in every variety of pucker is one of her accomplishments. Her whistle was so peculiarly significant, as she kept looking up, that his lordship asked her what in the world she meant.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," said she, as innocently as if she had been one of the innocents who went abroad with Mark Twain. "Only," continued she, "I thought I would whistle 'Down Brakes' before we have another smash up that will send us all to the shades."

The malicious ingenuity of that far-fetched remark had the effect of a counter-irritant. His lordship thought she had made a worse mess than he had, and became civil.

"How did I do it?" said he.

"Oh, after the chimney fell from grace, I went to take down the lamp that hangs over the table; but, like a fool, I forgot to hold on, and so of course it went up about as you went down the first and the last time you ever tried to skate. I do declare," said Bruin, "the makers of such detestable chimneys ought to live in glass houses as brittle as their own wares, and I'd like to be the one to cast the first stone at them. It would be no sin to do it."

Isn't it strange how a man, one of the lords of creation, can rave and tear his hair over what one of the ladies of creation can remedy before he has had time to cool off?

Behold the man of it and the woman of it! For while the Bear was growling, the baroness had applied to the broken piece some kind of a "stickum-together compound," bought of a wandering retailer, God bless him! for the small sum of ten cents. That broken piece had narrowly escaped the fate of Shadrach, Mesch-ech and Abednego,—it is a great wonder that the Bear did not pitch it into the fire. In less time than it has taken to record the

breakage the shade was as good as ever,—not a bit worse cracked than you would have considered the Lord of the Manor five minutes before the mending was accomplished.

The next day the porcelain shade was adorned with a band of gilt paper that completely covered the crack, and was a positive addition to the beauty of the hanging lamp. It was not Aladin's lamp, and it revealed no enchanted cave, with trees bearing fruits that were diamonds and rubies, but it did bring to light the gem of a woman's character, viz., tact and patience, where a man would think he did well if he kept from swearing.

The pretty schoolma'am with deflected eyes is reappointed every year, for no board of trustees would venture to drop her from the faculty. It is quite amusing to see how she always agrees with the opinions of her ladyship who mended the lamp shade so deftly. She takes her part in all matters wherein the good lady differs from her husband, and woe be to any other individual who dares insinuate aught against her. She believes in her absolute perfection as completely as the Englishman believes the old common law doctrine that "the king can do no wrong."

The schoolmistress is more and more disposed to ask roundabout questions concerning the ways of men, and how to manage them. She stubbornly refuses to tell who gave her the ring she wears on her forefinger, but is sure that if *her* lamp chimney ever breaks in *her* house she shall know just how to treat the case. Whenever some new triumph of patience or of womanly tact is brought out in the home circle where lamp chimneys even now sometimes crack and fall to pieces, she says to the little woman at the head of the household,

"How in the world do you accomplish all these results and never get out of joint with things generally?"

The invariable answer might be, "That's the woman of it."

The pretty schoolma'am is making a desperate effort just now to commit to memory the names and wonderful sayings of the seven wise men of Greece, to be recited at the next meeting of the history class. That of Bias was, "Most men are bad." She claims that the reason is this: the pattern of most men is cut on a bias.

May she yet find a full pattern of perfect manhood and believe in it, and never be deceived thereby.



## TO AN ARCHÆOLOGIST.

By SAMUEL V. COLE.

Methinks you have come rather late, Sir,  
The banquet is over. Begin  
And knock, if you choose, at the gate, Sir,—  
I fear they will not ask you in.

Listen! the music is ended,  
The lamps in the chambers dead;  
With silence the voices have blended,  
The King and his guests are abed.

You might have come hither from Gades  
(Permit me to add) in the West,  
Since the lords said good-night and the ladies  
Went smiling away to their rest.

The watchers and wards of the towers  
Are asleep at their posts, or away —  
Not heard there at least for some hours —  
O, the soundest of sleepers are they!

But try if you will. That is splendid!  
Knock again — what? dig through the wall?  
'Tis time our acquaintance had ended —  
Not a guest, but a thief, after all!

Ay, a bold one! with rattle and clatter,  
You strike for the palace and take  
What pleases your fancy. No matter,  
The owners seem not to awake.

And perhaps you are right. 'Tis a pity  
That treasures should stay here so long  
Unused in their sleepy old city,—  
Perhaps you are doing no wrong.

Yes, come, see, and conquer, you Cæsar,  
Then carry your booty away;  
I warrant you, Tiglath-Pilezer  
Could give you the odds in his day

As a thief! Why, the arch you are under  
Very likely was built — if you choose  
To remember his failings — of plunder  
He took from his neighbors, the Jews.

His treatment of them was as shabby  
As yours is of him, you discern;  
When they dig up your Westminster Abbey,  
'Twill even; we all have our turn.

But reflect, as you dig it and dump it —  
Your spadeful, I mean — in your raids,  
How a blast from the ultimate trumpet  
Would out-rival a million of spades!

This silent and slumbering nation  
In layers so deep in the ground,  
All the pulverized population  
Which the breezes are blowing around;

The chariot wheels and the horses,  
The soldiers, the captives, the men  
Once Kings, but now innocent corse,  
I'm certain could startle you then!

Old Assan-bonipal, Sargon,  
Esar-haddon — all still in their beds —  
Whose speech was that stammering jargon,  
Whose business was — chopping off heads.

Remember, I say, if you *must* keep  
At work at your pilfering so,  
What a stir there would be in your dust heap  
If the trumpet should happen to blow.

**AN OLD-TIME NEW ENGLAND PASTOR.**

By HARRIETTE M. NELSON.

Few of the New England colonial pastorates were more remarkable, both as regards length and an even tenor of prosperity, than that of the Rev. Edward Barnard over the first church in Haverhill, Massachusetts. A contemporary diary has this record: "April 16, 1743. Great snow storm, eleven inches on a level. Rev. Barnard ordained."

The ministry which opened so tempestuously, continued its quiet course upon the pleasant banks of the Merrimack for thirty-one years, thus coming down to the very verge of the great struggle for independence. Seven years before his settlement at Haverhill Edward Barnard had graduated at Harvard at the precocious age of sixteen. His grandfather and father before him were also Harvard graduates and ministers of the gospel, and all three had a high reputation for learning, eloquence and dignity.

A little package of old manuscripts now preserved in the pastor's library of the Center Church in Haverhill belongs to the period of this early pastorate. Most of these documents are sermons, written on small sheets of coarse paper, now yellow with age. A few, which date back as far as the year 1710, are of the time of Rev. Samuel Brown, an earlier pastor, whose crabbed handwriting is in marked contrast with the clear and graceful style of that of his successor, though in the case of both, it is painfully and microscopically minute. Several of these sermons have headings which refer them to special occasions,—as a "Day of general Thanksgiving, Aug. 10, 1710,"—"The Indians breaking out, 1746,"—"On account of the rebellion in Scotland, 1745."

But to an ordinary reader, the most interesting documents in the little package are three or four of a more personal character, which give us an insight into the methodical habits of good Parson Barnard and the generous customs of the parishes of a century and a half ago.

Two little yellow almanacs of the year 1741 and 1744 contain various brief but quaint memoranda, the first being made while

Mr. Barnard was as yet unsettled, and preaching, as these notes show, for his father in Andover, or at other places; while there is an occasional forlorn Sunday entry of "Sat still at home." On April 5th and 12th, 1741, he preaches for "Bro. Thomas at Newbury Newtown." On April 9th he rather sarcastically records, "Bro. Thomas was married to Mrs. Molly Woodbridge. Hoh, Hoh, Hoh."

Under date of July 8th, he records, "Brother Thomas moved to his house." A few months later, we read, "Bro. Thomas borrowed of me one shilling for shaving, five shillings for ferrying his chair and ten shillings for Mr. Parsons's sermon." During several months of the year 1741, a list is kept of "lectures preached by itinerant preachers," which ends suddenly with the entry, "they come on so Thick yt. to write yr. Names and places would be endless."

Being at last comfortably settled in his parsonage by the Merrimack, Mr. Barnard records, "Jan. 9th, My wife came home." "March 15th, River began to open." "June 3d, About 10 o'clock, terrible Earthquake." Then follows several memoranda of days' labor performed by sundry parishioners, and wages paid to Ruth, evidently the maid-servant, who, on March 31st, "Went to visit her Relations with my Horse," and "began to go to school," Aug. 31st.

For the ten years, beginning with 1762, we have two manuscripts entitled "Account of Benefactions," and containing a careful list of gifts received, with the donors' names, many of which are still familiar ones in this community. This record of good things makes one's mouth water, even after the lapse of a century and a quarter. There are beef and veal and chickens and a long procession of "roasting Pigs;" while the return of spring never failed to bring salmon, "Shadd" and "Pickarel," of the "first catching." At Thanksgiving time, it might be said of the good—and gifted—Parson as of Chaucer's franklin, "it snowed in his house of meat and drink." Then came turkeys, pigeons and geese, "bisket" and oranges, "mince pye, crambrie tart and fine Pudding" with no end of "spairrib." On another occasion, there are sent from "Mrs. Ayer, Lady of ancient Deacon, a cheese new, part of an old cheese and Diet-bread to assist in the entertainment of our Quilters." Gifts of brandy, rum and "Cyder" show that the days of prohibi-



tion had not as yet dawned, while pipes and tobacco go not unmentioned.

Nor were the donations confined to supplies for the inner man. One was after this wise: "Mrs. Sally McHard, genteel Tooth-picks to myself and Lady;" while one rather puzzling memorandum runs thus; "Mr. Marsh, Tutor at College, half a ticket to my wife — 3 dollars." A new saddle from nine donors is mentioned in impressive capitals, but the smallest favors seem to be always noticed, such as an orange or two now and then, or "a Mugg from Mrs. Steele and a little Mugg to Sally from her negro girl Kate."

Certain brothers Cary were evidently the good geniuses of the Barnard household. Bro. Richard Cary is credited on one occasion with the gift of six gallons of Rum, and "Bro. Sam'l Cary, *quam plurima*." Again there is a Dollar apiece to "Nedd and Nath'l," and a Wigg and pair Scissars from Bro. Nath'l Cary, while from Rev. Thomas Cary, is acknowledged "a Gown for my son Nedd, one side fine Plaid, other handsome Calliminco." If we could only have a picture of Master Ned on his first appearance in that smart new garment, and find out its precise cut!

It would seem that the minister must have been well supported if, as seems to have been the case, these gifts formed no part of his "salary," which is herein stated as sixty pounds in 1762 but to have been increased in 1763 to £73, s6, d3.

Just before the outbreak of the Revolution, the records cease with a few entries made in another book by Sarah Barnard, the Sally of the previous entries.

Whether all this overflow of generous plenty was kept up during the hard times of war, we have no means of knowing, but for the ten preceding years, life at the parsonage must have been like a continuous donation visit, although the helter-skelter character of these "benefactions" reminds us strongly of Barkis' offerings of affection to Pegotty,— "a double set of pig's trotters, a huge pin cushion, half a bushel or so of apples, some Spanish onions, a box of dominoes, a canary bird and cage, and a lot of pickled pork.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

WRITERS in their several localities in New England, who may be cognizant of historical events and traditions of which such localities claim the ownership, will always find the pages of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* open to the records which they may be pleased to submit for publication. There is a mass of historical matter pertaining to the settlement and growth of this section of the country which has never yet been brought out to the light. It is a quarry that invites the most diligent working. But the working which will prove most effective is that of individuals at separated points, rather than that of a single and practically isolated mind, that has to laboriously forage for facts which are so familiar to others as to be thought of inferior public interest. If the genius of a Scott was potent enough to evoke new life from the naked hills and gloomy glens of barren Scotland, and attract the civilized world to its admiring contemplation, it cannot be said with any truth that New England is not packed with local traditions and populous with tales, which, once reproduced with the genuine life-coloring, are capable of charming the imaginations of the present generation and leading the current attention captive.

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NEW YEAR's somehow starts the blood anew, and brings us all back to fresh life again. Though its social recognition may have lapsed into a habit, there is sentiment enough left to give it warmth and animation, and lift it wholly out of perfunctory and routine observances. Everybody welcomes New Year's. It is the turning of a new leaf; beginning at the top of a clean page; the glad contemplation of a record that is yet to be made; the unobstructed view from the crest of the next hill; a willing forgetfulness temporarily of the experience that lies behind, and an eager welcoming of all that is unlimited and untried before. We all need such a day at least once in the course of the three hundred and sixty-five. It is good for us as a help to self-purification. Did we never feel a simultaneous impulse to cut loose from the old and habitual and reach out for that which is yet unsoiled by our contact, it would be but a dead life that we are leading, and it might as well be without imagination and sentiment as not. Therefore the New Year's holiday is instinctively held in true esteem by the world of civilization, and made the occasion for revising the conduct and renewing the character.

Although the year naturally begins for all races of men with the return of Spring, when the year is new indeed, by imperial edict it has been arbitrarily set where it is, with no significance beyond that which goes with personal ambition. We observe it where it now is because we have observed it, and for no other reason. But coming so near the mid-winter, it chances that our facilities for turning it to good social account are much superior to what they would be at the time of the early equinox. The custom of the country here is snow and sleigh-riding, sharp, clear air, bright eyes and rosy cheeks, gay spirits, good wishes, and the exchange of gifts. If ever during the twelve-month, this is the time to forgive injuries and advance to new friendships; the time to reject what is worthless or harmful in our lives, and resolve on the steady attainment of what is pure and noble, and enriching; the time to bury old resentments, and all needless griefs, and every obstructing habit under the white snows of the season. The wish springs in every breast to be happy, and that of course carries with it the diffusion of happiness. The common desire is to discover, each for himself, a fresh, new world. And that is why we all kindly offer, one to the other, the sincere wish for A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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The American workingman is in many respects a unique being. Not only is he the special product of nineteenth century civilization but of nineteenth century civilization on American soil under the influence of American republican institutions, in the midst of American industrial prosperity, and as an important and powerful political factor in a country where vast mines of material wealth have barely begun to be discovered. It will be readily admitted that, as a rule, the workingman of the time, to whatever department of handicraft or labor his productive skill and energies may be devoted, is worthy of the favorable social and political setting in which he finds himself. He is, as a rule, a man of observation and intelligence, and has deliberately-formed and well-matured opinions on most questions that concern his own position, privileges, rights, duties and responsibilities as a citizen. He is industrious, honestly endeavoring to fill each labor-hour with such work as shall prove a solid contribution to the wealth and well-being of the world. He is sober, careful, thrifty, a lover of family and home, not courting the questionable associations of the saloon nor wasting his hard-earned wages in the indulgence of sensual and imbruting passions. He is a loyal and law-abiding citizen ready to uphold the honor of the flag, and anxious to maintain the social order which guarantees his own and his children's social well-being. Such a being must always be a felt power in any civilized community and his opinions must always claim respect-

ful attention. There is therefore nothing surprising in the tone and attitude assumed by the representatives of labor in this country at the present moment. However offensive that tone and attitude may be to capitalists and large employers of labor, the independence, dignity and decisiveness displayed are nothing more than the usual concomitants of conscious power. The circumstance is significant and noteworthy that the delegates who were sent to Washington, March 12th, to protest against further agitation on the question of the tariff, took special care to explain that they did not come as supplicants, but as representing the back-bone of the nation's industrial life, and that the protection of the interests of labor was the first duty of Congress. This doubtless, properly understood and safe-guarded from the many misapplications to which it is obviously liable, is all right, but it is impossible to escape misgivings lest what seems a new-born sense of power should become inseparably as it is now accidentally allied with socialistic theories and economic doctrines that are fraught with mischief to the nation.

'Tis excellent

To have a giant's strength; 'tis tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

There is no reason to doubt that every anxiety is felt and every care will be used by the leaders of the Knights of Labor, that the policy and action of that powerful industrial organization, now said to include in its membership from two to two and a half millions of American workingmen, will be moderate and fair; but the recent character of the organization shields it largely from the wholesome influence of public opinion and criticism, and thus the most effectual guarantee that its action and demands shall be in the main legitimate and just is rendered impossible. Here lies a danger and it is a very real one.

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At the last monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Council of the Institute of Civics, some remarks were made by Mr. J. Evarts Green, of Worcester, on the subject of municipal government, which were aside from those of the other speakers, and suggestive of methods of bringing about improvement in its administration. He premised his remarks with the statement that one-half of the population of Massachusetts is at the present time living in cities. In consequence, the old mode of instruction, by which every citizen got a practical education in civics from town meeting debates and proceedings is no longer available to this half. To this circumstance he ascribed the declension in the *morale* of public service, which is generally lamented. The men chosen to city councils are generally elected on personal considerations, and not for what it is either known or foreseen that they will do; they



are esteemed good fellows, and no one has any particular objection to them. Town meetings elect officers for what they know they will do.

The result has generally been that the city councils are composed, to a large extent, of small men, not to say bad men, eager for public distinction, who will resort to all the expedients of partisan practice to get themselves nominated and elected. The wiser and better informed class of citizens will not resort to these schemes, and prefer to remain at home, and so the field is left open to men who are not qualified at all to perform public duties well. The remedy proposed was to have a larger membership of the common council. He would make twenty members for each ward, to be elected on a general ticket. A few really able and strong men would be put on each party ticket to make it go at the polls. The people would have the benefit of these few superior men from each ward, whichever party triumphed, whose presence in the council would improve the tone and elevate the standard of public deliberative proceedings. The highly unobjectionable men on either ticket would be likely to be scratched. And the large assembly chosen would perform the function in civics that the town meeting for two centuries has performed.

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The labor problem incessantly urges itself upon the public attention. It will not down at any man's bidding. It is stated in all its forms and with every circumstance of detail. It is becoming, in fact, the question of the hour. Labor demands, to condense the matter, a larger share of the product. It alleges that profit is drawn entirely from that, and hence that it has a claim to a larger share. It challenges the customary assumption that it is paid out of a stated wage-fund, the accumulation of past industry and saving, and insists that it earns its rightful wages as it goes along, and that those wages come out of the product and nothing else. This point conceded, which labor advocates and maintains with all its ability, the consequent one is that it is entitled to a proportionate reward of the product, or, in other words, of the profit of the product when exchanged. Labor denies that with increased production wages should be lower, asserting, on the other hand, that they should be higher. The larger the product the more there should be to be distributed.

It is questioned, with the utmost seriousness, whether an increase of laborers does indeed diminish the wage-fund, seeing that that exists only in the product itself at the different stages of its progress. Capital, it is held by the advocates of labor, may assist in the work of production, and is chiefly serviceable in storing the results and handling them to the best advantage, speculatively and otherwise; but it is not out of that, but out of the product of labor that wages come, and they

are not actually paid until the work of production is completed. Hence labor claims its proportionate share of the result, which it asserts it does not now receive. This is the substance of the claim set up on its behalf, and the real object of the current contention. Yet, allowing that it could ultimately succeed in enforcing its claims, it will have to be remembered that thrift, and sacrifice, and sobriety, and saving will more than ever constitute the plain conditions of its success, without which it cannot expect to better itself at any time. Labor has yet to learn to correct the habit of waste in its many forms before it can hope to secure a prosperity either appreciable or enduring.

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THE series of papers on Isms and Denominations which has been projected for the pages of this magazine will be found continued in the present issue, the article on the Congregational Churches, by one of the most distinguished and learned of the leaders of that denomination, being worthy of the widest attention. Although the two subjects are practically unrelated, they nevertheless run one into the other by the process of natural affinity, which rarely fails to bring together things habitually kept apart and not permitted to be even mentioned together. The religious principle really runs through all forms of belief, so that it may be considered next to impossible to make a statement of one without impliedly introducing all the rest. For the first time THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE undertakes to present the different sects and beliefs in their proper order and mutual relation, and to thoroughly inform the public mind on a subject whose several branches more often create perplexity of thought than they excite sympathetic inquiry. These several papers cannot fail to prove fully as instructive as they will be found interesting.

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THE overworking of school-children has finally grown to the dimensions of a general complaint, not so much by the immediate sufferers as by their parents and friends, whose experience is ripe enough to satisfy them of the pernicious folly of the practice. Studies are piled on the young mind that are not rudimentary nor yet of any service in discipline, tasking only the memory already overstrained, and exciting only the passionate elements of ambition. The production of prodigies on the one hand, and the undue magnification of the teacher's office on the other, seem to be the chief purpose of the public school system which is supported at such vast and increasing cost to the taxpayers; but when a fresh army of youth is annually turned out upon the world, with faculties awakened to a rather preternatural appreciation of

their situation but without openings anywhere awaiting them, it becomes a serious question to know what to do with them. There is no doubt that a certain amount of industrial education would prove a healthy check to the present tendency to crowd fruitless studies into unwilling minds, while it would obviously prepare multitudes for a career of productive usefulness on which they might enter almost immediately.

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CONGRESS adjourned for a holiday season of two weeks, according to the invariable custom. No business of importance had been transacted previous to the adjournment, but a number of measures will be pressed to an issue soon after the re-assembling, the interstate commerce bill noticeably. A proposition to repeal the internal revenue taxes is promised, but it is not thought that it can prevail. One of the most interesting matters connected with Congress is the proposal to extend the short session until April, to the date on which occurs the anniversary of the original installation of the Government. This would give more time for business to the second session of each Congress, and tend to bring it up to the level of practical importance which attaches to the long session. And the proposed change in the day of inauguration, too, would bring that universally interesting event into a season that would naturally invite a much larger attendance of the people from every part of the country.

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THE number of public libraries in the United States, listing about six thousand, constitutes the promise and potency of a numerous people, whose destiny it is to be thoroughly intelligent and instructed far above the average standard so far achieved by modern civilization. These scattered libraries are like seed sown broadcast over the country, to spring up and bear fruit, some twenty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold. One can better estimate their actual influence by imagining what the country would be without them. We might, it is true, become the richest people on the face of the earth in point of productive power and its sure accumulations, and still travel our weary, dreary rounds in the deep straw of materialism, ending with the sleep of satiety. Would that indeed be life, or even approach to any one of its ideals? Impossible. Let us not, then, underrate the continual companionship of the public library, or hesitate in rendering it all the support it requires at our hands. It contains the real world within this outer and visible world, and is able to create anew from the old, and thereby dissipate all cares and lighten the burdens of sorrow itself.

INDEX-MAKING for books is far more than an art, though many people are satisfied to regard it as not much more than an industry. It tasks the whole family of the faculties of the maker's mind. There is hardly an intellectual quality which it does not put to instant and continuous service. The London *Globe* estimates it none too highly in saying "that the index-maker must have a high degree of imagination in the truest sense — enough to put himself in the place of every possible student for every possible purpose, so as to know, by a sort of instinct, what each would require. He must have the logical faculty that knows what to omit as well as what to insert; and he must know the work he deals with, not merely with mechanical precision but with intelligent mastery. Indeed, the ordinary index-maker is in this unfortunate position—he requires qualities that would place him above his work, and yet he cannot do his work efficiently without them. The result is that there is scarcely such a thing as a really good index in the world; nor will there be, until the truth is recognized of the fact that the production of more indices to books, and not more books themselves, is the most practically useful work in which any trained scholar can engage. A good and comprehensive index should be worth, to its compiler, the number of its words in gold; and its achievement should imply fame."

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THE concluding paragraph in the recent lecture of Henry George, delivered in Boston, on "Moses and the Land Question," is worth repetition here. After describing and defining the work of creating a people which alone has made the name of Moses the example for the law-givers of all time, he apostrophized him thus:—"He was a leader and servant of men! Law-giver and benefactor! Toiler towards the promised land, seen only by the eye of faith! Type of the high souls who in every age have given to earth its heroes and martyrs, whose deeds are the precious possessions of the race, whose memories are its precious heritage! With whom among the founders of empires shall we compare him? To dispute about the inspiration of such a man were to dispute about words. From the depth of the unseen such characters must draw their strength; from fountains that flow only for the pure in heart must come their wisdom. Of something more real than matter; of something higher than the stars; of a light that will endure when suns are dead and dark; of a purpose of which the physical universe is but a passing phase. 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day.' But while the despoiled tombs of the Pharaohs mock the vanity that reared them, the name of the Hebrew who, revolting from their tyranny, strove for the elevation of his fellow-men, is a beacon light to the world."



LORD TENNYSON'S "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" would fitly constitute the dying song of this immortal poet of humanity. The old man of eighty is back where his ill-fated passion of twenty burned itself out. The poem, marvellous in its music as in its sorrowful expression, is a long retrospect, taking in the many changes that have occurred in the world's life in an interval of three score years. It reads with the profoundest impressiveness in contrast with the original poem of which it is the sequel, but can hardly be appreciated by the younger as it will be by the older, and even the oldest class of readers. The dreams and aspirations of youth unrealized; hopes dissipated in illusions; gladness gone into the dark shadows of sorrow; early unrest satisfied to confess itself baffled and worn out; questions once put with a triumphant positiveness returning without an answer to the aged questioner:—it is but the experience of prolonged years, certain to become the lot of all who are fortunate or unfortunate enough to achieve them. The world has no poet now living who, first conceiving this sorrow, contrast of time with itself, is likewise able to record it in such sadly harmonious syllables as these, the last from the wonderful heart and brain of Tennyson.

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### HISTORICAL RECORD.

THE seventy-ninth birthday of the poet John Greenleaf Whittier was duly observed by his friends. He passed the day at Oak Knoll, Danvers, his home, receiving numerous visitors besides many letters and telegrams of congratulation. But of them all he said he prized none more than the one from his venerable and honored neighbor, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Putnam, who had just entered on the one hundred and third year of her life. She lives very near the poet in Danvers. The Misses Johnson, his relatives, tendered him a birthday dinner, and the birthday cake bore the words upon it—"Sweeter than song of birds is a thankful voice." Among the gifts presented him on the occasion was a basket filled with the fruit of all lands, with a suitable inscription and note, and a cane made from the wood of the house of Wendell Phillips, in Essex street, Boston, (now removed) gold-mounted and suitably inscribed. The poet is in good health, and stays fast at home, having been in Boston but once during the season. He spoke pleasantly of his old literary companions, many of them dead, and of the enjoyment of Boston in the winter by reason of its lectures and entertainments.

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ELIAS POLK, a colored man, the old body-servant of the late President Polk, shook hands with President Cleveland at one of his recent

public receptions. The old man is eighty-one years old, and lives with the venerable widow of the late President at Nashville, Tenn. His boast is that he has personally seen every President since John Quincy Adams, the latter included, and is determined to see them all while he lives. He says his aged mistress, who is three years older than himself, is growing very feeble and does not wish to be troubled.

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THREE of the most eminent scholars in the academical circles of Switzerland died at the close of November—Professor Johannes Scherr, of Zurich, Professor Albert Burkhardt, of Basle, and Professor Eugene Rambert, of Lausanne. They were stricken down on successive days. Scherr, called “The German Carlyle,” and Rambert, the poet, novelist, critic, and biographer of Vinet, had a reputation throughout Europe.

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ABRAM S. HEWITT, the newly elected mayor of New York, was tendered a farewell dinner by his colleagues of the New York Congressional Delegation. There were but four invited guests, including the Speaker of the House.

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MARSHAL MACMAHON, formerly President of the French Republic, is now seventy-eight years old, and has returned to Paris, where he is leading a very quiet life. Two army officers are assigned to him as his staff, as a mark of continued public respect.

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SENATOR VOORHEES, of Indiana, is this winter occupying in Washington, the house occupied by John Quincy Adams, when the latter was nominated and elected President.

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REV. DR. MCGLYNN was suspended from his functions as pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York City, by Archbishop Corrigan, for insubordination in persisting in actively aiding the cause advocated by Henry George after having been warned against identifying himself with it. Dr. McGlynn has been summoned to Rome to answer to the Pope on the charges preferred, and the leaders of the labor movement await the final decision by the Supreme authority of the Catholic church, in his case, with much more than a feeling of interest.

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IN consequence of an interchange of views between Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues of the late Liberal Cabinet, it was agreed, on the

reopening of Parliament, to support the Government in all legal efforts to suppress the anti-rent campaign, but to urge the immediate enforcement of some form of Mr. Parnell's bill for the suspension of evictions. The action of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien has irritated the Liberal circle, and the anti-rent leaders have received warning that there is no chance that the coöperation of Mr. Gladstone will continue unless they submit to Mr. Parnell, who is desirous of a common policy with Mr. Gladstone, and is therefore suspected of aiming to suppress the plan of campaign. Both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell are said to be no longer in accord with their followers, who, unless they mend their ways, will find themselves, when Parliament meets, without even the rump of a party.

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FOREFATHERS' DAY was widely and enthusiastically celebrated last month, the gathering of the different societies comprising many men of note and real distinction. A number of the principal cities of the country observed it appropriately by the meeting of their New England societies, and so did many cities and towns in Massachusetts and New England. The New York meeting was distinguished for the character of its speakers and the felicity of their speeches. Perhaps the most noticeable of all these commemorative meetings was that of the Congregational Club of Boston, which held its exercises in Music Hall, many ladies being present. Probably a thousand persons were assembled. Rev. Dr. Webb, president of the club, opened the exercises, and after brief remarks introduced Governor Robinson, who made a felicitous address. The other speakers succeeding him were Dr. Bancroft, President of Phillips Academy, Andover, Professor Heman Lincoln of the Newton Theological Seminary, President Robinson of Brown University, and Hon. James G. Blaine of Maine. The speech of the latter was the speech of the occasion, and called forth constant enthusiasm. The closing point made by Mr. Blaine, and with much force, was that ministers ought to preach instead of reading their sermons. The day has not been more generally or more enthusiastically commemorated in many years.

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## NECROLOGY.

E. PRICE GREENLEAF died in Boston last month at the age of 96. He was a native of Boston, having been born on the site of the Boston Athenæum, was educated in the Latin School, and early in life went to South Carolina to engage in business. He not long afterwards returned

to Boston, and entered into trade in which he finally failed. From that time he took up his residence with his father in Quincy, where he continued to live for over fifty years. He passed the time in profound studies and working in the garden attached to the house. Latterly he had spent his summers in a little interior town in the State of New York, living in a little wooden house and attended only by a trusted servant. What he ate he raised himself in the little garden hard by. When he arrived at the age of sixty he came into possession of property by the death of his father, and subsequently of his aunt and sisters, which he sedulously nursed till, at the time of his death, he had increased it to between \$400,000 and \$500,000. Nearly the whole of his large property he left by will to Harvard College.

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MISS EMMA TAYLOR, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., sister of Dr. Samuel Taylor, president of Phillips' Andover Academy, and of the wife of Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, died in December. She was a native of Derry, N. H., and was at one time a teacher in St. Johnsbury Academy.

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COL. ISAAC HULL WRIGHT died at his residence in Dorchester on the 22d of December at the age of 73 years. He was a native of Boston, and a graduate of the English High School in 1829. Educated to mercantile life, he took to the newspaper. He assisted in raising the Massachusetts Volunteers for the Mexican War, and was commissioned as captain, and subsequently as lieutenant-colonel when the regiment was organized. When Caleb Cushing was promoted to a generalship Colonel Wright was made colonel, and commanded the regiment to the close of the war. He subsequently received the appointment of navy agent for Boston, and afterwards was made superintendent of the armory at Springfield, Mass. He was serving his third term as street commissioner of Boston at the time of his death, and was chairman of the board.

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GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN, United States Senator from Illinois, died at his residence in Washington, D. C., on the 26th of December, at the age of nearly sixty-one years. The cause of his death was acute rheumatism. The event was wholly unexpected by his family and friends. Gen. Logan was born in Jackson County, Illinois, his father having emigrated to this country from Ireland. At the outbreak of the Mexican War Gen. Logan was twenty-one years old, and volunteered in the service and came out with credit. He afterwards studied law,



began its practice, was elected to the legislature of his native State, and henceforward gave himself up to politics. A Democrat hitherto, when the civil war broke out he took up the cause of the Union, and did a great deal to turn popular opinion in Southern Illinois. At the time of the first battle of Bull Run he was a member of Congress, and immediately after adjournment returned home, raised a regiment in the face of powerful local prejudice, and took the field with the volunteer army of the Union. His record during the war was a brilliant one. He came out of it with highest honors. He was afterwards twice elected United States Senator from Illinois, and was on the ticket with Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. He was likewise, a probable candidate for the Presidential nomination by his party in 1888.

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MR. BENJAMIN FLETCHER died at Auburn, N. Y., December 18, was a native of Peru, Me., where he was born in 1818. He went to Lowell at an early age, and subsequently to North Chelmsford, where he had charge of the Baldwin Company's Worsted Mills during the greater part of his business career.

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HON. THEOPHILUS P. CHANDLER died at Brookline, Mass., December 21, in his eightieth year. He was the son of Peleg Chandler, and was born in New Gloucester, Me. Before he had reached his eighteenth year he began the study of law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar and began legal practice at Bangor, afterwards removing to Boston, where he continued the practice for forty years and more. He had seven children, all at present living but his eldest son, who was killed in battle, in Virginia, in 1864. Mr. Chandler was for four years president of the Northern Railroad of New York; in January, 1861, was appointed one of the Peace Commissioners from Massachusetts to the national convention, held at Washington prior to the breaking out of the civil war; in June, 1863, was appointed United States Assistant Treasurer for Boston, and held that office for five years.

\* \* \*

HENRY C. KINGSLEY, Treasurer of Yale College, died December 19, at New Haven, from injuries received four weeks before by being thrown from his carriage. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1834, and of the Law School class of 1836. He was a son of the late Professor James L. Kingsley, professor of Latin at Yale for many years.

\* \* \*

JOHN EDWARDS died at Portland, Me., December 23. He was born in Boston eighty-five years ago, and went to Portland in 1814,

where he learned the printer's trade in the *Argus* and *Advertiser* offices, and finally purchased a half interest in the *Advertiser*. He was the oldest printer in Portland. Over fifty years ago he was the senior partner of the firm that began the publication of the *Portland Daily Advertiser*. He was proprietor and editor of the *Bangor Whig* from 1838 to 1841, and subsequently became the publisher of the *Portland Tribune* and the *Bulletin*.

\* \* \*

GEORGE J. BROOKS died December 23. He was a native of West Cambridge, Mass. He had been a member of the California Legislature, and at the time of his death was a member of the Vermont Legislature from Brattleboro. He had recently given to Brattleboro a fine new public library building, which is to be dedicated January 12.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM WALKER MOORE died in Washington, December 23, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a printer in the office of the *National Intelligencer*, under Gales and Seaton, for thirty years before the war, and had charge of that paper. He was frequently with his father and uncles in 1814 at Fort McHenry, when it was threatened by the British fleet, and after its bombardment he was enrolled with other boys of his age to prepare ammunition for other attacks.

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JAMES W. JOHNSON died December 18 in Boston, in his sixty-first year. He was born in Enfield, N. H., and received a very meagre education in his youth. He was a clerk in a country store until he was twenty-six years old, when he began to trade for himself in produce and cattle, buying droves of the latter in Canada and northern New York, and selling them to the New Hampshire farmers. Afterwards he became a dealer in wool. In his boyhood his parents were in extremely straitened circumstances. He bought the Quincy House in Boston, in 1874, and since that date has continued its proprietor. He improved, and remodelled, and extended the old house, carrying it up to the height of seven stories, and invested in it altogether a million dollars. His funeral was largely attended by men of public note.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN JOTHAM JOHNSON of Durham, Me., died December 17th, at the great age of 102 years. He was born on Whaleboat Island, Harpswell, Me., in 1784, and from the age of seven to that of seventy he followed the sea, being a fisherman, and after a time a captain. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and witnessed the fight between the

Enterprise and the Boxer, which took place off Harpswell. He likewise went on an expedition to Dover Straits with General Braddock.

\* \*

HON. MARSHALL P. WILDER died at his home in Dorchester, Mass., on the morning of December 16th, at the age of 88 years. He had been one of the most prosperous of Boston merchants for over fifty years, coming from Rindge, N. H., where he was born. He had good healthy blood in his veins, derived from a sturdy and distinguished ancestry. Although all his life a merchant, Mr. Wilder really devoted himself to horticultural pursuits, in which he achieved the widest success and won a most enviable distinction. He had been President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and was President of the American Pomological Society from its organization till the time of his death. He organized many societies and assisted in founding many institutions. He was President of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. He had been commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and was a Free and Accepted Mason of the highest standing. His funeral was attended by large representations of all the societies to which he had belonged, and an eloquent and fitting eulogy was pronounced over his remains by Rev. Mr. Packard, the pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Dorchester, of which Col. Wilder had been an active and devoted member for fifty-three years.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

Gough, though dead, yet speaketh in his new book<sup>1</sup>, the latest from his pen. The book is very interesting, since its style has all the beauty and vigor of Gough's pictorial and dramatic oratory. It will be read with pleasure by all who have ever, at any time, heard the earnest voice of its great author, when alive, pleading the cause of fallen humanity. As we read the stories and illustrations which this book contains we seem to behold the great temperance orator on the platform again, holding all spell-bound by his magnetic eloquence, so accurately are his very words given. The material of the book has been carefully compiled and corrected by the author, and is his last contribution to the great work of his life. It is well printed, full of steel engravings and pictorial illustrations.

<sup>1</sup> Platform Echoes, by John B. Gough. New York, A. D. Worthington.

The history of Spain,<sup>1</sup> from the time when Iberia was scarcely more than a fable to even the Roman consuls down to the present era, is for the most part full of interest. From her peculiar position between Europe on the one hand and Africa upon the other, and again as between Northern and Southern Europe, she has been subject to more vicissitudes than any other European country. For two thousand years she has borne an interesting and important relation to other western nations. The Romans, the Franks, the Germans, the Saracens, have successively possessed her soil or held dominion over her; while there have also been periods when the monarchs of Spain gave law to Europe. Under these various conditions, and mainly shut in from the rest of the world by the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, the characteristics which distinguish the people of Spain from other nations are deeply wrought. Having been impressed with the nobility of the national character from the record of the great expeditions of discovery and war by which Spain traversed and conquered two hemispheres, we are almost painfully affected, a few generations after the admired Ferdinand and Isabella, to find for national history little except the petty annals of court intrigues. Yet from the first Roman invasion to the collapse of Spanish power in the last century, the record of that people displays more of the element of romance than is found in any other country. With various climate and great variety of surface, Spain has always possessed great natural attractions; and these, with the remains of the massive structures of the Romans, and many fine specimens of Moorish architecture, still well-preserved, mingled with many ancient structures of distinctively Spanish character, to-day offer attractions to the tourist hardly inferior to those of any other part of the world. In preparation for writing the pleasing and popularly sufficient story of Spain which lies before us the eminent authors have had the advantage of travel and residence amid the scenes where the great and little events of the history were enacted, and we are thus highly favored by their observations as well as their personal qualifications for this work.

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The irregular parallelogram of barren mountain and desolate sands, interspersed and bordered by tracts of greater or less fertility is the proper home of a race, who, while they have not themselves populated places very far from their native soil, have through kindred tribes and nations, at one time or another, ruled Northern Africa and Southern Asia and Europe from the Bay of Biscay and the Straits of Gibraltar to Hindostan. Into the early history of this people<sup>2</sup> there enters much of

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of Spain*; by Edward Everett Hale, and Susan Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo., pp. 407. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> *The Story of the Saracens*; by Arthur Gilman, M. A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8 vo., pp. 493. \$1.50.



myth and fable ; but, as they were in a degree, countrymen of Abraham, their religion, in the main, was like to his. But while to the direct descendants of the Jewish patriarch the acceptance of Mohammed as a prophet was impossible, his kindred went so far astray that even Mohammed's teaching and leadership was a benefit. The various tribes and nations which became allied with the Saracens, though dwelling in widely distant regions, were so generally alike in their habits of life and consequently in their modes of thought that the religion of Islam was easily and at length heartily adopted by them. It proved a cord that effectively bound together the tribes of only a greater or less degree of barbarism which came within its territorial scope, giving them the power and purpose of conquest in the several directions whither their cupidity led or their fanaticism urged them. It seems scarcely necessary to say that wherever Mohammedanism became the religion of a people, if they were barbarians before, barbarians they remained,—except as the protection of enhanced national power gave the communities a greater stability, thus contributing to an increase of wealth, which, by a tendency which is universal, found expression in better architectural constructions, with some extension of mechanical skill, the development of learning, and the diffusion of luxury ; but no people who adopted it were ever raised thereby above the grade of semi-civilization. The lives of the Moslem leaders, specially that of their prophet, furnish many incidents of striking interest, and the history of the wars of Islam from the days of Augustus Cæsar to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, is full of stirring episodes,—all the more impressive from the cruelty which was always a visible element in their conduct. The pastoral and predatory Arab, the skilful, commercial and withal luxurious Persian, each have their place in this history,—which, however, is unsatisfactory, from its ending with the fall of Bagdad,—omitting altogether the period of the Crusades and the Moorish occupation of Spain. Mr. Gilman must perceive that another volume is demanded to complete the “ Story.”

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There is much food for thought and also means of spiritual uplifting to be found in the small but elegant monthly magazine, “ The Christian Science Journal,”<sup>1</sup>—the organ of the new religious sect known as the *Christian Scientists*. The editor, Rev. William I. Gill, A. M., is a clear thinker, an able and interesting writer, and a careful editor ; and no doubt the fraternity which this publication represents gain much by his very efficient services.

<sup>1</sup> The Christian Science Journal, Boston, Mass. ; Christian Science Publishing Co. \$1.00 a year ; single numbers, 10 cents.

Philosophy, not theology and religion, was the incentive and quest of the author of the neat and convenient 16 mo. volume on Philosophical Realism.<sup>1</sup> The work briefly but searchingly reviews former metaphysical and philosophical systems, including those of Darwin and Spencer. The system as here set forth, has no affinity with scepticism. The work is not mainly negative, but effectively constructive, while the treatment of the topics appears to be just and in remarkable good temper. The work is notable for its exhaustive mention of metaphysical and philosophical questions, and in this respect might prove a convenient hand-book for the studious. Except a few last pages and some late interpolations, the book was mainly written years ago, and much of it printed in *The Index*, of Boston, known as one of the most philosophical of weekly journals. The work, therefore, is not written from the point of view of a Christian Scientist distinctively,—yet in the view of the author, his system constitutes the true foundation for the doctrine of the new sect. Its great object is to show that there is no matter, except mortal thought, and that Mind is all. His purpose has been to “cover all the facts, and be consistent,”—modestly adding,—“Our little scheme may be wrong, though self-consistent; but, if not self-consistent, it is no system at all, but only an aggregation, and is certainly wrong somewhere.” The work has of necessity required very extended reading and careful thought for many years, and is thus the product of great labor.

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<sup>1</sup> Philosophical Realism, by Rev. William I. Gill, A. M., Boston, Mass. Published by the Index Association, 1886. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 85 cts.

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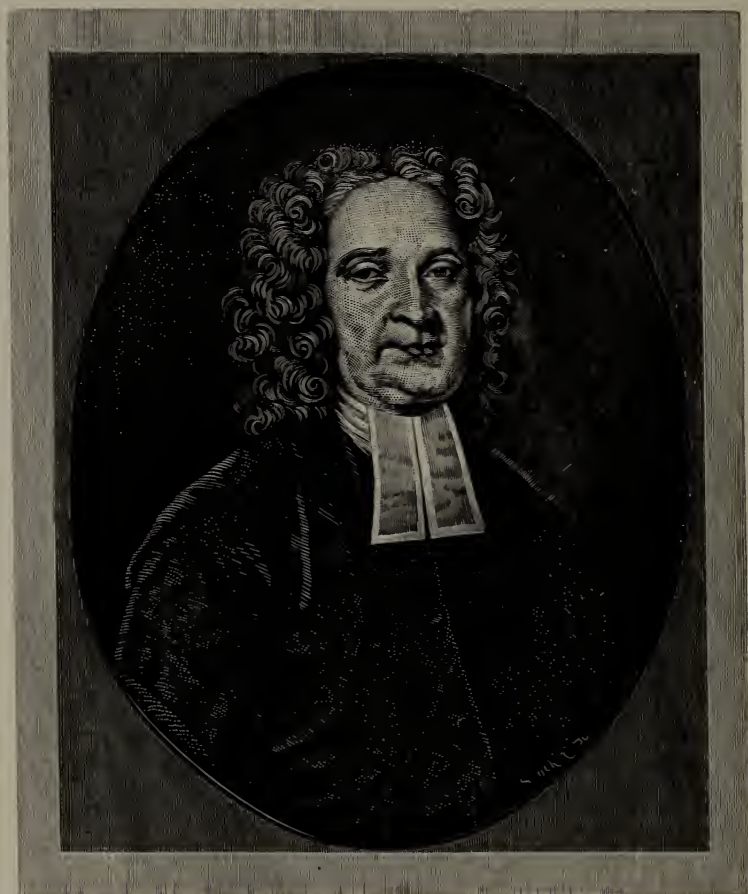
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REV. JOHN COTTON.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
AND  
BAY STATE MONTHLY.

Vol. V. No. 4.

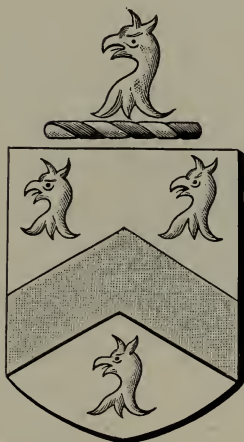
FEBRUARY, 1887.

Whole No. 28.

“THE FATHER OF BOSTON,”

The Rev. John Cotton.

By WILLIAM GRAY BROOKS.



COAT OF ARMS.

In December, 1885, occurred the tercentenary of the birth of the Rev. John Cotton, the “Father of Boston,” as he is called, who, with John Winthrop, first governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, laid deep and strong the foundation upon which has been built the great and powerful Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Rev. John Cotton was born in Derby, England, on Dec. 4, 1585. The family of Cotton has been one of importance in the county of Cambridge for many generations, several of them being of knightly rank, while the senior line was, in 1641, raised to the dignity of baronet. In Cole’s Mss. in the British Museum, vol. I., pp. 237-345, there is an account of the family, prepared in 1763.

It is held most probable that the family derived its name from Cotton in Kent, but was settled in Cambridgeshire in 1374, when Sir Henry Cotton married Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry L. Fleming. The grandson of Sir Henry married Alice, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Hastings, of Land-

wade, county Cambridge, which manor became the chief seat of the Cottons. These were direct ancestors of the Rev. John Cotton. One of this family, Sir John Cotton, Bart., was distinguished for his loyalty to King Charles I.; another was Admiral Sir Charles Cotton.

The armorial bearings of Mr. Cotton's family are: Sable, a chevron between three griffins' heads, erased, argent; the crest, a griffin's head erased. Great revenues as well as gentle blood, descended in the line of this family, but the estate was lost through fraud. In the *Magnalia*, Cotton Mather writes of Mr. Cotton: "His immediate progenitors being by some injustice



CHURCH OF ST. BOTOLPH.

deprived of great revenues, his father, Mr. Rowland Cotton, had the education of a lawyer bestowed by his friends upon him, in hopes of his being the better capacitated thereby to recover the estate, whereof his family had been wronged, and so the profession of a lawyer was that unto which this gentleman applied himself all his days." [*Vide* Life of Mr. Cotton, by Cotton Mather, in his *Magnalia*, vol. I., p. 232, Hartford ed. 1820.]

At the age of twelve years Mr. Cotton was admitted to Trinity College in the University of Cambridge, and at eighteen he received the degree of Master of Arts. He soon attained the



positions of Fellow, Head Lecturer, Dean, and Catechist of Emmanuel College, Cambridge,—offices of great honor and responsibility. His Latin oration and university sermon attracted great numbers of literati, as his Latinity was of the purest. His connection with the university continued fifteen years. In 1612 he was called by the Mayor and Council of Boston to become the Vicar of the noble and venerable church dedicated to St. Botolph, the parish church of Boston, in Lincolnshire, of which church he was Vicar from 1612 to 1633, a period of twenty-one years.

The Church of St. Botolph was erected A.D. 1309, and is the largest without aisles in the realm of England, and the largest without transepts in all Europe,—its length being 291 feet, and its breadth, 99 feet. The tower is 291 feet in height, resembling that of the great Cathedral at Antwerp, and forms a landmark for a distance of forty miles. The extreme length of the building corresponds with the extreme height, 291 feet. The tower has 365 steps, the windows number fifty-two, the pillars (in the interior) are twelve—corresponding with the days, weeks, and months of the year.

Mr. Drake, in his “History and Antiquities of the City of Boston,” Mass., quoting from the “*Magna Brittanica Antiqua et Nova*,” tells us that this church, as there described (in 1720), “was beautiful and large, the tower of which is so very high as to be the wonder of travellers, and the guide for mariners at a great distance. It is looked upon as the finest in England.” “At the summit of this tower is a beautiful lantern, for a guide to seamen, which can be seen forty miles. It was a figurative saying of some of the Pilgrims who settled this Boston, that the lamp in the lantern of St. Botolph’s ceased to burn when Cotton left that church to become a shining light in the wilderness of New England.”

The chapel attached to St. Botolph’s Church (forty by eighteen feet in ground dimensions) was repaired under the direction of Mr. Gilbert Scott, F. S. A., in 1857, by some of the descendants of Rev. John Cotton living in Boston, Massachusetts, and is now called the Cotton Chapel. In it is a beautiful tablet, bearing an inscription in Latin from the pen of the late Hon. Edward Everett.

The Rev. W. C. Winslow, in a letter from old Boston, gives a fine description of the architecture of St. Botolph's:—"The exterior of the edifice affords a good example of the thirteenth- and fourteenth-century style of architecture, which followed the Norman. It is substantial, yet embellished with Gothic tracery and outlines. Some of the niches and other ornamental work suffered more or less at the hands of the iconoclasts of the revolution. The interior is imposing, and gives you a sense of space without mere size or vacancy. By the time you have passed the peal and also the chime (the church has both), and stand upon the top battlements of the tower, you think yourself higher than three hundred feet in the skies."

The name, Boston, is derived from St. Botolph, a holy man, who founded a monastery at a place called Icanhoe, by many supposed to be Boston, in Lincolnshire, where after passing a life of great sanctity as abbot, he died June 17, A.D. 655, the day of his commemoration in the English calendar. Among the fifty churches dedicated in his honor "there was a goodly ancient church and monastery of Blackfriars erected in his honor in Lincolnshire, near to the seaside, which in process of time growing to a fayre market towne, was called thereof Botolph's toune, and now by the corruption of our language, is vulgarly known by the name of Boston."

The name of Boston was given to the embryo metropolis of New England on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, in honor of Rev. John Cotton, and to induce him to become the religious teacher of its people. In Prince's Chronology, pp. 315-316 under date of Sept. 7, 1630, is the following entry:—"Thus this remarkable peninsula, about two miles in length and one in breadth, in those times appearing at high water in the form of two islands, whose Indian name was Shawmut, but, I suppose, on account of three contiguous hills appearing in a range to those at Charlestown, by the English first called Trimountain, now receives the name of BOSTON, which deputy Governor Dudley says they had before intended to call the place they first resolved on, and Mr. Hubbard, that they gave this name on account of Mr. Cotton, the then famous Puritan minister of Boston in England, for whom they had the highest reverence, and of whose coming over they were doubtless in some hopeful prospect."

In 1612 Rev. John Cotton, soon after becoming vicar of St. Botolph's, married Miss Elizabeth Horrocks, an eminently virtuous gentlewoman, and sister of James Horrocks, a famous minister of Lancashire. Mrs. Cotton died in 1630 without issue. On April 25, 1632, Rev. John Cotton married an estimable widow, Mrs. Sarah Story, daughter of Anthony Hawkrige, Esq., and an intimate friend of his former wife, "who was well fitted to fill the place which the death of the other had vacated."

Mr. Cotton having been brought to the conviction that some of the ceremonies of the Church of England were unscriptural, and of course that he could no longer conform to them, and being warned that Letters Missive had been issued against him to bring him before the Court of High Commission on account of his refusal to kneel at the Sacrament of the Holy Communion, he embarked for New England, about the middle of July, 1633. To this removal he had warmly been invited by Governor Winthrop and others. He was accompanied by his newly married wife, Thomas Hooker, Samuel Stone, and a number of old Boston parishioners, in a vessel called the "Griffin."

The other ceremonies of the Church to which Mr. Cotton took exception, were the use of the sign of the cross in baptism, and the use of the ring in marriage. These were the cause of his leaving his parish church.

What wonderful devotion to his convictions of duty, to relinquish the noble Church of St. Botolph, whose architecture may justly be termed a "frozen anthem," and with "storied panes that chasten down the day's unholy glare," for the low hovel with its mud walls and roof covered with thatch, of the first house of worship in Boston, — and the amenities of civilization for the privations of the wilderness of the New World!

The Griffin reached Boston, New England, Sept. 3, 1633, after a passage of seven weeks. At the time of his arrival Mr. Cotton was about forty-eight years of age. Within a fortnight after his arrival, the magistrates and other leading men designated him to be Teacher of the First Church in Boston, of which Rev. John Wilson was then pastor. On the tenth of October, 1633, Mr. Cotton was ordained as colleague of Mr. Wilson, in the capacity of teacher, by imposition of the hands

of Mr. Wilson and his two elders. This was intended (as Governor Winthrop has stated in respect to the ordination of Mr. Wilson under similar circumstances), “only as a sign of election and confirmation, and not of any intent that he should renounce his ministry he received in England.”

Mr. Cotton, prior to his leaving England, upon being informed that the people of Salem had turned “Separatists” (as the followers of Robinson were then called), in a letter to Mr. Skelton, declares “that although he respects the New Plymouth men personally, the grounds of their movement do not satisfy him.” This shows Mr. Cotton’s theological position at that time to have been that of a “Puritan,” but *not* of a “Separatist.”

The influence of Mr. Cotton was equally powerful in civil, as in ecclesiastical affairs. We learn from the pages of Cotton Mather and Hutchinson that the people of the colony were dissatisfied with their share of power in the government, and desired the establishment of a House of Representatives, for which no provision had been made in the charter of the colony. At last, Mr. Cotton, by invitation of the authorities, preached a sermon upon the subject, by which all popular discontent was completely allayed.



FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON.

Mrs. Norton compares the effect of the sermon with that of the speech of Menenius Agrippa to the people of Rome at the time of their secession to *Mons Sacer*. [Liv. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 32.] Mr. Norton says that shortly after this “the *Court* . . . desired Mr. Cotton to draw an abstract of the judicial laws delivered from God by Moses, so far forth as they were of a moral (*i. e.*, of perpetual and universal) equity.” [Norton, Life of Cotton, p. 22.]

Mr. Cotton’s views of the relation of the Church to the State appear in a letter to Lord Say and Seal in 1636: — “It is very suitable to God’s all-sufficient wisdom, and to the fullness and perfection of Holy Scriptures, not only to prescribe perfect rules for the right ordering of a private man’s soul to everlasting blessedness with himself, but also for the right ordering of a



man's family ; yea, of the commonwealth, too, so far as both of them are subordinate to spiritual ends, and yet avoid both the Church's usurpation upon civil jurisdiction, *in ordine ad spiritualia*, and the Commonwealth's invasion upon ecclesiastical administration, *in ordine* to civil peace and conformity to the civil State. God's institutions (such as the government of Church and Commonwealth be) may be close and coördinate, one to another, and yet not confounded." . . . "It is better that the Commonwealth be fashioned to the setting forth of God's house, which is his Church, than to accommodate the Church to the civil State." [Appendix to Hutchinson's History, vol. i., p. 437.]

Mr. Hubbard, in his History of New England [page 182], says (referring to Mr. Cotton) : — "Such was the authority he had in the hearts of the people, that whatever he delivered in the pulpit was soon put in an order of Court, if of a civil, and set up as a practice in the Church, if of an ecclesiastical concernment."

Thus Mr. Cotton laid the foundations deep and strong upon which the superstructure of the powerful Commonwealth of Massachusetts has been built.

It was a saying of Dr. Increase Mather's that "both Bostons have reason to honor his (Cotton's) memory, and New England Boston most of all, which oweth its name and being to him more than to any person in the world."

Mr. Cotton was not only a theologian and statesman, but a writer of great power ; more than thirty books and pamphlets are still extant. In 1643 Mr. Cotton received an urgent invitation from "divers Lords of the Upper House, and from some members of the House of Commons, with some ministers, who stood for the independency of the churches, 'To attend the Westminster Assembly of Divines, and assist in their deliberations.'" [Hubbard's History, p. 409.]

The invitation was not accepted by Mr. Cotton.

Mr. Cotton's last illness was caused by exposure in crossing the ferry to Cambridge, where he went to preach to the students. He spent the last days of his life in his study preparing to meet death ; and, on leaving it at night, he said to his wife : "I shall go into that room no more." What wonderful for-

titude thus calmly to meet the last enemy ! A short time before his death he desired to be left alone to engage in prayer, and thus, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, surrendered his soul into the hands of his "faithful creator and most merciful Saviour."

The date of his death is commonly given as that of December 23, 1652 ; yet the old copy of the town record (of which it is presumed no original has been known for one hundred and fifty years) has it Dec. 15, 1652. On December 28th he was buried, says a historian, "with the most numerous concourse of people, and most grievous lamentation that was ever known, perhaps, on the American strand." "He was borne on the shoulders of his brother ministers to his last resting place, a tomb of brick, in what is called the 'chapel burying ground.'"

In this burying ground, connected with King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School streets, Boston, Mass., on a simple headstone of slate is the following inscription :

" Here lies interred the Bodies of the  
Famous, Reverend, and Learned Pastors  
of the First Church of Xt. in Boston, viz. :  
Mr. John Cotton, Aged 67 Years.  
Died, December the 23d, 1652."

Of Mr. Cotton's personal appearance, Cotton Mather says, "He was of a clear, fair, sanguine complexion, and like David, of a ruddy countenance. He was rather long than tall, rather fat than lean, but of a becoming mediocrity. In his younger years his hair was brown, but in his latter years, as white as the driven snow. In his countenance there was an inexpressible sort of majesty which commanded reverence from all that approached him."

Mr. Cotton was a great scholar, having a profound knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin. The latter he wrote and spoke with great elegance ; and he was a powerful logician as well as linguist.

The Rev. John Cotton had six children by his second wife, Sarah.

1. Seaborn, (so called from the circumstances of his birth), born Aug. 12, 1633 ; Minister of Hampton, N. H., in

1660; died April 19 or 20, 1686. He was ancestor on the maternal side of the late Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Newburyport, Mass.

2. Sarah, born Sept. 20, 1635; died Jan. 20, 1650.

3. Elizabeth, born Dec. 10, (16), 1637; married Jeremiah Egginton.

4. John, born in Boston, Mass., Mar. 15, 1640; ordained pastor of the church in Plymouth, Mass., June 30, 1669; dismissed, Oct. 18, 1698; died at Charleston, S. C., Sept. 18, 1699.

5. Maria or Mary, born Feb. 15, (16,) 1641, (1642); died at Boston, Mass., Apr. 4, 1714; married Mar. 6, 1662, Rev. Increase Mather, D.D., (born June 21, 1639; ordained May 27, 1669; president of Harvard College, 1685—1701; agent of the Colony in England; died Aug. 23, 1723; tomb in Copp's Hill). Mrs. Mather's mother (the widow of the elder Rev. John Cotton) married Aug. 26, 1656, Rev. Richard Mather, of Dorchester, (the father of her son-in-law, to whom she became a parent by a double affinity); died May 27, 1676.

6. Rowland, born Dec. 1643; died Feb. 29, 1650.

The son of Rev. John Cotton, Jr., of Plymouth, Rev. Rouland Cotton, was the chief "ornament and glory of the Cotton family." He was born in Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 27, 1667; was minister at Sandwich, Mass., where he was ordained Nov. 28, 1694. In 1702, the town gave to him "all such drift whales, as shall during the time of his ministry in Sandwich, be driven or cast ashore within the limits of the town, being such as shall not be killed with hands!" Rev. Rouland married Sept. 22, 1692, Elizabeth, widow of the Rev. John Dennison, and daughter of the Hon. Nathaniel Saltonstall of Haverhill, Mass., the famous judge of the Oyer and Terminer Court, who at the risk of the greatest personal danger refused to preside at the trial of the witches. She was sister of the Hon. Gurdon Saltonstall, Governor of Connecticut, 1708—1724. She was born Sept. 17, 1668, and died July 8, 1726.

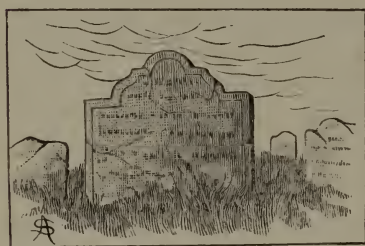
From a son by this marriage (Rev. John Cotton), the Hastings family of Cambridge and Henry Hastings, Esq., of Medford, are descended.

From Joanna, a daughter of Rev. Rouland Cotton and

Elizabeth Dennison, née Saltonstall, born Aug. 16, 1691, descended the family of the late Hon. William Gray, the great merchant and a lieutenant-governor of the Commonwealth.

The family of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, also descended from this lady, who married Rev. John Brown, of Haverhill, Sept. 17, 1719.

In these days of change, when so little of what is venerable remains, it may prove of interest to mention an heirloom now in the possession of the eldest daughter of the late Henry Gray,



TOMB OF REV. JOHN COTTON.

Esq., of New York city (second son of the late Lieutenant-Governor William Gray, of Boston), which has descended by the same Christian name for two hundred years. It is a "pinning" blanket, in which to wrap a child when baptized, placed outside the ordinary clothing. It is of damask bro-

cade, of a warm cherry color, with flowers and leaves inwrought with silver thread, and lined with red India silk. It was presented by Madam Saltonstall, wife of Judge Nathaniel Saltonstall, to her daughter Elizabeth, on her marriage with Rev. Rouland Cotton.

The grandmother of Mrs. Rouland Cotton was Muriel Gurdon, a direct descendant of Anne Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., King of England. Muriel Gurdon was therefore of the blood royal of England. She married Richard Saltonstall, son of Sir Richard S., the original patentee of Connecticut.



## RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

## II.—THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY REV. GEORGE W. SHINN, D.D.

That which is known now by the above title was originally known here as *The Church of England*.

From the year 1607, when the first permanent settlement by English colonists was made at Jamestown, Virginia, down to 1785, when the American Revolution ended, all its missions, chaplaincies and parishes in the colonies were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London, and conformed to the same laws and requirements as the Church in England, so far as local circumstances would permit.

For nearly two hundred years it was a colonial branch of the English Church, but with an incomplete organization, for it had no Bishops of its own. Some of the supervisory duties of the Episcopate were performed by Commissaries, acting under the authority of the Bishop of London, but candidates for confirmation and ordination were required to go to England.

It has been described as then “a body without a head, an Episcopal Church without an Episcopate, with an order of Confirmation in its Prayer Book and no one authorized to administer the rite, an office of Ordination and no one competent to ordain either Priest or Deacon, with church edifices that could not be consecrated, and a discipline that could not be administered.” Numerous efforts were made to remedy this defective organization by securing the Episcopate, but without success until after the Revolution.

There were three reasons for the failure of these early efforts. First of all the Georgian period of the English Church was not one of very great earnestness, then there were many in the country, especially in New England, who were bitterly opposed to the polity of the Church of England, and finally there were few then in either country who could see any way of separating the spiritual functions of the Episcopate from temporal power.

It was generally thought that an Episcopate must involve a State Church and State patronage.

Notwithstanding the incompleteness of its organization, and the absence of that careful supervision which is necessary to correct abuses, the Church not only lived, but flourished in some sections, especially in the Middle and Southern States. It was greatly aided by a missionary society formed in England in 1701, under the name of "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." Through this useful agency clergymen were sent here, books were provided, building enterprises were helped, and in many other ways encouragement was offered those who would labor for the welfare of the settlers and the natives. The instructions given their missionaries by this Society showed its noble aims. They exhorted the clergy "to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men by propagating the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and that they qualify themselves for this work by seeking sound knowledge, by hearty belief of the Christian religion, by apostolical zeal, by fervent charity for the souls of men, and by temperance, fortitude and constancy." For over three-quarters of a century this society continued its benefactions, keeping alive an interest in religion in established parishes, and extending the privileges of the Gospel to new settlements.

The American Revolution was almost a death blow to the Church of England in these colonies. Many of its members sided with the mother country in the struggle, others were at first unwilling to sanction armed resistance to oppressions which they deprecated, and still others, hoping that the authorities in England would come to a better mind and grant the concessions asked for, held aloof from the controversies. The active partizanship of some for the side of the king, and the inactivity of those who were not willing to encourage strife, brought the Church into popular disrepute in most sections, and excited bitter and unyielding prejudices.

Not all the membership of this Church, however, sided with the king, or stood aloof from the colonists in the struggle. There were many churchmen who comprehended from the beginning the magnitude of the strife, and whose active sympathies were with the colonies. Some of them became leaders,

and it is to one of them that America is forever indebted for that sublime courage and faith which had so much to do with the success of the Revolution and the making of a new nation.

George Washington was a churchman. His taking command of the American forces in the Revolution gave a broader significance to the movement, and enabled it to become not merely a sectional revolt, but the springing into existence of a nation to achieve a destiny, the greatness of which no one then could foresee.

The shaping of the government of the new nation, when the struggle against England ended in the independence of the colonies, was largely aided by the patriot churchmen who brought to the task broad views and a conservative spirit, and a determination to lay here the most enduring foundations of a government which they trusted would become a blessing to the world.

But notwithstanding the patriotism of so many of the churchmen of the Revolution, and the efforts of those of the clergy who remained at their posts during the long weary years of the war, the termination of the strife found this church well nigh wrecked. Many of its parishes had been abandoned by priest and people, its endowments in lands were in many places confiscated, and the most bitter hatred toward it was manifested by large numbers of the people. It was thought by some that the fires of the Revolution had completely consumed nearly all traces of the English Church in this country and had rendered it impossible that it should ever rise from the ashes.

The indications of life were feeble indeed. The first movement was made in Connecticut. As early as 1783 the clergy there assembled at Waterbury, and elected Dr. Samuel Seabury, Bishop of Connecticut, and instructed him to go to England and seek for consecration at the hands of the English Bishops. Failing in this he was to go to Scotland to secure the Episcopate from the non-juring Bishops resident in that country.

The English bishops being hampered by the then existing laws, and for other reasons, declined; and so the succession was first secured through the Scotch bishops. A few years later, however, some special legislation having been obtained,

absolving the candidates from the necessity of taking the oath of allegiance to England ; and the English Church having been convinced that no changes from the standards would be made by the American Church in matters of doctrine, Drs. White and Provoost were consecrated Bishops, the former for Pennsylvania and the latter for New York.

The date of this important event is 1787. One of the first efforts to adapt the church to the new condition of things in this country was the putting forth of a revision of the English Prayer Book. It was called "The Proposed Book." It did not meet with much favor, because of the radical nature of some of the changes made, and because of various omissions. It was quickly discarded, and the present Book of Common Prayer was adopted in 1789. This is a slight revision of the English book, with some omissions and some additions. The revisers distinctly assert in the preface that this church is far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship, or further than local circumstances require.

The importance of this declaration is seen when it is remembered what pressure was brought upon the revisers to make departures from some very important principles which it had received by inheritance from the Apostolic Church, of which it is a descendent. There were those who wanted to see the church become Socinian instead of clinging firmly to the doctrine of the Trinity. Others would have had it ignore the Apostolic Succession, and still others in their ignorance of the cardinal principles of primitive Christianity, and the usages of the Apostolic Church, urged other changes.

The leading churchmen here were, however, learned in theology, and firm believers in the ancient polity and usages, and so the Protestant Episcopal Church remained in the line of descent. It did not break away from the succession which reaches back through the English Church to the ancient British Church, and still back to the very days of the Apostles. It claims to be, therefore, a true branch of the historic church, preserving the Evangelic Faith and Apostolic Order, holding "the Faith once delivered to the saints," and clinging to principles and usages which have been from the very beginning of Christianity.



For nearly fifty years after the Revolution the growth of "The Episcopal Church," as it was generally called, was very slow and in the face of many and bitter prejudices. Its English origin was for a long while sufficient to repel some from it, while the use of precomposed forms of worship, the observance of the festivals and fasts of the ecclesiastical year, the architecture and adornment of its houses of worship, and its quiet methods of work, caused many to hold aloof. It was accused of being "only half reformed," of being "very much like the Roman Catholic Church," of being "out of sympathy with republican institutions," of "lacking kindly interest in other bodies of Christians," and of "encouraging formalism."

The prejudices were so numerous and so bitter that many excellent people regarded this Church as a disturbing element, and others looked confidently forward to the time when it would become an insignificant factor in American life.

It is but fair to refer to these prejudices, for unless they are taken into account its present condition in the United States cannot be understood. Struggling for existence, battling with misconceptions, it finally won its way, and demonstrated not only a right to live, but also that it has a most important part to take in the moulding and uplifting of the American people.

And while it is true that prejudices still exist, and its polity and principles are still combatted, and while its membership is less than some other bodies of Christians, no one can deny the influence for good it is exerting, or the strong hold it has upon the affections of thousands, or the vigorous life manifested, or the wide-reaching power it shows in defence of Gospel truth and in applying its teachings to the consciences and lives of men.

Very much of the history of the American Church from 1789 to about 1821 may be summed up under the two headings, "Recuperation," and "Consolidation," — the slow recovery from previous disintegration and the gradual gaining of strength. About sixty years ago there began to be the stir of more vigorous life, and hence a disposition to engage in more aggressive work. The period for apologizing for existence seemed to have about ended, and a zeal for church extension at home and abroad began to grow. A missionary society was organized,

and missions were soon established in Africa, in Greece, in China, and in the Western parts of this country.

The interest thus awakened, led to the broadening of the foundation of the missionary society, until in 1835 the principle was adopted that "The Church, as the Church, is the great Missionary Society. The duty of supporting it in preaching the Gospel to every creature is one that rests on every Christian in the terms of his baptismal vows."

To recount the story of progress since that date, would require one to follow the opening up of the new settlements in the West, as the missionaries have followed the waves of emigration over the prairies to the mountains, and then onward to the Pacific; would make it necessary to tell of heroic efforts in the tropics, and among strange peoples; and of stretching out helping hands to the freedmen and the Indians of our own land.

While thus extending its borders, it has grown steadily stronger in the old centres, so that in some of the cities it stands among the foremost in the number of its parishes and ministers, in the aggregate of its gifts for religious and benevolent purposes, and in the variety and vigor of its appliances for reaching all sorts and conditions of men.

The statistics for 1886 show that it has now a list of 3,767 ministers and missionaries, 4,732 parishes and mission stations, 418,329 communicants, and over one and a half millions of adherents. Their contributions exceeded eleven millions of dollars last year. In a discourse delivered a few years ago by Bishop Clark the following sentences occur:—

"Of late years our Church has begun to recognize the fact that the sphere in which it is called to work is bounded by nothing but the necessities of the race to which we belong. In the establishment of hospitals and homes of all sorts for the destitute, reading rooms and places of wholesome resort for the floating population, and free churches for all classes and conditions of men, I think it may be said without vain boasting that the Episcopal Church has taken the lead."

It is not claimed that it has become popular, nor that it has yet taken a very strong hold of the masses of the American people. Its conservative character, its quiet and orderly meth-

ods, and some features which differentiate it from other religious bodies, prevent its rapid growth in communities accustomed to other systems. It has to win its way often by the overcoming of objections and always by giving special instruction as to its system and aims. Its theory is that religion is not a transient emotion, but the development of character.

While it preaches a Gospel of free salvation, it claims that they who accept the Gospel should thenceforth glorify God in their souls and bodies. While it emphasizes the responsibility of the individual, it makes much of church membership, and encourages the large use of the public means of grace. And, while it would meet present modern needs, it regards itself as a witness and keeper of the truth it has received from the past for the future. Believing itself to be a branch of the historic Church, it would be a custodian of changeless principles, and the conservator of ordinances and usages which are of permanent usefulness.

It is this belief which has led many of its members to hope that the Episcopal Church may become a bond of union between the scattered members of the flock of Christ, and be a centre for that Christian unity for which so many Christian people are laboring and praying. It was this belief which led to a declaration recently made by its Bishops, which contains the first definite propositions ever presented for the consideration of the different communions in this land. The bishops, after speaking of the evils of division, set forth the following points as in their view essential to the restoration of unity among the different branches of Christendom.

I. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the revealed Word of God.

II. The Nicene Creed as the sufficient statement of Christian Faith.

III. The two Sacraments — Baptism and the Supper of the Lord — ministered with the unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him.

IV. The historic Episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

These four propositions have the merit of being simple and

definite, but to guard against misapprehension of their motives in making them, the bishops declare their belief that all who have been duly baptized with water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are already members of the Holy Catholic Church; that this Episcopal Church is ready to forego all preferences of its own in any modes of worship and discipline which have a human ordering or choice; and that this Church does not seek to absorb other communions, but rather coöperating with them on the basis of a common faith and order to discountenance schism, to heal the wounds of the Body of Christ, and to promote the charity which is the chief of Christian graces, and the visible manifestation of Christ to the world.

This important document will doubtless do much not only for the cause of Christian unity, but also to explain the broad and generous character of the Episcopal Church, and to remove some popular misapprehensions. Whereas it has been thought by some to be exclusive, and to unchurch those not baptized into its membership, it is here declared that all are members of the Holy Catholic Church who have received Christian baptism. Whereas it has been thought wedded to unchanging forms and usages in public worship, it is here seen that there is a readiness to make modifications to suit existing needs; and whereas it has been supposed that its policy was one of simple absorption of other bodies, it is distinctly avowed here that this is not the case. The implication is that there can be Christian unity with many diversities of usage and administration.

The basis of unity suggested offers no newly devised tests, no modern confession of faith, and no humiliating recantation. It sets forth as essential the reception of the Sacred Scriptures, the old creed of the early Church, the sacraments of Christ's own appointment, and the polity which existed in apostolic times.

If Christian unity is thought by any one to be desirable, here, at last, is a suggestion of a basis upon which it may be considered.

That the Episcopal Church is not presumptuous in putting forth this declaration is evident when attention is directed to the influence it has exerted upon other religious bodies in this



country in various ways, which are now matters of history.

For example:—At one time it was peculiar among the Protestant bodies in the observance of the seasons of the ecclesiastical year, but now Christmas and Easter are kept by nearly all the denominations; other festivals also are observed by some.

Forms of prayer were at one time gravely objected to, and the use of the Prayer Book by this Church was a standing objection to it, but now responsive readings, precomposed services, and the like are very common.

In the matter of architecture, and especially in the use of the cross to designate a religious building, this Church once was peculiar, but now it is difficult to distinguish its edifices by their style of construction, other bodies having adopted it. And in various other ways what were once features of the Episcopal Church have gradually become adopted by others.

In addition to the influence thus exerted it has had much to do in quickening the thought, and in aiding the social life of communities. Always the friend of generous culture, it has numbered in its membership those who have been distinguished in the professions, and as leaders of thought. It has always been the friend of sound learning, and has encouraged refined and gentle manners. Its schools for the higher education of young people abound in all parts of the country and are too numerous to name here.

It has now eleven Universities and Colleges, as follows:—

(1.) “Trinity,” Hartford, Conn.; (2.) “Kenyon,” Gambier, Ohio; (3.) “Lehigh University,” Bethlehem, Penn.; (4.) “Racine,” Racine, Wis.; (5.) “Hobart,” Geneva, N. Y.; (6.) “Griswold,” Davenport, Ohio; (7.) “University of the South,” Sewanee, Tenn.; (8.) “St. Augustine,” Benicia, Cal.; (9.) “St. James,” Hagerstown, Md.; (10.) “College of the Sisters of Bethany,” Topeka, Kansas; (11.) “St. John’s,” Shanghai, China.

It has ever aimed to send forth an educated ministry, and its interest in theological training is shown in the fact that it has to-day no less than fifteen institutions for its candidates, as follows:—

(1) The General Theological Seminary, New York; (2) the Theological Seminary of Virginia, near Alexandria, Va.; (3) Theological Seminary, Gambier, Ohio; (4) Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.; (5) the Divinity School, Philadelphia; (6) Nashotah House, Nashotah, Wisconsin; (7) the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Ill.; (8) St. Andrew's Divinity School, Syracuse, N. Y.; (9) DeLancey Divinity School, Geneva, N. Y.; (10) Ravenscroft Training School, Asheville, N. Y.; (11) Bishop Payne Divinity School, Alexandria, Va.; (12) Seabury Divinity School, Faribault, Minn.; (13) Berkeley Divinity, in Middletown, Conn.; (14) Theological Department at Griswold; (15) Theological Department at the University of the South.

Every increase of earnestness has made it more and more aggressive in its aims, until "the time has now come when it realizes that its work is bounded by nothing but the necessities of the race to which we belong." The variety of its labors is indicated by the list of its general societies now in operation, and carried on with considerable degrees of earnestness. They are as follows:—

(1) The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society; (2) American Church Building Fund Commission; (3) Societies for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of deceased clergymen and of aged and infirm clergymen; (4) Bible and Prayer Book Societies; (5) Societies for educating Students for the Ministry; (6) Church Mission to Deaf Mutes; (7) American Church Sunday School Institute; (8) Church Temperance Society; (9) Free and Open Church Association; (10) The Church Congress for discussion of leading questions; (11) Brotherhood of St. Andrew for young men; (12) The White Cross Army against impurity and profanity; (13) The Church Unity Society for promoting the Reunion of Christendom; (14) Guild of the Holy Cross, for intercessory prayer for the sick; (15) Sisterhoods for organized services of women as teachers, nurses, etc.; (16) Church Mission to the Jews; (17) The Girls' Friendly Society; (18) The Young Men's Friendly Society.

In addition to these general organizations there are local societies and institutions, such as hospitals, "Homes" for the aged and the young, "Refuges" for the fallen, day nurseries, and other well-devised instrumentalities for aiding the needy, and doing good to the bodies and souls of others.

Some of these local institutions, such as St. Luke's Hospital in New York, and the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, have become known all over the country as models of organization and efficiency.

But it is manifestly impossible to give any satisfactory history of the Episcopal Church in a few pages. Its first period, when it was a branch of the English Church, brings to view important events and questions connected with the settlements in the

original thirteen colonies. Its second period during the struggles immediately preceding the Revolution, and continuing down to the establishment of our country's independence, shows us an organization passing through the fires and yet retaining its life. Its third period, from about 1785 to 1821, tells us of the slow process of adapting itself to the new condition of things, and of the still slower process of winning the confidence of the people, who regarded it as an alien. Its fourth period, from 1821 to the present, abounds with much that illustrates how important a factor it has become in the life of the American people, and how it is destined to become a power for still greater good in coming years.

Any one of these periods presents a large and interesting field for study. The ground has been well traversed by Bishop Perry in his "*History of the American Episcopal Church from 1587 to 1883.*" Other volumes upon the subject are Bishop White's "*Memoirs of the Episcopal Church,*" Bishop Wilberforce's "*History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.*"

For explanation of the system, the usages and peculiarities of this Church, such books and pamphlets as the following are usually accessible:—

Bishop Kip's, "*Double Witness of the Church;*" Bishop Randall's "*Why am I a Churchman?*" Shinn's "*Questions about our Church;*" Bishop Garrett's "*Historical Continuity;*" Little's "*Reasons for being a Churchman.*" Among the most useful is "*The Church Cyclopaedia,*" edited by Benton, and containing under appropriate headings, the explanation of points in history, theology, usage, and ceremony.

These words, once uttered by Bishop Clarke, are very appropriate in this connection:—

"Being thus conservative and free, linked to the past by an indissoluble tie, and in full sympathy with the living present," the Episcopal Church has before it a noble work in this land.

Its historic episcopate, its majestic liturgy, its firm grasp of essential principles, while allowing wide liberty of opinion upon non-essential points; its honoring the Word of God, and making much of the fellowship of believers in the body of Christ; its high regard for the ordinances and sacraments appointed by

the Master as channels of grace ; and its organization, which is as far from oppression as it is from laxity,—all are elements of its power and usefulness.

One feature of this Church is worthy of special attention, the dignified sincerity and calmness with which it holds its way notwithstanding the objections to its principles and usages made by prejudiced or uninstructed opponents. It utters no anathemas against those who do not accept its authority ; it offers its privileges to all who will have them ; and it unchurches none who have been baptized in the name of the Trinity. At the same time it never yields the claim that it is a true branch of the Historic Church. It will not be considered as a sect of modern origin.

The preface to the Ordinal, in which its polity is set forth, is a model of strength and courtesy in stating one of the points over which there has been so much controversy in modern days. It declares its purpose to cling to the ministry of three Orders because it finds authority for such a ministry in the Scriptures, in ancient authors, and in the unbroken continuance. It retains what was the invariable usage of fifteen centuries, and throws the burden of proving the lawfulness of any other ministry upon those who have departed from that which is historic. It knows that its own Orders are valid ; it utters no judgment for or against any others.

Recognizing all Christians as brethren in the Church of Christ, it rises up above all controversies, and bears them day by day before the Throne of Grace in these matchless words :—  
“ More especially we pray for Thy Holy Church Universal, that it may be so guided and governed by Thy Holy Spirit that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.”



## IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. V. PRICHARD.

“Sweet is revenge, especially to women.”—*Byron*.

## ACT FIRST.

1757.—All things considered, young Percy, Lord Vivian, was “as pretty a bit of flesh” as had e’er set foot in the Colonies up to the middle of the eighteenth century. Now that imported human luxuries are drugs in our market, no doubt many his equal have appeared among us; but previous to the Revolution young Lord Percy could easily have borne away the palm. An habitué of one of England’s most fastidious courts, he came out to the wilderness in the very flower of his youth,—dashing among men, gallant among women;—in a word, a British Alcibiades.

Naturally his departure from Albion in a ship-of-war provoked a very whirlwind of lamentation; many a bright eye waxed dim, many a quivering lip declared him “cruel”; one especially stood in her bower after his departure and looked sea-ward with streaming eyes whose rivulets the prayerfully clasped hands forgot to stanch. This was the Lady Henrietta, my lord’s betrothed.—Ay, it was a hard day for fair England;—unkind Lord Percy!

It mattered not to his deplorers that he had not the faintest idea of bearing arms in defence of his country’s interest abroad; they quite lost sight of the fact that he had gone to America simply in search of adventure; it was sufficient for them that he had gone from their sight, and they refused to be consoled. Of course, to adventurous spirits, the seat of war, providing it coupled some special charms to its hazards, was the site *par excellence* to be chosen for self-imposed exile.

A century ago Lake George was quite as attractive in a way as it is to-day. To be sure, nature was something less alloyed in those days, but Fort William Henry bloomed flourishingly upon its shore, there was some exceedingly choice imported stock in garrison there, where officers passed the long days in

martial, if agreeable, leisure, despite the bold assertion of historians that "they exhibited nothing but indolence and weakness." It was mid-summer, the country was at its best, and my Lord Percy's health and pleasure were of paramount importance. To the lovely Horicon district forthwith he posted, and in due time applied to the doughty Colonel Munroe for hospitality and a secretary's post. "We are fighting men here, my lord," said Munroe, with a significant smile addressed to Vivian's flowered waistcoat and rich laces.

"Never fear, Colonel," replied my lord, returning smile for smile; "believe me this taffety conceals the very sinews of war, but call them into requisition."

However, as the *otiosa sedulitas* of the camp continued uninterrupted during the balmy weather, the Colonel had no fault to find, my lord no cause to complain. Adventure, amatory or otherwise, being handsome Percy's end in view in going abroad, he was not long in discovering that the trout of Horicon were larger than those of his native meres, that the deer were more plentiful than in his prospective preserves, and that a certain pioneer-farmer's daughter was somewhat fairer than his pining Henrietta. The trout and the deer he left unmolested after a little; the farmer's daughter he molested not a little. Not that for an instant he contemplated throwing over the wealthy Lady Henrietta for the impecunious Dorothy Pell; such conduct would be sheer madness; but pretty Dorothy possessed eyes in whose limpid depths it amused him to read the secrets of her soul; she had lips like fresh rose-petals that he loved to kiss; above all, she was deliciously *naïve*, which my Lady Henrietta was not. Ever an enthusiastic student of the sex, Vivian frankly confessed—to himself—that though Dorothy was his affinity, the missing fraction which was destined by heaven to complete his integral being, he preferred to live and die in imperfect state rather than run the risk of facing the consequences of so grave a *mésalliance*. So he continued to kiss Dorothy and to read her little optical secrets at his pleasure, while she—deluded maid—drank to the dregs the cup of his specious wooing. And all the while Dorothy was doing no violence to her better nature. A lover she had, 'tis true, a worthy young Hollander—Jan Von Alstyne by name, as dutiful a swain as

ever maiden boasted ; yet from the first he loved in vain. Dorothy owned to a certain fancy for the honest lad, that was all.

“ I like thee well, Jan,” she was wont to say in answer to his almost daily entreaty, “ but I love thee not.”

But Jan loved on with the pertinacity of his race, comforting himself with the thought that “ love is of such superlative worth, that it is more honorable to be its victim than its conqueror,” or assurance to that effect. Having no defined claim, he stepped down and out when my Lord Percy put in an appearance, but he kept his weather eye open ; he was too genuine a man himself not to recognize your *petit-mâitre* by instinct. “ I’ll save thee from thyself if needs be, Dorothy,” he would often say, holding her in his mind’s eye.

Thus in gentle dalliance passed the sweet summer days for Vivian and his lady love. Who shall blame her that she was ensnared when great ladies pined for his return and sent him dainty missives across seas?

Meanwhile (the inmates of Fort William Henry little dreaming, in their dignified repose, of the gory-handed Nemesis who was winging her ponderous flight in their direction), the vigorous Montcalm was despatching his trusty aids to the forts at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, to the Indian and Canadian establishments, and sharpening his weapons for that long premeditated *coup-de-grâce*.

It was like a maelstrom, with open-mouthed Bellona shrieking in the van, that the Frenchmen, flanked by their savage contingent, swept down upon Fort William Henry ; and it was upon the sixth day of the valiant defence that Colonel Munroe appealed to his lordly secretary, directing him to ride post haste to Fort Edward and beseech Webb to send him aid ere he perished.

It was an expedition not without its perils, but my lord laid aside his taffety and displayed his war-like sinews. Alas, what would my Lady Henrietta and the *grandes dames* have said could they have known? Fortunately for their sympathetic nerves they did not know, but Dorothy Pell *did*, and she intercepted the flying emissary on the beech-clad hill that commanded a view of the surface of the tranquil lake trembling beneath the roar of the deep-mouthed cannon. Like an appa-

rition she rose in his pathway and laid her firm hand upon the foam-flecked bridle.

“Percy! You are going away.”

“Yes.”

“For good,” she added, prophetically.

“No, no, Dorothy; I shall return.”

“*Never!* — Percy; if you love me, take me with you,” she pleaded.

*Position de gêne!* but Vivian’s diplomacy rose superior to the occasion.

“I will prove my love by coming back for you, Dorothy,” he said, with a glance that might have magnetized an empress.

“You swear it?”

“Ay, by my knightly word!”

“So be it; I will wait.”

She relinquished her hold upon the bridle, and laying her hand upon the pommel of his saddle, she rose upon tiptoe and presented her innocent lips, while he bent above her to receive that kiss of faith.

At Fort Edward were delayed mails; — the Lady Henrietta had grown impatient and threatened nameless violence unless her lover returned to her *instantanèr*.

The summons produced its effect; moreover, with the perspicacity of genuine selfishness, Vivian found himself very well out of a very bad mess; he did not fail to notice the reluctance on General Webb’s part to send relief to the besieged, and he very wisely, if ungallantly, preferred to intrust his precious person to the mercy of Neptune rather than venture within the doomed walls of Fort William Henry. For months thereafter the valiant Munroe believed that his secretary had fallen a victim to the enemy’s scouts, Webb’s indisposition to help lending color to the supposition; whereas my Lord Percy had duly reached England, and made my Lady Henrietta his bride and the happiest of mortals. And Dorothy Pell? — Environed by the convulsions of her native land, she saw her fairy dreams of bliss fade one by one, and lived to sadly learn “how disappointment tracks the steps of hope.” Even her tardy union with faithful Jan Van Alstyne failed to heal the bleeding wound in her heart, and as a treasured flower fades she faded within his



protecting arms, leaving him a son with the imprint of her seraphic features upon his baby face.

About this time my Lord Percy chanced to be reading aloud, and came upon the passage :—

“We must confess that life resembles the banquet of Damocles—the sword is ever suspended.”

“How very dreadful!” murmured my Lady Henrietta, with a shudder, pressing her first-born, the future Lord Vivian, to her breast. “What can the author mean?”

“He is a moralist, my dear,” was the astute response, “and moralists are ever tiresome vaporers.”

### ACT SECOND.

1885.—“She’s charming, is she not?”

“Oh, yes; thoroughly so. I really know of no girl one-half so lovely. And she’s quite a heroine in a way. You must know that she has supported herself since she was a mere child, despite the insistence of her relatives and friends, who are shocked beyond measure at her independent course.”

“Not wealthy, then?”

“Bless you, no! quite the reverse. She has been an instructress at Madame Lacourière’s school in New York ever since she was graduated there. My daughters are her pupils and fairly idolize her.”

“You interest me. Is she well born?”

“None of your Southern stock any better than hers. Surely if there exists such a thing as an aristocracy in this republic, she belongs to it. She is related to some of the most exclusive as well as wealthy families in the North.”

“Then why does she teach for a living?”

“Simply because—her father having failed in ’73, leaving her shortly after an orphan of eight years—she prefers not to be a burden.”

“I call such conduct in a girl sheer Quixotism.”

“You misjudge her. She is the least fantastic, least chimerical young woman I ever met. You should know her to appreciate her; and to appreciate her is to worship.”

“High praise, indeed! But, tell me, how happens it that she can afford to be a guest at so expensive a resort?”

“Simply enough; she is here at my wife’s invitation.”

“Your wife must have been obliged to resort to positive genuflection in order to induce this high priestess of independence to suffer such obligation.”

The gentleman addressed arose and tossed the remnant of his cigar over the balustrade in mock irritation.

“What an unbeliever you are!” he exclaimed. “I declare I’ll introduce you to Miss Van Alstyne and leave your preposterous scepticism to mortify you into rationality!”

Simultaneously several ladies at the far end of the spacious verandah were expatiating upon the self-same *bon sujet*, but, woman-like, with a trifle more reserve.

“Of course she *is* beautiful; but pick her apart, and I don’t know that you would have such perfect elements.”

“No; her comeliness seems to reside in the way those elements are combined. Her figure is simply statuesque. I think I never saw fourteen yards of untrimmed white flannel so gracefully disposed. Of course, being so tall, she must take a full dress-pattern.”

“Is she not a trifle *too* tall?”

“If I could see her in something beside rigid black and white I could answer that question.”

“If she were to appear in blue, for instance, she might, if my suspicions are correct, appear a trifle gawky.”

“Oh, never *that!* she’s naturally too *svelte*.”

“Well, at all events, she’s wise enough in her own generation to stick to black and white; she’s far too highly colored with her creamy skin and jet-black hair to wear anything else.”

This somewhat censorious critic, who, by-the-by, had been a belle at the Fort William Henry Hotel for seasons, the number of which it would be uncharitable to mention, here indulged in a sharp inspiration.

“My *goodness!*” she exclaimed, “that swell Englishman has gone and picked up her handkerchief! I do believe she dropped it just to attract his attention. I saw her talking to the *other* one last evening — and they’re *both* *noblemen!*”

Meanwhile the much-canvassed cynosure was deporting herself with unassailable modesty, strolling about the ornate grounds of the hotel, flanked by two little girls, whom she was

evidently entertaining with some appropriate narration, for they walked beside her in rapt silence. True, she had accidentally dropped her handkerchief before a rustic seat whereon sat a gentleman, shaded from the garish rays of the setting sun by a clump of the regal *Palma Christi*, that marvel of tropic foliage that seems as *peu approprié* to our rude zone as the peacock or the oriole.

"Beg pardon, Miss," he said, suddenly starting to his feet and rescuing the dainty scrap of embroidery from the yellow dust of the path, "but you've dropped your handkerchief!"

He spoke with that respectful assurance and slight rising intonation which so promptly mark the well-bred Englishman. Moreover, he bore with peculiar charm and grace that indescribable *cachet* of his race so studiously aped abroad, but which is so inimitable.

"I thank you very much," Miss Van Alstyne replied, her sweet mouth curving into an apologetic smile, while her frank brown eyes added their share of gratitude; "I am very sorry to have troubled you, sir."

"Pray don't mention it; I am at fault for interrupting so interesting a story."

She smiled again, quite at her ease in the presence of such unaffected courtesy.

"I was merely telling my little friends the oft-told tale of this attractive region," she said.

"I would that I might have been included among your auditors; I fear I am woefully ignorant, even for a stranger."

"Tell the gentleman the story, Miss Dorothy," interposed the elder of the little girls; "I could hear it all over again!"

"So could I," demurely echoed her companion.

For the first time a conscious blush suffused the creamy velvet of Dorothy Van Alstyne's cheek, as she answered, veiling her lustrous eyes:

"The gentleman is an Englishman, children, and I am far too patriotic to be diplomatic, I fear."

He uttered a laugh of genuine admiration and *bonhomie*.

"There is no need of diplomacy," he urged, "since we were all Englishmen in 1757. If, however, we were at Ticonderoga or Crown Point, instead of here at Fort William Henry, your

sensitive courtesy might suffer in the narration of certain facts unpalatable to British tastes."

"*Certain* British consciences ought to twinge, even here," thought Miss Dorothy, with a swift clouding of the eye; aloud she rejoined naïvely:

"Your ignorance of American history seems not to be as woful as you would wish it to appear, sir." Adding, with her frank smile, "My ability as a *raconteuse* of hackneyed facts is only at its best in the presence of perfectly ingenuous audiences."

A fond glance at her little companions speedily rendered the occult sarcasm of her words one of those *supplices de Tantale* rather agreeable than otherwise to the victims of first-sight love.

He raised his hat with grave decorum as she turned away along the sunlit path, though there was an undaunted twinkle in his Saxon blue eyes which would have accelerated Miss Dorothy's pulses, had she seen it, far more than had his significant attitude during their brief interview. But she went away with that innate elegance of carriage which marks the unconscious dignity of the lady-born, leaving her admirer at the mercy of his travelling companion, "that other nobleman," who, at that moment, chanced along the path and dropped languidly upon the seat beside him.

"Jove, dear boy,"—the new comer began in a tone of such utter lingual collapse that his words came lispingly,—“so you're in the toils, too, eh?"

"What, . . . whose toils?" demanded his friend absently, his eyes following the vanishing group, his corrected use of the pronoun betraying his mental drift.

"Why, of that brunette siren, you know; that . . . that . . . a . . . how shall I put it?—that nineteenth-century Circe."

Miss Dorothy had disappeared with her attendant nymphs, and the blue eyes lost something of their ecstasy.

"Do you mean the young woman with the children?" he inquired.

"Precisely."

"If you *will* be classical, Grassmere, call her *Aspasia*; the name suits her better."

"Jove, now, Percy; if we do that," came the languid re-



sponse, "we shall have to call ourselves Cyrus and Artaxerxes, don't you know?"

"I really can't see why?"

"Why, don't you remember?—both the Persian nabobs were dead gone on the Phocian beauty, just as we are on—" . .

"Who says that *I* am smitten by this American girl?"

"I do, you know."

"Speak for yourself, please."

"I mean to, dear boy; . . . a . . . that is, I'm going to tell you what a fearful roasting she gave me last evening, and put you on your guard."

They formed a singular contrast—these two noble youths of Albion; friends from boyhood, they had grown up side by side as opposite as it is possible for two natures to be, yet without the slightest tinge of antagonism. Both had benefited by the same educational advantages, but where they had tended to develop virility in the one they had opened the slippery path to sybaritism to the other. The one had become an accomplished man of the world; the other had glided by easy stages into the sensuous spirituality of dilettanteism. Evident it was that when the inevitable separation should come, it would be the weaker member of this boon-companionship who would be the sufferer.

It was not surprising, then, that Lord Percy Vivian should lend an almost paternally indulgent ear to the babble of the young Viscount Grassmere.

"Well," he inquired with his cheery smile, "what did you do to induce such incendiary proceedings on the lady's part?"

"Absolutely nothing! I found her standing alone in the starlight on the piazza, I offered her a chair, and of course spoke to her."

"Reprehensible to begin with. She was justified in preparing her fire *instantanter*."

"I can't see why. *You* did materially the same thing ten minutes ago and she smiled upon you where she glowered upon me."

Young Lord Vivian looked conscious, and tapped the toes of his boots with his cane.

"Besides," continued Grassmere, "I find Americans speak

to each other in places like this, whether they are acquainted or not. Well, she refused the chair with most unnecessarily gelid politeness. This piqued me, you know, and I asked her if she would walk with me in the gardens.—‘No!’ Would she sail with me next day on the lake?—‘No!’ Would she do either if I were formally presented to her?—‘No!’ Jove, I began to be very angry. I then asked her whether she would also object to my being presented to her? She answered with the most fascinating suavity, that as she already knew who I was, an introduction would be an unnecessary pain to her. Thereupon I demanded an explanation.”

“Grassmere! You ill-mannered villain!” exclaimed his companion, unable longer to contain his hilarity.

“Wait, dear boy,” pursued the Viscount, “until you hear the sequel. I asked her whether I was unsightly, not a gentleman? ‘Neither,’ she replied; ‘you are simply Lord Percy Vivian.’”

“Great Heavens! she mistook you for me!”

“Apparently. . . . More piqued than ever, I inquired if being a Vivian was a sin? ‘In *my* eyes, yes,’ she answered; ‘of course you know that your ancestor once flourished on this spot?’ I acknowledged that the fact had increased my interest in visiting this place. ‘Oh, indeed!’ she exclaimed; ‘and perhaps you have come to see where Miss Dorothy Pell died of a broken heart!’ . . . Now, my dear fellow, I never heard of this Miss Pell; perhaps I’m not to blame since her cardiac fracture must have occurred one hundred and twenty-eight years ago.”

Vivian was sorely tempted to laugh, but he restrained himself.

“I know all about it,” he said; the affair was a blight upon my great-grandfather’s reputation as a gentleman. You shall read his own account of his infidelity, in his diary, which I have brought with me for reference.” Grassmere rose with a yawn.

“Keep your family secrets to yourself, Percy,” he said; “I don’t care to sit in judgment upon your ancestor, and have his *ombra leggiera* skipping about my bed at night . . . I suppose Miss Pell must have been Miss Alstyn’s great grandmother, though I can’t see how she could have been unless she was married, in which case she must have patched up the rent

in her heart and deferred her demise." . . . He struck a match and ignited a cigarette. "Believe me, dear boy, I am terribly put out, for I'm awfully gone on this goddess, this Nemesis of the Pell family, but if I have succeeded in extending the span of your existence in her favor, I comfort myself with the assurance that I deserve to be registered among the immortals for my touching self-abnegation."

"Then you did not undeceive her as to your identity?" inquired Vivian, detaining his friend as he turned away.

"Why, of course not!" was the injured reply, "where would have been the sacrifice if I had?"

"Ten thousand thanks, Grassmere! You are a friend indeed."

He stretched forth his strong hand and clasped the Viscount's slender, bejewelled extremity.

"Dear me!" murmured the latter, "you're more *éperdu d'amour* than I thought! . . . Well, make the most of your opportunity, for be very sure she'll have none of you when she discovers that *you* are the Vivian. Dash me, but I fancy she has the pluck to request her great-grandmother's spectre to haunt your dreams!"

Despite the wholesome warning, Vivian accepted the advice and "made the most of his opportunity." And the summer days fled by on gilded wing.

The one-sided masquerade continuing, Dorothy Van Alstyne and Vivian were thrown constantly into each other's society, chance favoring this rendezvous, until they discovered how like a charming romance is love, "read with avidity and often with such impatience that many pages are skipped to reach the *dénouement* sooner." Yet somehow or other, their particular *dénouement* was no surprise to them; it was fully anticipated, while for once anticipation concealed no sting of disappointment. As for Vivian, he would have lingered on though the picturesque shores of Horicon were wreathed in snow; but Dorothy's hostess was longing to return cityward, and in all probability it was her *fiat* which forced the bud into bloom.

They were upon the lake; he held the oars, she the tiller. The sun had set, and the purple shades were rushing up the steeps from dell and valley to quench the roseate glow that reigned above.

"What a pity it is your American twilights are so brief," Vivian remarked; "they barely give you a taste of what our romantic English evenings are."

She was silent, gazing upward and westward towards the tomb of day; therefore he continued, regretfully:

"By another sunset we shall be separated—perhaps forever."

She lowered her eyes to his eloquent face, and, with characteristic candor, replied:

"I shall be very sorry."

He drew the oars across his lap, and, leaning forward, took her hand in his.

"Miss Van Alstyne—Dorothy! . . . May I plead some one's cause before we part?"

"Whose?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Lord Percy Vivian's."

She withdrew her hand then, and her eyes sank, as her lips quivered with a disappointment not unmingled with irony.

"You are a most devoted friend to him," she murmured.

"I have every reason to be."

"I hope he appreciates you."

"He does. . . . Tell me, why should the sins of the parents be visited upon the children? Can you not forgive the wrong, forget the blight which rests upon the name of Vivian?"

"Why should I?"

"Could you not forgive and forget if you loved a Vivian?"

"But I do *not* love a Vivian!" she cried indignantly.

"Dorothy,—Dorothy, take care!"

Then her eyes flashed up,—and she saw it all. Upon the ground that "all is fair in love and war," he pleaded his cause; he had inherited the Vivian fascination, and he pleaded as only the confident lover can plead.

"Have I not made amends for the past?" he demanded; "has not Fate enticed me hither, to the spot so vividly historic to us *both*, that I may redeem the credit of my name, and clear away the shadows that have encompassed it for generations?"

"Would you have been so dutiful," she asked, with the faintest of quizzical smiles, "if you had not fancied me? Is your motive purely unselfish?"



"No," he answered frankly ; and she forgave and forgot all for his honesty's sake.

Viscount Grassmere was lying upon his bed, smoking, when Vivian informed him of his happiness.

"Yes, I expected it," he returned, languidly ; "I've only reserved my congratulations from day to day, dear boy. . . Dorothy, Lady Vivian ! Quite poetic — only don't let her ring in the Pell part of it ; I don't like the name, and her great-grandmother has been a perfect *cauchemar*, at least to *me*."

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### THE BELL OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.\*

BY CHARLES K. BOLTON.

Near the foot of the virgin falls,  
Where the Rhine enshrouds its walls  
In a veil of foaming white,  
Is the town which the German calls  
Schaff'hausen.

In the golden times gone by,  
In the belfry built on high,  
There was once a bell in sight ;  
And afar men could descry  
The Minster.

And the ruins on the hill  
Of the Roman fort, long still,  
Looked in silence on the town,  
Which the legions never will  
More enter.

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\*It is currently stated that Prince Alexander, of Battenburg, late king of Bulgaria, has recently invested £12,000 in the chateau and park of Charlottenburg, near Schaffhausen. The house was built some thirty years ago by a wealthy clock-maker of Schaffhausen. The long tunnel on the railroad between Schaffhausen and Munich runs under the grounds. The late Emperor of Russia once contemplated buying the place, but the owner choked him off by an outrageously fancy price.—[EDITOR.]

But in war and peace the bell  
 With its welcome voice would tell  
     To the peasants plain and brown  
 That their prayers must help dispel  
     All evil.

And the children loved to play  
 In the mellow autumn day  
     By the side of their iron friend ;  
 And their voices died away  
     In echo.

Thus it called the town to prayer  
 In the early morning air,  
     That the grace of God descend ;  
 Or it joyed with maiden fair,  
     In marriage.

Then its mission was to mourn  
 For the town's-men sadly borne  
     To their long eternity ;  
 And the bell grew old and worn  
     With tolling.

But when forked lightning played  
 Like a falchion's gleaming blade,  
     It resounded merrily ;  
 And the lightning shaft was made  
 By the pulsing bell to break,  
 And its deadly deeds forsake,  
     And vanish.

So the bell these letters bore :  
*Vivos voco*, and this more :  
     *Mortuos plango* (Men must die)  
*Fulgura frango* — guarding o'er  
     Schaffhausen.

## FAIR NORTHFIELD;

## The Home of the Evangelist Moody.

DWIGHT L. MOODY—THE YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY—MT. HERMON SCHOOL FOR BOYS—ABORIGINAL NAMES AND PRACTICES—MADAME BELDING'S WEDDING—AN ECCENTRIC MUSICIAN—COUNCIL ROCK—AN AVALANCHE OF EARTH.

BY MARY WINCHESTER.

The old town of Northfield, Massachusetts, is a worthy subject for the pen of the modern historian. It is quiet, prosperous, beautiful—the home of men of past and present distinction, and the scene of struggles in the early settlement of our country. Northfield is situated on the east bank of the Connecticut River, at a point where the States of Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts meet. Wide, sunny, fertile meadows, highly cultivated, reach back from the river to Northfield "Street," and yield large crops of tobacco, grain and the ordinary farm produce. Machinery is used, and is admirably adapted to these level fields. The citizens are well-to-do, as a rule, and occupy the comfortable homesteads, with ample grounds, inherited from their fathers.

Northfield, like some other old-fashioned towns, delights in a beautiful street, laid out when land was cheap. For two miles through the centre of the town it is ten rods wide, and is divided by four rows of elms and maples, which shade and beautify it.

There are two churches, a good public library, and district schools, as usual, in such a village. Northfield has had its sorrows in the past, when a distillery was in operation, blighting the homes of the people; but the manufacture and sale of liquor is no longer legalized, and there is no police force, lock-up, or other accompaniment of rum in its various disguises.

This fair town has a son of whom it may well be proud. The evangelist of world-wide renown, D. L. Moody, loves his native place, and has established on the green hill, near the old homestead, a living and most worthy memorial of himself in the Young Ladies' Seminary. The principal building is a beauti-

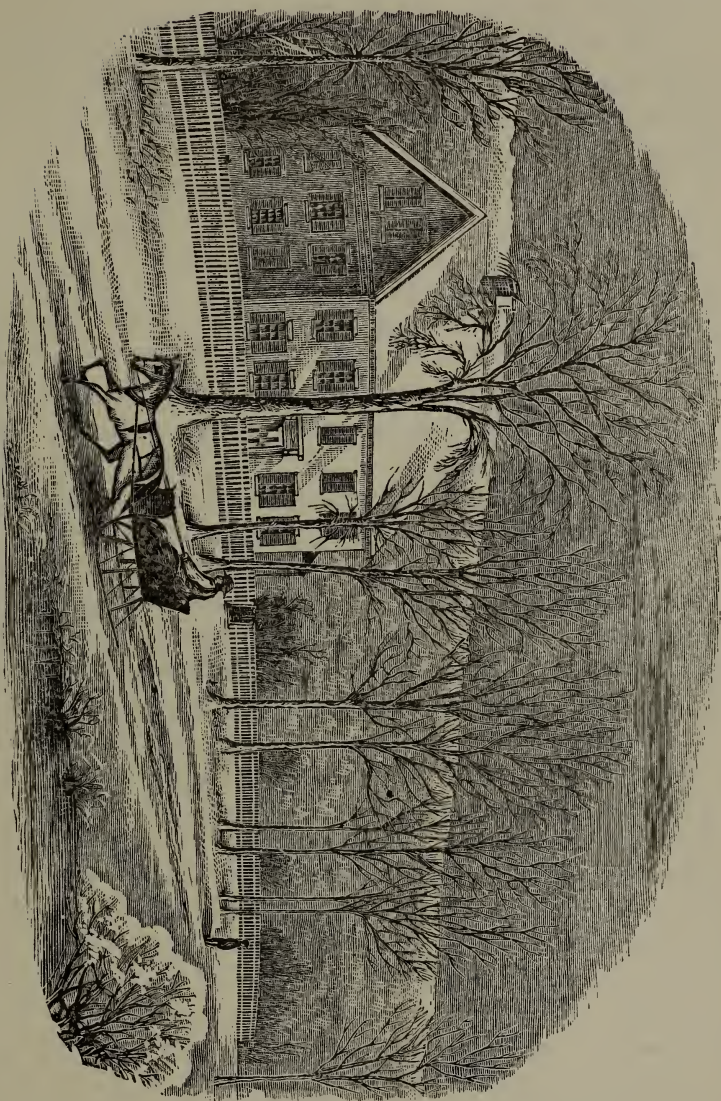
ful modern structure, furnished with all the necessary appliances for school and home. The view from this elevation is an enchanting one. The green valley, where the river winds like a ribbon, defined by its emerald banks; the variegated meadows, with mosaic work of gold, green and brown; Northfield street and its houses among the trees; the arched railroad bridge that spans the river toward the north; the hazy hills in the distance, over which the setting sun sends his parting rays through piled-up, fleecy cloud, make a scene of delightful, if not of startling beauty. With these favorable surroundings the pupils are instructed, not only in the usual course of study of a school of learning, but to do housework, both practically and theoretically, after the pattern of Miss Lyon's pioneer enterprise at Mt. Holyoke, and Wellesley College of later years. The applications always far outnumber the vacancies; and the same may be said of the flourishing school for boys at Mt. Hermon, across the river, where a similar great educational work is being done. The student lads here are gathered from far and near. Distant Greece and Japan and other foreign countries send pupils, and our "Nation's Wards," the Indians and the colored race, are represented. It is, indeed, a polyglot community; but all seem to be united in a common purpose of improvement.

During the summer vacation the evangelistic company of Christian workers, comprising both ministers and laymen and any who are interested in unsectarian religious enterprise, convene each year to compare notes and lay plans for future campaigns against ignorance and sin. Delegates come from all directions in this country and from across the water, to attend these deliberations. The careful, critical study of the Bible is an important feature of the convention. Mr. Moody is the originator and leading spirit of the enterprise, and often conducts the sessions with his rare energy and inspired sagacity.

His venerable mother is still living at an advanced age, and occupies the place of honor whenever she appears in these gatherings.

Concerning the Northfield of the past, some facts of interest may be gleaned from its "History," now out of print. In the present craze for antiques, the Indian appellatives of localities are often restored, greatly to the advantage of good taste and





THE BIRTHPLACE OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

significance. The original name of Northfield is not especially euphonious, however, — “Squakeag,” — also spelled variously in ancient documents, Suckquakege, Wissquawquegue, and several other ways, but all evidently intended to represent the same thing, — ‘a spearing place for salmon.’ The river was called Quinnehtuk (the river with long waves), and the land adjoining the stream. Quinnehtuk-et.

In 1670 the whole territory was occupied by the River Indians, including the tribes of Agawams, Nonotucks, Squakeags, and Pacomptocks. The first settlement was in the years 1673-5; the lands being purchased at their full value from the aborigines, who were friendly to the whites at this time, and subject to their laws.

The lands about here are full of evidences of Indian occupancy. Quantities of domestic utensils are found, the use of which is easily understood.

The ruins of granaries or underground barns, which were dug in the sloping sides of a knoll or bank to secure dryness, may yet be seen.

Their places of burial have been discovered, and skeletons are found in various positions. That of a chief is placed in a sitting posture in a grave about five feet deep, with a pile of stones above his head. The men and women of high rank are found in like position, with a mound of earth above, while the bodies of the common people lie on their sides, without anything visible on the surface of the ground to mark the place of interment.

These natives enjoyed games of agility and strength when not burdened with the more serious duties of war. One of the meadows is called Pauchaug, — signifying where they are playing or dancing. Here their white neighbors joined them in their sports, and exciting trials of skill took place. Wrestling was a favorite pastime, and it is recorded that Captain Joseph Stebbins was more than a match for his red brethren; also, one Stratton, who was a valiant champion. Other games were arbor-playing, long-house playing, quoits, and foot ball. Probably the professional “Nine” had not made its appearance in that primitive community. It might be of interest to know the rules of these friendly games between our forefathers and their red playfellows.

The food of the Indians was parched corn, chestnuts, ground nuts, pumpkins, etc., collected or cultivated by the squaws, and game and fish brought in by the men. Traps or "yank-ups" were used for game, and the fish were speared.

Esquire Seth Field's "old mare" once strayed into the woods and got into a trap set for deer. The owner was astounded when an Indian, breathless from running, informed him "that his squaw-horse was caught in a yank-up."

What a pity that these fraternal relations must cease! Without entering into the causes or the rights or wrongs of the parties concerned, we record the fact that the embryo colony of 1675 was laid waste by the Indians, who burned the houses outside the stockade, destroyed the crops, and killed or drove away the inhabitants. It was resettled in 1685-90, and again destroyed; but was again settled, and permanently, in 1714-23.

The number of warriors at the time of the destructions was probably exaggerated, as the united number of the four tribes is estimated to have been 1200, of whom but 300 were fighting men.

"It is as unnatural," it has been well said, "for a right New England man to live without an able ministry, as for a smith to work his irons without a fire;" so in 1716 the first meeting-house was built, and a minister engaged to care for the spiritual welfare of the colony.

One of these early pastors, Rev. Benjamin Doolittle, was also a physician of large practice. His services as surgeon during the wars were invaluable. It was an eventful period in military, political and religious affairs. This public-spirited man kept a record of the important events that transpired under his immediate knowledge. The title-page read thus:—*A Short Narrative of Mischief done by the French and Indian Enemy on the Western Frontiers of the province of Massachusetts Bay, etc., Boston, Printed and sold by S. Kneeland, in Queen street, MDCCL.* There are but three copies of this work extant, one of which is in the library of Harvard College.

After the death of Parson Doolittle, his widow married Lieutenant Belding; and being again bereft, she married, in advanced life, Japhet Chapin.

An interesting account of the third marriage is given by a



great-granddaughter of this lady, which well sets forth the vigor of those early settlers, and the primitive customs of the times.

“Madam Belding was then living with her daughter, Lucy, wife of Simeon Chapin, a son of the bridegroom, who also lived in the same family. The children, on coming home from school one day, were told that Gran’ther and Granny were about to be married. They didn’t understand what this meant, and as children in those days understood that they musn’t ask questions, they proceeded to investigate,—finding Granny up chamber, where their mother was tying a purple ribbon to her best cap; while Gran’ther was sitting in state in the square-room below, where he was soon joined by the minister.

“The children had a dim idea that to be married the two must be together; so they quietly seated themselves near their grandfather to await the course of events. In due time they had their reward.

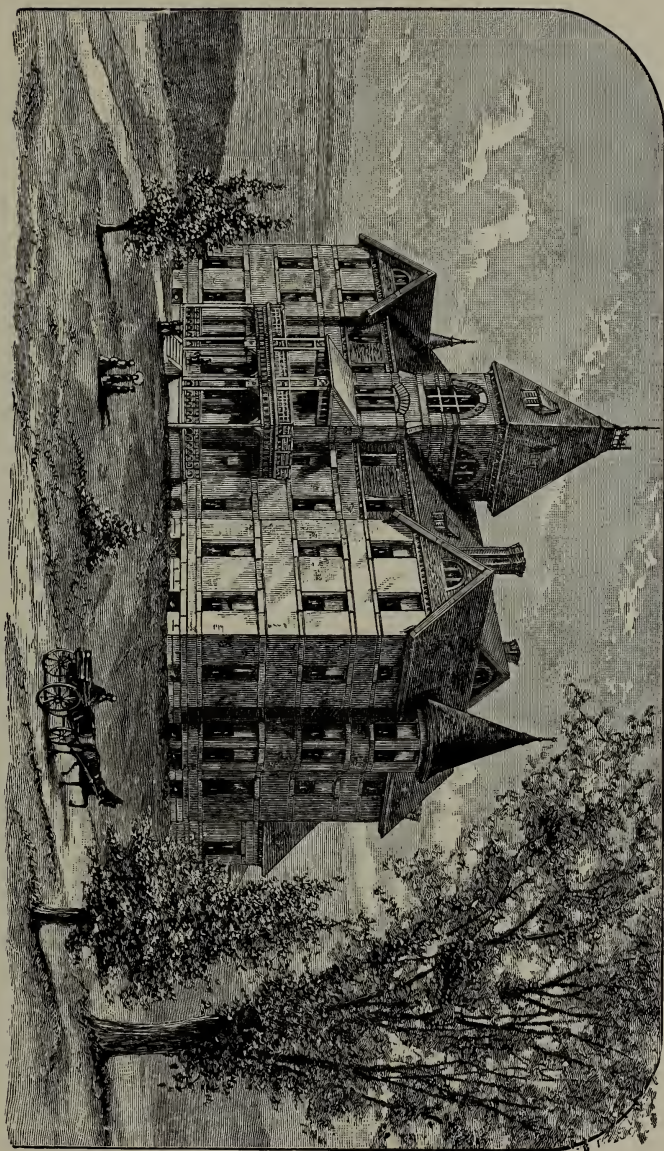
“As the ceremony proceeded the minister requested the bride to take off her glove, which, (as was then the fashion), reached above the elbow, when one of the little girls—about six years old—with unconscious grace, stepped forward and took it from her hand, and at the proper moment handed it back again. By this service she got the name of the ‘Little Bridesmaid.’”

At the date of this marriage Mr. Chapin was eighty-two years of age, and his wife eighty; yet they rode on horseback from Chicopee to Northfield, a distance of forty miles, without fatigue; she wearing the sky-blue camlet riding-hood made for the occasion.

Timothy Swan, the composer of *China*, *Poland*, and other pieces of sacred music, was born in Northfield, in 1758. The thick hedge of poplars and lilacs that secluded his house from observation was the home of a multitude of blackbirds, for which he seemed to have an especial fancy, taking much care to protect them from harm. He was undoubtedly very eccentric. One of his musical compositions was written in the presence of a dying child at night. It is said that the well known “*China*,” one of the most lugubrious of tunes, but a great favorite in old times, was composed while he was



NORTHFIELD SEMINARY.—EAST HALL.



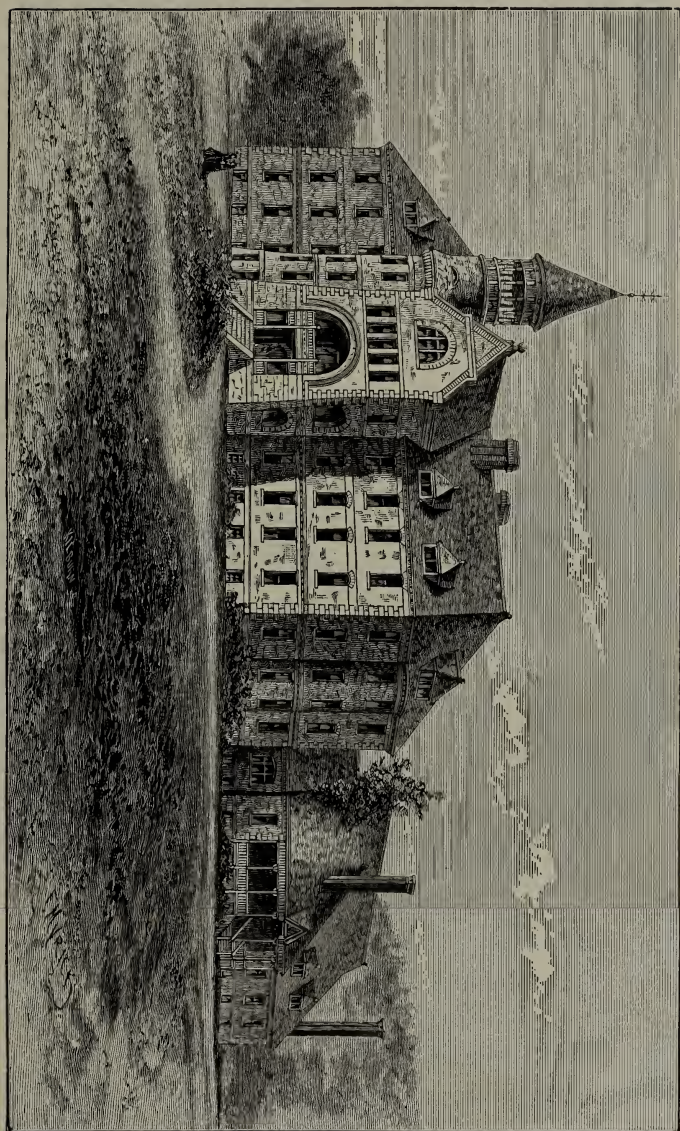


VIEW OF NORTHFIELD, LOOKING NORTH.



VIEW OF NORTHFIELD, LOOKING SOUTH.





NORTHFIELD SEMINARY.—FREDERICK MARQUAND MEMORIAL HALL.



NORTHFIELD SEMINARY. — GIRLS' RECITATION HALL.



recovering from a fit of intoxication, and was written with his finger in sand on Beer's Plain.

There was a singular requirement in force, about 1771,—which was, that every new comer who did not purchase real estate, or a stranger who was not vouched for by some citizen, should at once report his name, former residence, and pecuniary circumstances to the selectmen, and they would exercise their discretion as to whether he should be allowed to remain or be “warned out.” This somewhat uncomplimentary and inhospitable “warning” process did not imply anything against the character of the individual, but it prevented apparently undesirable persons from locating there, and the town escaped liability for their support. Many persons thus warned became later honored and wealthy citizens.

Instead of the usual gathering in the country store, the men of early days used for their headquarters a large flat rock, twenty or thirty feet in diameter, which rose some three feet higher than the general level of the ground about it, in the midst of the town street. It was known as Council Rock, and was large enough to afford accommodations for a company of admiring small boys as listeners to the discussions and stories of their elders, on this natural rostrum, during the pleasant summer evenings. In later years this substantial relic has been removed, and the travelled way now passes over its former site.

There are delightful drives in and about the town. One of these is along the romantic “Gulf” road, up Brush Mountain on its eastern side. A spring of ice-cold water is nature's refreshment offered to the visitors; and about twenty rods from this is a fissure in the rocks, ten feet deep by four feet wide, which extends into the heart of the mountain, no one knows how far; and within it the snow and ice of the winter may be seen in mid-summer. Higher up the mountain, a little to the south, is the “Rattlesnake's Den,” a small opening to an interior cave where those reptiles formerly resorted in great numbers for their winter sleep.

In 1866, after an exceedingly sultry day in June, a remarkable storm occurred. In the words of an eye-witness: “Two clouds heavily charged with electricity met, and a terrific explo-

sion followed. The clouds seemed to drop into the upper valley ; the rush and roar and thunder were frightful, and it was 'black as night.' A torrent of water poured down into the valley below, sweeping everything before it, till it reached the Connecticut river. The side of the mountain where it struck was left a bare rock. Trees were broken down and washed away, and rocks weighing many tons were overturned and moved down the slope. Such was the force of the rushing mass that when it reached the arable land at the foot of the mountain it plowed up the soil down to hard pan for many rods in width."

But no such tumult of nature has since visited the place. The pure air, the quiet pursuits of the inhabitants, and the utter absence of the noise and excitement of the city, have a great charm for the wearied or professional business man,—who, in such a spot may completely relax his tense nerves, recuperate his tired brain, and renew the memories of his happy youth.

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## A WINTER CALM IN THE COUNTRY.

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

Long, dripping icicles hang from the eaves,  
 They fringe the branches with their jewelled leaves,  
 Like sunlit opals, gleaming with the souls  
 Of blossoms dead ; an icy hand controls  
 The whipping willow, and its lash is still,  
 And cuts the air no more ; far on the hill,  
 In silvery patches lie the glistening snows,  
 Thaw-glazed and frozen over. No stream flows  
 But the bold brook, that knows no idle hours ;  
 Unfailing, scorning Winter's boasted powers,  
 She independently her cheerful way  
 Maintains, tho' frost-tongues oft demand her stay, —  
 And, fresh and sparkling, is forever found  
 In laughing innocence the whole year round.  
 The stubble fields, in crystal folded, shine,  
 And tempt the harvest of a silver mine.  
 The listless fingers of the rose-tree there,  
 Gloved in transparency, pink, white and fair,  
 Seem like to beauty's own. The moveless air  
 Is cold and biting as the breath of care.  
 All labor lags ; and nature stirs not — still  
 As the ice-clogg'd wheels of yonder silent mill.

## CANOEING IN KENNEBEC COUNTY.

## "A Round Unvarnished Tale."

BY C. S. HICHBORN.

From the first of May to the close of October, at least, there is not a more charming spot on the face of the earth than Kennebec county, in the good state of Maine.

Her verdure-clad hills, her beautiful valleys, her magnificent lakes and bounding streams, her bright skies and pure air, contribute to make this county one of the most delightful, as well as healthful places on the globe.

Goodly Kennebec! Her voice has been potent in the councils of the nation; her products are in all the markets of the world; her fame is secure. No humble word of mine can add to her laurels; they are as enduring as her granite hills.

If you are thin of flesh and pale of face, if you are overwhelmed with cares, and no rest comes, if you are spending your best days in the bad air of a half-ventilated, half-lighted office,—oh, come away, come here and spend a season with gun, and rod, and paddle!

Learn what these mean! They give long life and good flesh, red blood and a light heart.

The events of a week thus spent, I have here chronicled; not because it was a typical trip,—for it was not. I might write an account of a trip all sunshine, but should thereby fail of my purpose. I want to urge upon whoever may take the trouble to read this article, the necessity of cutting one's garment according to the cloth; in other words, of making the length of the trip dependent on the time at one's disposal. Do not try to do three days' work in one. If bad weather befall you, accept it with as good grace as possible, and let it shorten your trip that much. This *we* did *not* do on the trip in question.

Bick (for short) and myself had long talked of a paddle over some of the lakes of western Kennebec, and finally decided upon Tuesday, Sept. 14, as the time of starting. We had a canvas canoe seventeen and one-half feet long, and three feet

beam,—the design and workmanship of Mr. E. H. Gerrish, of Bangor, a thorough woodsman, and an excellent guide for the sporting grounds of northern Maine. She was then new and untried; but we afterwards had opportunities to test fully her sea-going qualities, as this record will show, and we cannot commend them too highly.

Into the canoe we pack bedding, overcoats, rubber-coats, blankets and boots, gun, axe, boxes of food and dishes, and at eleven o'clock we are off down lake Cobbosseecontee.

Perhaps nowhere in Maine is there a more beautiful lake than this. Its extreme length, from north-east to south-west, is about nine miles, and its broadest part, is, perhaps, two and one-half miles wide. Stand in the pleasant grove at the upper end of this lake and look out upon the broad bay before you, Boats of every description are dancing over its billows; groves of pine, and birch, and maple fringe its shore on every hand; green fields and bountiful orchards bespeak the wonderful fertility of the farms upon its borders, and comfortable farm buildings tell of the prosperity of their occupants.

There, on the western shore, is the thriving little village of Baileyville, in the town of Winthrop, with its fine Quaker meeting-house, its costly residences and beautiful gardens, and best of all, its flourishing manufactory, that gives employment to many hands, and turns out some of the finest oil-cloths to be found in the market.

Across the lower part of this bay, and occupying the intermediate third of the lake, is a group of wooded islands; and down through the channels on either side thereof, you see the high lands of Monmouth and Litchfield. Up this bay the south wind often blows with great force, bringing with it a heavy sea. It is steadily increasing this morning, as we paddle from shore. We hope to get into the lee of the islands before it is *too* heavy,—but the white caps soon tell us that we hope in vain. We paddle into the lee of a small island off the east shore, and take breath. Thinking the wind far enough to the east to enable us to run down under the lee of the west side of the islands, we strike across. This is hard work, to begin with, for up through the eastern channel the wind blows hard, and quite a sea is running. By one o'clock we have left “Hodg-



don's" and Belle Isle behind us, and have beached for dinner on the west side of the "Horseshoe." Here we *should* remain till the wind has spent its force, but we are too anxious to get ahead, and push off.

Up this straight-away stretch of five miles the wind blows furiously, and the sea runs high. It blows so directly up the lake now, that neither side offers any protection. An hour's steady paddling, with our whole strength, takes us ahead scarcely a half-mile. We attempt to make land on the western shore, and before we are aware, are pounding among the breakers. Beating a hasty retreat from this dangerous quarter, we safely land a little farther down in the lee of a friendly point. After an hour's rest we make another effort to get ahead, fighting our way, inch by inch, to the shelter of the next point. Our muscles are soft, and this is taking serious hold of us. More than that, it is not fit weather for a canoe to be out in. Fully realizing this, we wait for a change. Wind and sun go down together, and in the deepening twilight we proceed on our course until it is quite dark, when we rest for supper. A little later, leaving Cobbosseecontee behind, we enter the Jugger-naut,—the large stream connecting this lake with lake Annabesscook.

The moon has been up an hour, though obscured by clouds, when, at eight o'clock, we reach the dam at East Monmouth. We cannot clearly see our way, and the swift shoal water here, proves too much for our paddles. Finding the water not over our boot-legs, we get out, and pull the canoe up through the rapids to the bank, below the dam. It takes but a short time to pass boxes, bundles and canoe up into the water above the dam, repack, and be again on our way.

The trees along the bank rob us of whatever light we might otherwise get from the moon; and the darkness, of course, retards our progress. Many times we get out to drag the canoe over shoals, or to lift her from some rock, whereon she has stuck fast. A birch would have been rent in a dozen places, but our canvas is not injured in the least. By nine o'clock we turn our canoe over for the night, on the shore of Annabesscook. A hastily pitched tent, and fire enough to make a cup of tea, are all we have time for to-night. Ordinarily, a day's

trip should cease an hour before sundown, that wood may be gathered and tent properly pitched before dark.

We are astir at early morning, and by nine o'clock we have finished breakfast, packed our canoe, and turned our faces up Annabesscook. The shores of this lake do not materially differ from those of Cobbosseecontee, but the lake itself is very much smaller, and lacks the beautiful islands. Its one island, years ago, was a popular picnic ground for the dwellers in Winthrop, — that busy town at the head of the lake, whose church spires one may see outlined against the sky. From the road that runs along the high land on the eastern side, one can look down on to Cobbosseecontee at the east and Annabesscook at the west. The waters from lake Maranocook, after turning the wheels of the mills at Winthrop, flow into this lake by a deep and swift-running stream. Up this stream — perhaps an eighth of a mile long, — we paddle against a three mile current, till suddenly the whistle blows, the gates are closed, the current ceases, and we glide over the smooth water, to a convenient landing place at the rear of the mills. By one o'clock we have hauled our traps through the wide-awake village of Winthrop a quarter of a mile, or thereabouts, and are afloat on the waters of lake Maranocook. Two small steamers are lying here, — a side-wheeler and a propeller. In the summer season they do quite a business carrying parties to the various picnic grounds upon the lake. "I sh'd think this ere boat 'd tip over!" said the loquacious youth who drove us across. "Ketched any trout? Fel-lar went ter Jut-mer-no stream t'other day, and caught one t'weighed over four pound! Ye know where Jut-mer-no stream is, I s'pose?" I replied that I did, supposing that he meant the Juggernaut. We stop for dinner a short distance above, then on towards the head of the lake. We slip along the shore, in the shadow of the locally famous "Maranocook Grove," beneath the railroad bridge that here crosses the lake, and beach for the night on the western shore, about a mile further on. This lake is commonly, though erroneously, called Maran'acook, and it is so spelled on the county map in "Colby's Atlas of Maine." I have taken occasion to consult the writer of the historical sketch contained therein — the gentleman who did the literary work connected with the publication of the atlas — and

he says the error crept in by reason of his not seeing the proof. By a typographical error *a* had been substituted for *o*, and the proper pronunciation Marano'cook, lost. There can be no doubt as to the correctness of this latter pronunciation. It is true also that the *a*, preceding the suffix, *cook*, in "Annabessacook" as printed in the atlas, is superfluous.

If you go camping out, don't try to be as uncomfortable as possible, and think you're having a good time. On the other hand, take all the clothing, and all the conveniences you can carry without being burdened, and you'll find the pleasure of camping very much increased.

We have finished our supper, washed our dishes, and are ready for the night. The sky is as clear as ever seen, a light air comes out of the West, the stars are beginning to stud the firmament, and at 7.30 the moon, in peerless splendor, rises over the eastern hills that lie just back from the shore of the lake, opposite. We revel in its glory,—regretting that every night it will rise later and become smaller,—till our wearied bodies forbid us longer seeing its beauty; and after arranging our fire for the night, we lie down.

The moon shines full in to the doorway of our tent, our fire,—burning brightly a few feet away,—sheds its glow in upon us, the ripple of the waves upon the pebbled beach sing us a lullaby, and we yield to "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Thursday Morning.—Last night, when we went to sleep, the sky was cloudless, the stars bright and a gentle west wind blowing,—all indicating fair weather on the morrow. But we awake this morning to the pattering of rain upon the tent, and find ourselves enveloped in a thick mist. This makes a decided change in our plans. We could go forward in the rain, but trouble would arise when we came to pitch tent at night. Here we are dry; any where else, the ground beneath us would be wet. We therefore decide to remain here till the storm is over.

Camping in a rain-storm, is not, by any means, the worst predicament in which one can be placed.

We want to get ahead, and hence, do not readily "acquiesce in the inevitable"; but we endeavour to make the best of it. We have no fly to our tent, but we stretch a large canvas and a

rubber blanket above the front of it, making a water-tight awning; and beneath this, we keep comfortable and dry. We are not without sign of life here, for just across the narrow lake lies the path of the iron horse; and all day long, up and down the track, thunder the trains of the Maine Central Railroad.

A paddle to Readfield, at the head of the lake, not far away, alone breaks the day's monotony. Darkness comes in upon us, and heaping high the fire, we again make ourselves comfortable for the night.

Friday morning it is still raining, but the clouds are breaking and the wind is working toward the west.

We came to *work*; hence, brought no reading matter with us. We cannot even fall back on pipe and weed to help us while away the time; for, unfortunately, (?) neither of us have yet formed the habit. But the day wears on; by four o'clock blue sky appears; and now, the Ruler of wind and weather hangs up in the east the bow of promise. "A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight."

We hesitate as to what course to pursue, decide to strike tent, and in half an hour are en route for Readfield.

It is an easy matter to procure conveyance—in shape of a hay-rack, and by six o'clock we are on the road. A heavy thunder-shower, just out of the west, pelts down upon us, but rubber-coats keep us dry, while the inverted canoe protects our baggage. We are bound for Fayette Mills, four miles distant, on the stream connecting Crotched Pond, on the north, with Lovejoy Pond, on the south.

Under favorable circumstances this is a delightful drive. Excellent farms, with well kept buildings, greet the eye on either side. Here and there, through the valleys, one gets glimpses of the beautiful ponds that lie like gems among the hills; and all around in the blue distance, stand the everlasting mountains.

This very long and very steep hill up which we are dragging, is of wide renown, for it is old "Kent's Hill!" And here on its summit, is the institution that for many decades has shed its light on the educational world. Kent's Hill and Dr. Torsey! familiar words, wherever Maine's sons have found a home.



"Is the doctor hale in his old age," I said to our driver. "Hale, yes! and as hearty's a buck. The greatest fellar to go fishing and gunning that ever ye seed! He'll crawl through mud with only his head sticking out, for the sake of getting a duck!"

I might, in passing, speak of this school, but it is too well known to need mention from me.

The shades of eve are beginning to fall. Two miles more have to be covered before we finally pull up at Fayette Mills. It is very dark by this time, and the ground is saturated with water. To pitch tent would be, to say the least, unpleasant, if not unsafe; for I have contracted a severe cold, and am feeling its grip upon my organs of breathing.

Making inquiries at the corner store, we learn that there is no hotel in the village. We must sleep out or push on to the next place, when possibly we can get shelter.

"Ye'd better stay on land to-night, young men," said the gentleman whom we interviewed in regard to the course down the stream. "It's a dark night and ye don't know the way." We disregarded his kindly advice, however; and in ten minutes, by the light of matches, we have piled our "traps" into the canoe, and are off down the stream. It is now eight o'clock. Though an occasional star is to be seen, the thick clouds, moving out of the west, rob us of the starlight, and tell us we must expect but little from the waning moon, when that shall have risen. We pick our way along—slowly, for these shores are strange to us, and the stream is far from straight. Hereabouts, when the water is high, it overflows quite a broad section, but just now it is confined to narrower limits. The banks are high and soft, and all around, the land, now uncovered, is comparatively low and marshy. Great tufts of reeds, black with the sediment which the high waters have deposited, loom up like grim sentinels before us.

"Another thunder shower coming?"

"No, those are ducks."

And there goes another flock, and another, and another,—so large that the beating of their wings, as they rise from their feeding ground among the reeds, sounds like the rattle of distant thunder, or volleys of musketry. We carried a gun, but the

darkness protected the birds; nor do I feel confident that they would have materially suffered at our hands, had it been broad daylight. Nowhere else on our trip did we see, or hear, such evidence of good sporting ground. Ducks, in flocks of from three to ten, we frequently saw, but here they seemed to be in scores.

We soon pass through the narrows and open into Lovejoy Pond. We can, of course, see but very little of this lake, but the shore down which we paddle is fringed with a beautiful growth of trees, evergreen and deciduous mingled, and the beach seems clean and bold. About half way down the lake, we leave the shore and strike for the outlet, which by good luck we find without trouble. Down this narrow stream we paddle a short distance, and 9.30 o'clock finds us at the dam at North Wayne, — a snug, trim-looking little hamlet, flourishing upon an industry — the “North Wayne Tool Company” — built up by our Governor and much-esteemed citizen, Hon. J. R. Bodwell.

We have no desire to pitch our tent in this wet grass, and besides, on the shore of this stream we can't find wood for a fire. Up to the village, a few rods distant, we go, in search of an inn. Now ordinarily, I think, one does not look upon a public house as a public convenience and necessity, but as a means of obtaining a livelihood. But find yourself in a strange land, late at night, without place to lay your head, and you will very soon recognize its true value.

We knock at the first house in which we see a light, and, from the good dame who attends the call, learn that there is no public house in town, and she don't know where two wayfarers can get lodging.

We suspect that our personal appearance and the lateness of the hour had something to do with her answer. It looks as though we must pitch tent; and we start back to the canoe with that intention. As we plod along in the darkness, we discover a man with a lantern, looking—who knows?—for an honest man. Considering ourselves to answer that requirement, we hail him. The question with us now, is wood. We tell this man our condition and needs, and he readily gives us of his store.

“I'm all broken up, ready to move in the morning,” said he, “or I'd ask you to stay here to-night.”

We thanked him for his kind wishes, and taking our loads of wood, worked our way back to the boat.

You can't pitch a tent anywhere,—you must have ground on which one can lie with comfort; for rest and sleep are never more necessary than when cruising. Then we had no poles to which to fasten our ridge rope, but depended on trees for support. To find a spot, in the darkness, that would answer these requirements was giving us a good deal of trouble, when lo! the man with the lantern! “Boys, I've come down to invite you to come up and sleep in my house. We have but one bed set up, but you can sleep on the floor, and that'll be better than this wet grass.”

We sit in committee of the whole upon this proposition and forthwith report favorably. We'll not trouble him to get us supper, we say, but take our food up to his house, and prepare our own meal. This we do; and in an hour from that time, have made our tea, disposed of a goodly supply of food, and are at full length upon the two lounges which “mine host” has given us. At day-break we are astir. Breakfast over, we bid Mr. and Mrs. Rankin adieu, with many thanks for their hospitality, and make ready to embark. Half an hour's paddling down the winding stream, and we enter “Wing's Pond.”

It is a beautiful morning. From a cloudless blue, the sun shines bright and warm; a breath of air bestrews the surface of the lake with diamonds. Peace and quiet are over all. No sounds we hear, save the hoarse cawing of crows in the distance, and the liquid notes of a trio of loons, sporting over yonder. The fertile lands, on either side, stretch away to a background of hills, which reaches, in one instance, the dignity of mountain. It overtops, and watches over its lesser brethren round about it, and down through the valley at its foot; and, across the water, it keeps watch and ward over the quiet little village of Wayne. Quiet, because the hum of its woollen mill, and the clatter of its lumber mill, are no longer heard. In the hurry of our trip we do not learn the cause; we only look, and see that they are still.

It is but a quarter of a mile, at the outside, to smooth water below the dams, but we learn that the stream is shoal, and difficult to navigate. We have no idea of carrying all our luggage

many rods. The horse and drag which we procure without difficulty, make a great deal better means of conveyance, and in half an hour, we deposit canoe and baggage on the northern shore of Androscoggin Pond. While one drives the horse back, the other spreads out the bedding on the rock, that wind — now piping merrily — and sun may dry them; for in the two days of rain and mist, they have become quite damp. By ten o'clock we have carefully loaded the canoe, and are off down this big sheet of water.

We notice a change in the face of the country bordering this lake, from that touching the waters over which we have previously passed. Those great patches of yellow, on the hillsides there in the North, in Wayne, and adown the western shore, in the town of Leeds, Androscoggin county, looking like immense fields of ripened grain, are nothing but sand fields,—fine dry sand. The winds blow it about at will. It drifts like snow. We have been told that in one case, the sand has drifted to the eaves of a dwelling, leaving but a foot-path around that side of the house.

The wind, which at nine was but a merry breeze, has now become very strong, and is freshening every minute. We work our way out around a reef of rocks, almost in its very teeth, over the small bay and through its mouth, then square away for the southeastern extremity of the lake.

Whoever plans a canoe trip should make liberal allowance for wind and weather. Already we have had two days of rain, and, to say nothing of the first day, here's a day of wind such as no canoeist should venture out in. But our time is limited, and we must go.

Across this broad, unbroken expanse of water, the wind blows with tremendous vigor. The lake is white with foam, and behind each breaking billow comes another and another, too big and too heavy to break, each vieing with the other in a ceaseless struggle to o'erwhelm our tiny bark and its freight of human hearts and human hopes. One moment in the trough of this sea and we are swamped! There is but one course to pursue, if we proceed, — and we adopt it. We head her before the wind and go for the shore. The great waves come rolling on after us and under us, but not into us. We are up on the



crests, we are down in the trough. We paddle but lightly now, for the wind is driving us before it, and all our strength will be needed later. The canoe heaves and surges. It is a difficult matter to keep her directly before the wind. My companion is an experienced canoeist, and all his skill is brought into account. We are as near this rocky shore as we dare approach. Now comes the trial! We must come about and face the tempest. Watching for a favorable chance, we bend to the paddles, and throw the canoe around. The wind seems almost a hurricane. Now and then a fitful gust takes the water up in sheets and scatters it like rain. We paddle with our whole strength, holding to every inch and fighting for more. We have gone about as far as our muscles can take us, and again, watching our chance, we again come about and put for shore.

We have been able to "quarter it" so very little, that in the fifty rods of surface over which we have passed, not more than three to five rods have been gained on the shore. Again and again we repeat these tactics, occasionally making a gain of ten or twelve rods, from twice that distance paddling.

By high noon we are tired and hungry, and we decide to land on that sandy beach ahead and rest.

The man in the bow is ready, and as we approach the shore he jumps overboard, and seizing the canoe by the nose, makes for dry land; a big wave gives her a helpful toss, and in less time than it takes to tell it, she is high and dry upon the sand.

We go up among the rocks and start a fire; but fire won't burn in this wind, and we take to the shelter of the woods. On the top of a pitch-pole fence that extends some distance off shore, my friend creeps out to clearer water, and fills the kettle. I have seldom seen a man in a more laughable, and at the same time delicate, position; for he did not care to fall into that angry and *wet* water. He safely lands, however, and the "old maids" are soon enjoying their cups of tea.

As we sit by the fire, having disposed of our "picked up dinner," "Bick," I say, "I have a wife and baby at home whom I want to see again, and I don't propose to move from this spot, till this wind and sea subside."

"And so have *I*, a wife and *three* babies whom *I* want to

see again. We can't afford to run such risk. We'll stay where we are till we can go forward with safety."

Shortly after one o'clock we notice a sudden lull in the wind. The white caps grow less, though of course the heavy swell cannot materially diminish so quickly.

Waiting a little to make, as we think, sure of the change, we again embark. Alas! how deceived! Before we have rounded the rocky point, a half hour's paddle distant, the blast comes down upon us with renewed force, and from here till we thankfully leave these turbulent waters, we repeat our morning's experience; harder now than then, too, for little less than a half dozen hours of this battling has had its effect upon us. Our seemingly frail craft rides the water like a duck. At every plunge it seems she must go under, but every time, this gallant little swimmer keeps her nose above the surface; practically *every* time, for not more than thrice, in all this combat did she ship a drop of water, save such as came over her in spray; and the total amount taken in at those three times, did not amount, in the aggregate, to three quarts. By four o'clock we have finally beached the canoe, and spent some time walking up and down the road, a half mile up from the shore of the lake, in a fruitless endeavor to find a man with some kind of a conveyance to haul us across the rough country that lay between us and Wilson Pond, over to the east, a mile distant. Wearied with searching, we return to the beach, aching with the very thought that to reach Wilson Pond that night, we must ourselves make the carry. If you lay out a canoe trip my friend, bear in mind that the place for your boat is underneath you, and not on your shoulders. There's a sort of fascination about the word "carry." It sounds well to talk of *carrying* from one water to another; it is easy enough to do it on paper; and if one has not too heavy a load, and the distance be not too long, and the way be smooth and unobstructed, and the sun shines the while, it is a pleasant feature of the trip. But let every condition be directly the opposite of this, and it becomes quite a different matter.

We have, unfortunately, not less than two hundred pounds of baggage, besides the canoe, which weighed, when we started, sixty-nine pounds. She is wet now, and, of course,

weighs more. To our credit be it known that we supposed we could get hauled across this place, or we should never have embraced it within our route. Our bedding and overcoats make two packs, each as large as one can carry; of our cooking utensils, rubber boots, ammunition bag, extra blankets, etc., etc., we are obliged to make two more bundles; our three boxes of food and dishes make another load, and, finally, the canoe — all we both can manage. It is half-past four when we shoulder our first load. We carry this about twenty rods, drop it and return for another, then another and another, till the four loads are brought up.

Already considering ourselves asses, we harness to the canoe in regular donkey fashion. Fastening a rope around the forward thwart, we put the axe-handle through the bight and drag the canoe behind us. No saving of energy, I am aware, but we find this such a relief to sore shoulders and lame backs that not again that night do we lift the boat from the ground. A few rods of smooth footing, and then a change. Our journey thus far has been hard, but now begins an experience before which all else fades into utter nothingness. The surface of the ground here makes a sudden change — rocks, and knolls, and holes, and bushes — a difficult place to walk over, even in daylight; but here we are, loaded down with all we can carry; so leg-weary that we can scarcely get one foot before the other, and, worse than all else, pitch darkness surrounding us. And seven times over this course we must go before, with our effects, we reach Wilson Pond!

My friend proposes that we turn the canoe over here, leave what of our goods we won't need to-night, and push on to the shore of the lake, where we can pitch our tent, and lie down. Accordingly, we take tent, bedding and food, necessitating only two trips, and creep along, — *creep* along, over the wall, down through the tangled bushes, to the water's edge. Oh, what a tramp! Compared with this, poor Pilgrim's path was strewn with roses.

We have been more than four hours making this carry, and have walked more than eight miles! We are completely exhausted! Partaking of a cup of tea and a bit of toast, we crawl into our hastily pitched tent, and fall asleep. Oh! that

was a refreshing sleep ! We slept because we could not help it.

Sabbath morning breaks calm and clear. The mist, that hangs upon the surface of the water, soon burns away. Breakfast over, it is the work of but an hour to bring the canoe down, strike tent and be off.

From eighteen to twenty miles lie between us and home :—an easy journey if this good weather prevail ; but the haze, creeping up the eastern sky, warns us of a swift-coming change. On the stream by which these waters flow into Annabesscook, manufactories of various kinds are located ; and built up around them, is the pretty little village of North Monmouth.

At this season of the year, when the pond is so low that no water flows over the dam, the stream, for some distance down, is too shoal to navigate, except during working hours ; then the gates are open, and the water, pouring through, gives life and energy to spindle and lathe and trip-hammer. But this is Sabbath morning,—the mills are idle, and the water held back for future use. There are no less than five dams on this stream,—*five more* than we propose to *carry* around. We learn, from the men and boys who gather about us to admire the canoe, that it is some two and one-half miles down to where the back flow from Annabesscook makes good navigable water.

Accepting a gentleman's offer to take us across at ten o'clock, we bid good bye to Wilson Pond and North Monmouth, and begin our third and last trip overland. By eleven o'clock we are again afloat, nearing Annabesscook. The sky has become dark and threatening, and the wind blows strong from the East. Of the flock of ducks that rise up before us we take no heed, but as fast as lame and stiff shoulders and arms will permit, we paddle ahead. We open into Annabesscook, skirt across its foot, and turn down the Juggernaut.

We meet with no obstruction this morning, for the heavy rain has raised the water a bit. We carry around the dam at East Monmouth, shoot down the quick water below, and on towards the lake. The current grows weaker, the stream deeper. We round the point at its foot, and dip our paddles in the clear waters of Cobbosseecontee.

Grand old Cobbosseecontee ! Biggest and brightest and best of all ! Best to me, because by its shores, and on its



bosom, I have grown from weakness to strength, from sickness to health. I have breathed the pure air of its pine-clad borders; I have sailed over its dancing waters, and, day after day, I have cast the tempting fly upon its sparkling surface. It has been my friend! I love it, and I give it hearty greeting.

The light rain that has been falling for some time gives us no inconvenience, nor does the east wind stir up enough sea to offer serious drawback. Straight up the lake we go, pausing anon to drink in the matchless beauty of green isle and fertile shore; then on, for the storm is behind us!

In a sheltered cove, on the eastern side of the "Horseshoe," we beach for dinner. It is three o'clock when we push off for the final run.

Over to the east, and a little above us, is the head of Cobbosseecontee stream, the connecting link between this lake and the Kennebec River. This stream is of great value to our manufacturing interests; it turns the wheels of many mills, and well it may, for between its banks flow the mingled waters of Greeley, and Maranocook, and Annabesscook, and Wilson, and Cobbosseecontee.

Our journey is nearly over. The wind has been hauling to the south, and now, for the first time, helps us along our way.

On we go, drawing nearer and nearer to our cottage in the beautiful grove at the upper end of the lake. The sight of familiar forms about its door puts new life into our paddles. Our friends discover and hurry down to meet us. A stroke of the paddles, a toss of a wave—our canoe is beached and our cruise ended.

A hard trip:—altogether *too* hard. Still we claim that our plans were not at fault, save in one particular,—that of not allowing for wind and weather. In six days, under favorable circumstances, we could have gone over this route easily,—leisurely. Had we gotten down Cobbossee Tuesday morning before the wind came up, we should have reached that night the spot on which we camped Wednesday night; for the wind would have been behind us from the time we entered the Jugernaut. Then came the two days of rain, making, in reality, a loss of three days.

The prudent thing to have done, was to have remained on

the shore of Maranocook till Friday morning, then retraced our course. But we had talked of the trip so long, that we felt it would be inglorious to give it up. We followed our pride, rather than our judgment, and we paid the penalty.

And yet, now that it is over, we do not regret our action. Some of our experiences we shall never duplicate,—*no, never!*—and as we sit by the winter’s fire, and talk of the past and plan for the future, we shall refer, I know, with a good deal of pleasure, to our trip over the waters of beautiful Kennebec.



## “WHY?”

*From the German of Maximilian Bern.*

By LAURA GARLAND CARR.

Why is it that, with you in sight  
From morning till day closes,  
My dreams will run through all the night  
On nothing but wild roses?

And when I pass a summer day  
Where those sweet blooms are teeming,  
Why is it, love,—O tell me, pray—  
Of you, all night I’m dreaming?

**THE DESERTED MEETING-HOUSE.**

BY WILLIAM O. CLOUGH.

The old meeting-house of which I write is situated upon a picturesque plain in the geographical centre of a New England township, that is rich in history and famous as the scene of legends that give color to romance and poetry. In its background, ragged mountain ranges rise tier upon tier against the Northern sky. Its foreground slopes to a rippling brook, and on either side woods stretch to the farming districts. This old edifice—square, stiff and unadorned in architecture, its shingles and unpainted clapboards falling off, moss gathering on its roof and wild vines clinging to its porches—is a veritable spectre of a silent generation of men and women, over the ashes and memories of which it maintains solemn and undisturbed vigil. Within the decaying walls of this ancient zion no hymns of praise are sung, no words of Christian faith and hope are spoken; and from its desolate altar no incense rises, no prayers ascend. Indeed, sad though the fact may be, that cold word “deserted” is everywhere plainly visible; while that sadder word “abandoned” infects the very atmosphere that surrounds it and dulls the enthusiasm for old things that prompts one to linger in its presence in contemplation of its aspect and history.

Behind this old meeting-house there is an old church-yard in which bushes and wild grass, and here and there a willow tree, nod in the wind, and where peacefully lie buried the bodies of the early settlers of the region.

In front of this old meeting-house there is an unfenced common, on which stand a dozen or more untrimmed oaks and maples, whose gnarled trunks and dead branches tell the story of their age and neglect. Here in the long ago—in the good old times that men and women of mature years dream and talk about—the people of the town gathered when momentous events were transpiring in their country’s history; here the drums were beat that summoned to arms the patriots of the Revolution; here, in after years, the farmers rendezvoused for

May and September training; and here the dear boys played soldier, and celebrated Independence day. It was also here that the prospects of the crops, the price current, politics, and many other secular subjects were discussed between the hours of Church service; here the town-meeting was held, and on this very spot occurred the happy annual event of the neighborhood—known as the “Cattle Show.”

It was late in the afternoon of a day during one summer vacation, while returning from a fishing jaunt along the margin of the brook, that I last visited the old meeting-house. I had hurried thither to find a place of shelter from a gathering storm. Already dark and ominous clouds hung over the hillside; a heavy wind, the forerunner of a tempest, sighed in the foliage of the trees, and bent like whip-cords the birches and alders by the stream, while the birds, alarmed by the distant peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, shrieked in frightful medley; the cattle and sheep in the pastures hurried away to secluded places in the underbrush, and weird darkness, such as I had seldom observed before, settled on the scene. Approaching the deserted old edifice under these circumstances, a feeling of loneliness—something akin to fear—took possession of me; my nerves collapsed, and I sat down upon a boulder that had fallen from the wall.

While in this plight a fortunate circumstance attracted my attention. The door of the old house stood ajar,—as though extending a welcome to the solitary pilgrim, and bidding him enter. I arose mechanically, and, approaching it cautiously—for I was somewhat undecided—hesitated at the threshold. I dreaded—at least that was the excuse I made to myself—to enter the mouldy and dungeon-like atmosphere that came to the nostrils, and besides—for I may as well confess the truth—I had been told only a few days before, that the place was haunted; that the ghost of a woman had been seen there many times. Just then the storm broke in fury on the mountain side. Vivid flashes of lightning played in the horizon that bounded my view; heavy peals of thunder caused the earth to tremble under my feet, and rumbled across the intervening valley, while heavy drops of rain, and a gray cloud that swept ground-ward, admonished me that I had best seek a place of safety. As I entered,



a feeling like that which must have possessed the venerable pilgrim of the scripture when he removed the sandals from his feet—remembering that the ground on which he stood was holy ground,—came over me. I had no thought beside at the moment, and hence, without giving the subject the slightest consideration, like one who follows a beaten path from force of habit, I sat down in the very pew I had occupied when, in youth, we were well-ordered, but unwilling listeners to long sermons that we younger ones did not understand, and which were not of the slightest interest to us.

The old family pew, however, has its silent influence. Sacred memories cluster about it. It tells touching stories of home and kindred. “Ah!” I sighed, “what troubled and anxious hearts have here found the peace the world cannot give! What confessions, known only to the infinite Father, have here been made, and what great burdens have been lifted by faith and trust! What tired fathers and mothers have here found the only rest and quiet in passing weeks and years. How eloquent it is! How, upon the returning pilgrim, the spirit of the old time steals with soothing influence, and how the softened, chastened sensibility almost feels the rustle of garments, and the touch of a vanished hand. How plainly he sees the features and forms of loved ones who are no more in this life!

Everything in and about this sacred old place was familiar to me. There, before my very eyes, was the altar of our fathers, its pretentious back rising to the beam on which the roof rested, and its ornamental mouldings, carved ornaments and brackets, telling of the superior workmanship of the carpenters of ‘ye olden times.’ There was the costly drapery that was once the object of admiring eyes, but which was now dingy and faded. There was the large sounding-board on which the cobwebs now clung, and the dust of half a century was undisturbed; and the hand-finished sheathing, and the oil lamps on each side of the pulpit. There, too, were the high-backed square pews, with seats that turned up like the modern opera chair; here and there in racks were coverless hymnals, on the fly leaf of which were, doubtless, the scrawls of some boy or girl. On the south wall by the singer’s loft, the same gilt-framed clock was still suspended from an iron hook. There

was the gallery for the town's poor on the east, and for transient people and farm hands on the west,—and all about the church the forty-light windows, cobwebbed, dusty, and dark as twilight. All these objects had something of peculiar interest about them; and had I been making a voluntary visit at a different hour of the day, and under different circumstances, with a talkative companion, I should have looked upon them with a freer enthusiasm and greater pleasure.

But my mind was disturbed. The rain was now falling in torrents, the peals of thunder and the flashes of lightning were appalling, and the place was quite dark and altogether dreary. A gust of wind closed the door behind me with a startling report, the old edifice trembled and creaked in its joints, and the window shutters, too, rattled on their loose hinges. The situation was indeed dispiriting. I felt like one at the parting of the way—at the border land between the real and the unreal. Surely it was not an hour when things ideal naturally fill the mind, or flights of fancy control the impulses; and yet the place seemed “filled with whispers;” and, when the storm had spent its force, and repose had in a measure come to the excited body, strange thoughts and imaginings possessed me. On the one side was the visible world in the darkness of cloud and storm; on the other side was the invisible world in the light that reflects from the soul. In this light the venerable clergyman, whom I remembered well, was rehabilitated and before me in the sacred desk; the good deacons, with austere deportment significant of their high calling, were in their accustomed places in the chancel pew in front, and the singers in the gallery at the rear, while the empty pews were peopled with a congregation of the past.

Few people can wonder that in such an hour and in such a presence as this—with such associations filling the eye and such reflections overwhelming the mind—the crowd in which we mingle in the avocations of life is forgotten. None can wonder that control of the nerves in a measure ceases, and that, without being clearly conscious of what is transpiring, the beholder is compelled to consider problems that have never before suggested themselves to his mind, and which have no connecting link with affairs of every-day life and thought? Surely

it was not a common experience, and, therefore, it should not be a surprise that I was a good deal confused, and in a large measure unaccountable for my physical weakness and morbid delusion.

As the drapery of cloud and storm which had veiled the heavens lifted, and the light increased, these preternatural objects faded from my vision and caused me to realize that I had drifted to the border of the supernatural. This old meeting-house, I meditated, is only a place for bats and swallows to inhabit, and for rats and mice to play hide-and-seek in. It is merely dismal and lonesome !

This view of the surroundings brought me but one desire. That desire was to depart, and that speedily. Yet something—possibly lack of decision,—caused me to remain. I hesitated, lingered, and presently strange sounds came to my ears ; weird imaginings revived the activity of my brain and gave form and color to objects that had no tangible existence and were but the reflex of my mental and physical disturbance through the agency of the eye.

But what if the place was haunted? I had never believed that disembodied spirits returned to the haunts of men, but for all that it might be true that they do. Might be true ! And, as though timed to meet the unnatural condition of my overwrought imagination, there was clearly before me, standing erect in the old pulpit, the form of a young woman.

The cold perspiration started from every pore, and fear took me into full possession. What could I do? What could I say? I catechised myself severely, and came to the conclusion that I was awake, and that I was in an old meeting-house, that I was in a normal condition of body and mind. It seemed that I could not be mistaken that my mental equilibrium had been restored, and I was consequently half persuaded that the form before me was only a strange, and for the moment, unfathomable phenomenon. To my perplexity and discomfort, it did not disappear. I tried to be convinced that my optical vision was defective, that the light somehow focused at the pulpit ; that the unaccountable figure was only the shadow of some object I could not discover ; that I was asleep and in a nightmare dream ; and, finally, that it was all a hallucination. My

confusion was only increased by these violent efforts of the mind to solve the mystery ; for, whatever it might be, it would not down. It had animation like a living being and had come to stay.

In the meantime I forced my moral courage to its utmost limit and discovered that I could neither speak, fight, nor run away. I looked the apparition squarely in the face. The features seen in the semi-darkness were not like those I had seen in engravings and paintings representing angels and ghosts ; nor did they bear the slightest resemblance to those I had looked upon at séances. Moreover the clothing was positive ; there were no indications of the grave about it. In fact unless I was a mental wreck, and totally incapable of distinguishing between the real and the artificial, there stood before me a young woman of modern make-up, a being clothed in a jaunty summer habit, with a hat highly ornamented with flowers and feathers upon her head, bangs and frizzles upon her forehead, and a flashing diamond pin in the ribbon about her neck. Her contrast with materialized young women who had appeared before me “once on a time” was so marked as to greatly amaze me. Surely, thought I, the genuine article has at last been discovered ; but, having found it, I have no earthly use for it. My only desire was to be excused from further acquaintance.

But what was it? That was the perplexing question I could not answer. Suggestive interrogatives came fast. Was it an angel that had been “doomed to walk the earth a certain length of time” in penance for the sin of putting on airs among the majority, and for vainly imagining herself better in the sight of God than her less fortunate sisters ! Was it a seraphim that had been sent to the neighborhood to gather a host from the city belles who pose as the moral, intellectual and fashionable superiors of those who are their equals in all things except the contents of their father’s pocket-books? More startling still,—was it a messenger with a summons for me to appear in the realms of the “great majority”? Was it the phantasm of dreamy reverie, or, in defiance of all natural laws, of all my disbeliefs and scoffing at spiritualism, a genuine disembodied spirit that had returned to earth and taken this favorable opportunity to teach a serious and solemn lesson concerning the



mysteries that are hidden just beyond the veil that separates the seen from the unseen? I could not answer.

Meanwhile the apparition had given no evidence of possessing a voice. It moved noiselessly about, and presently paused at the chancel window, and apparently watched with interest the progress of the storm.

All this time my wonderment, and the tension upon the nervous system, increased. I felt that I was being punished before my time, and would gladly have made a hasty retreat, if I had felt sure of controlling my movements. On the contrary, I seemed to be in paralysis. My eyes were fixed,—the ghostly object filling my vision completely. Was it mortal or immortal? This was the question. It did not occur to me at the time that the former could not harm me; and that if it was the latter it must be shadowy, without substance, and incapable of sustained physical struggle with man. And yet—"what fools we mortals are!" My hair was standing on end, and the blood coursing excitedly through my veins.

But the old meeting-house ghost had a voice like mortals. Listen!

"Friends: As the medium of one who was born in this mountain range, and who, for good and sufficient reasons, cannot speak for herself, I propose to relate to you, in the first person, the story of a life that was burdened with sorrow and made dark by unfaithfulness to betrothal vows. How it happened, and when it happened, that I obtained the confession (for such it is) you shall never know; but my purpose in relating it I will make clear to you. Briefly stated,—it is that those who are given to inconstancy, who hold all pledges lightly, may be led to see that such conduct is a crime, and punishable by laws that were enacted by higher tribunals than those over which men preside. Having stated the moral of my story at the outset, I now proceed with the confession; giving, as nearly as I can, the words in which I received it.—'A good many years have come and gone since I lived and suffered among the people of the earth; and, strange as it may seem to those of you who are happy in your lot and to whom the world has endless attractions, I have never ceased to rejoice over my departure from the body or seen an hour when I had the slightest wish to

return. Let me say to you in all the sincerity I can command, that I found the world a cold and dreary place, peopled for the most part—perhaps I am a little too broad in my statement—with selfish, unprincipled, unfeeling men and women. You shall judge.’”

I did not wish to judge, but to get out of the haunted place. There was not, however, strength enough in my legs to carry me out, and so I was compelled to listen.

“‘Unlike my present pale countenance and unattractive form, in raiment not easily described, I was, when a participant in the affairs of earth, attractive in form and feature, blessed with robust health, and clothed as became the daughter of a well-to-do farmer. The winter I was eighteen I became the teacher of a district school. I also became the leading alto singer in a meeting-house now long deserted. In that church choir I made the acquaintance of a young man. It is the old, old story. He was the ideal beau of the times. I admired him. Our acquaintance ripened into regard, and found its fruition in the tenderest attachments—on my part, at least—to which the human heart is susceptible. I was indeed a happy woman. Weeks and months of supreme happiness went by, and one day he asked me for my hand in marriage. A few weeks later—he having visited me at my home and obtained my parents’ consent to our union—we were engaged. All our friends knew it. I then thought—silly girl that I was—that I had won all there was in the world worth having; while, to my narrow vision, the future of my life seemed secure in all things that minister to human happiness.

‘I taught the school the next summer, and when autumn came (as I was to be married at Christmas) obtained the place for a schoolmate. Then I set about getting ready for the one event in a woman’s life. My father loved me, and made ample purchases of things I needed. My mother and my sister made my wedding dress as a gift of affection, and my two brothers—dear, dear boys who a few years later gave their lives to their country in a victorious battle—were generous even to self-denial in their effort to give their sister a proper outfit. That I was a joyous and happy girl you may easily believe.

‘During the latter part of the autumn my lover’s letters be-

came less frequent, and he did not visit me on Thanksgiving Day, as he had promised. His excuse was that he could not spare the time from his business. I received his excuses in good faith, and forgave the neglect, as in duty bound.

‘The time fixed for our marriage came at last. My wardrobe and the many beautiful articles that my kindred and friends had, by much sacrifice, obtained for me, were ready for the event. The house, in which there had been for several days a busy scene of cooking and cleaning, was in order; the tables were spread, the invited guests were present, and the clergyman had been summoned. The appointed hour arrived, but the bridegroom had not come! Though greatly distressed I endeavored to conceal my feelings from my assembled friends, making to them all excuses I could frame for my dilatory lover. Perhaps some accident had befallen him; perhaps he was ill.

‘An hour passed, and still there were no tidings. My alarm and distress became too great for concealment. My friends looked into each other’s faces with increasing wonder, and stillness as of a funeral came over the company. The good minister—who will vouch for my statement—comforted me as best he could under the embarrassing circumstances; and presently the guests of the evening, one by one, departed,—some without bidding me good night, or a happy issue out of my troubles.’”

The ghost again went to the chancel window; and as she remained there longer than before, it gave me an opportunity to consider the situation. Somehow my mind took a new track and I fell to criticising. “Verily,” I said to myself, “this is all too natural to be unreal. Her voice and manner—although the former is somewhat augmented by the sounding-board,—are too human to be unearthly. There are no sepulchral tones in it. It is a voice like those trained in modern schools of elocution. It is unnatural only in the sense that it is affected.

The medium returned to the pulpit and continued the narration, while I shivered and listened as before.

“‘My parents and brothers and sisters were more than kind to me. They spoke most hopeful, endearing, and comforting words. They begged me to forget all but them; they reminded me that I had a good home; they promised me more of happi-

ness in the future than I had lost, and they endeavored to persuade me that the man who had won my heart and then deceived me, was not worthy of my hand in marriage, and that I was fortunate in finding it out before it was too late.

‘I passed a sleepless night,—trying to look on the bright side and anticipating a joyous morning. The next day I spent in hysterical weeping, watching, and waiting. Towards its close my brother, happening to be at the village post-office and meeting an acquaintance from the section where my recreant lover resided, was told of his perfidy. He had married my schoolmate,—the very woman to whom I had given up my school.

The last fact added poignancy to my weight of sorrow. I had been humiliated in the presence of my friends. I was now wounded to the very depths of my soul. Bewildered, cast down, helpless, hopeless, and in the torture that leads to despair, I could no longer reason with myself. The point where self-control ceases had been passed, and I was a mental wreck.

‘My heart was broken. My happiness had vanished like the imagery of a dream. My cherished hopes were destroyed. The plans that I had made for the future mocked me. Frightful presentiments came up before me; and, if it were possible to make my mental condition worse, passion and wicked thoughts controlled my intellect, so that, even though I was in a good home with kind and loving friends, there was not a ray of light in the dark horizon that lowered about and circumscribed my vision.

‘In vain I sought to discover a silver lining to the clouds that enshrouded me, and thus to calm myself. In vain I sought to put away childish things and be a brave girl. Nothing seemed clear to me, except that I had parted with all that was dear to me,—that I could never hold my head up in the community again,—that everybody would shun me,—that I had lost all that I had a desire to live for. Foolish girl that I was, I allowed myself to sink to the lowest depth of unreasoning sorrow, when I should have had courage and pride to rise above such grovelling.

‘A night of the bitterest and most intense sorrow followed. Towards morning I became calm, with the calmness of desper-



ation, of hopelessness,—the stolid stupor that accompanies blasted anticipation and hopeless ambition. The past, with its ecstasy of joy, derided me; the future, with its certainties and uncertainties, appalled me. I imagined that I had become the laughing-stock of the whole town; that the thoughtless and unsympathetic would ridicule me; that those who envied me my beauty and good home would now look upon me with disdain; and I felt that I could never regain the peace which I had forfeited in society. I wished that I might die, and thus escape from a world of trouble.

‘Thus my mind fluctuated; thus I brooded over my misfortune and disgrace, until brain fever set in, and I became a raving maniac. In my mad violence my recreant lover and his hated bride haunted me hour after hour, and day after day. They were ever, it seemed to me, by my couch,—ever tormenting me. They were demons whom I could not shake off; monsters, from whom I could not escape. I cursed them and pitied them by turns; I forgave them and threatened them in the same breath; I bade them go their way in peace, and I declared that I would follow them in vengeance. The fever turned at last, leaving me but a shadow of my former self. My hair, on which I had prided myself, had fallen from my head; my beauty had vanished. I was a mental and physical wreck.

‘During the first stages of my hallucination I had lucid moments. Then I would realize the unwomanliness of my conduct, and, in contrition and remorse, reproach myself and resolve that I would rise superior to such grovelling, and, when restored to health, begin life over again. Then my friends would be encouraged in the hope that I would eventually recover. But these experiences were at long intervals and of short duration. At each relapse I lost ground, and in the end I became a confirmed lunatic, and a constant care to my friends. Despite the watchfulness of my parents, I often wandered away,—drawing the attention of curious and unsympathetic eyes. I often became frenzied, and was everywhere known as “Mad Nancy.” I required more care than an infant in its mother’s arms; and the strangest part of it all is that I had a vague and indistinct knowledge of all this, knew people,—and could converse quite intelligently on ordinary subjects.

‘All the members of my family were good to me. My eldest sister even refused an advantageous offer of marriage because of her sense of duty towards me.

‘Whenever I strayed from home—often with disarranged hair, torn clothing, and bleeding limbs,—for I could not protect myself—thoughtless boys would jeer at me and silly girls laugh at me. I was everybody’s target, everybody’s subject of ridicule; and yet I ought not to say this, for there were a good many kind neighbors who had sympathy for my misfortune, and sufficient respect for my parents to conduct me home.

‘What became of my faithless lover? I will tell you.—His career was gloomy, sad, and miserable indeed. Nothing prospered at his hands, and he had many burdensome and grievous crosses. His wife lost her health, and became nervous, irascible, and a bill of expense. She died after ten years of unhappy married life, leaving a son, who, being an invalid, was a constant care to the father. These hardships and troubles kept him poor and made him prematurely old; and so, after fifteen years of life without a ray of sunshine in it, in sorrow and sincere contrition for the wrong he had done—a wrong he would gladly have righted after the death of his wife, if it had been in his power to do so, he endeavored to make my demented life more sunny and comfortable. I had just enough of reason left to realize this; and, while I do not distinctly remember to have had sufficient control of my mind to forgive him, I have a clear idea that he was my idol, and that I followed him about on many occasions as a dumb animal follows a kind master.

‘But the end came at last, and, fortunately for me, came before my parents died. It came unexpectedly, as the result of my lover’s death. He was killed by a railroad accident; and, strange to say, on the anniversary of the night we were to have been married. This circumstance was clear to me. I was prostrated with grief that knew no bounds, which I have never been able to fathom or understand, and which no consolation that friends could offer was sufficient to assuage. I refused food, refused the care and comfort that I had enjoyed, became violent and unmanageable. One night I escaped from my room in my father’s house, and, although immediate search was made for me, was not discovered till the next morning.

My body was prostrate upon my lover's grave, and my spirit had fled to the abode where there are no sorrows or sufferings like those of earth, and where men and women come to a better understanding.' "

The apparition vanished, or, to be more particular in statement, deliberately descended the pulpit stairs, walked to the chancel door, and disappeared. I drew a long breath of relief, and for the moment, was like a prisoner released from iron bonds. Weak, exhausted, worn out by the tension to which my nervous system had been subjected for more than an hour, I staggered to the open air. My energy presently revived; and with fish-rod in hand and empty basket slung upon my back, I turned homeward, like a worn-out pilgrim seeking repose.

On the following evening I attended an amateur entertainment at the town hall in the village, given under the auspices of a party of summer boarders from the "back range" and for the benefit of a fund with which to build a new fence around "Forefather's Cemetery." Part first of the programme passed, then a young man played a piano solo as a prelude to part second. The music ceased, and a young woman came trippingly forward from the right wing of the stage. Up to this time I had taken little note of the performances, being occupied with cogitations upon the strange occurrence of the afternoon. Her appearance reminded me strongly of the figure I had seen in the old church, and my attention became at once closely engaged. Opening a manuscript upon the desk, she commenced to read with the same emphasis, the same studied elocution, the same monotonous tones, the very tale that I had heard in church in the dimness and tumult of the thunder storm. The mystery was cleared at once. I had simply overheard the young lady's rehearsal of her reading, by which she had sought to prepare herself for a better rendering of her part before the expected audience. The darkness and noise of the storm had prevented her discovering my presence, otherwise I should not have experienced the doubtful privilege of the preliminary, but more effective recital of her instructive story.

## THE BRITISH CAKE.

A Reminiscence of the War of 1812.

BY MRS. LUTHER KEENE.

One golden September day not many years ago, a family party had gathered in the handsome "best room" of a home in a goodly city in Maine. Every arrangement betokened comfort and coming festivities. In the windows were banks of blossoming plants; over the folding doors climbed a luxuriant vine,—a living decoration, which the curious carved work now in fashion among the rich cannot equal. In its corner sang the mocking-bird, and the family cat sat on the hearth-rug, blinking at the fire. Three generations sat about the bountiful table; in number just double that which sat about King Arthur's "Round Table" of old; the odd, and according to those ancient legends, dangerous seats, being safely occupied by the givers of the feast, "Uncle Ben" and his hospitable wife.

Her face, beneath clustering white curls, had lost none of its old-time kindness; and Uncle Ben had still the ruddy cheek and merry twinkling eye which some of us remembered on his wedding day, one fine morning long ago. A busy, congenial, and pure life had left no chance for age to fasten its signs upon their faces.

In the centre of the table, on a stand raised above the fruits and salads, cakes and flowers, was placed a huge blue platter. Many a time had my childish fingers traced the curious Chinese figures upon it, wondering what could be going on in the funny blue Pagoda, beside the blue brook on the bottom of the dish! After fifty years I seemed to see it all, even through the savory pile which covered it; for the "British Cake" had just come in,—a crisp, creamy short-cake, smothered in a "dip" made also of golden cream. "Oh, Oh!" cried the third generation, clapping their rosy hands; but a tear started in Uncle Ben's eye, and dropped on the big silver plate which was to hold his share of the feast. The older ones knew he was thinking of



the childish hands which had first made the cake, and served it to a weary, worried household.

The setting sun lay in broad bands on floor and table when the feast was over, and Ruth, the "baby" of the company, slipping her hand into her great-uncle's, whispered :

"Please, why do you celebrate the fourth of July in September? We have it in Connecticut just when it was made."

So the old story was told once more by Uncle Ben, as follows :

Many years ago, my Ruth, more than have passed over my head, white as it is, our first British Cake was eaten. The story was told me so young and has been so often repeated that I have always believed I was present on the occasion, and shall doubtless put myself into the story sometimes. Your grandmother who went to Heaven long before you came to us, made and named the cake.

But to make the tale plain I must begin with a little history ; it is well sometimes to refresh our memories by glancing back on our country's early struggles. There was a sad war going on in those days, called the war of 1812. For years this war with England had seemed inevitable ; her people had long been in the habit of pouncing upon our vessels, taking or destroying what they carried, detaining our sailors and treating them cruelly, and thousands of them were serving in their ships of war. By both countries also, private vessels had been allowed to cruise about, annoying trade and taking the vessels of the enemy. Along our New England coast the bad effects of this practice had been greatly felt, commerce had dwindled away, the fishermen had given up their business, and having no use for their vessels had drawn them up on shore. Food was very scarce,—even bread too dear to be had by many. At one time pork was fifty dollars a barrel,—hard, you see, on us whose dish of pride was "baked beans".

We New Englanders, snugly settled down on our farms, naturally dreaded another war with that proud Great Britain ; like the young birds out here in the orchard—satisfied with the small freedom of their nest, they don't want to venture into the wide, free air outside. The British thought that we too were disposed to stay in our nests, and let them take care of us ; so they offered insult after insult to our flag, and boasted in their

newspapers that the "United States could not be kicked into a war". But war came at last, whether we wanted it or not, and I guess they found us sterling patriots at the bottom.

In order to carry supplies to her suffering soldiers stationed at Halifax, a fleet was sent from England, with provisions; but no sooner was its errand accomplished than they began to plague us up along the shores of the Penobscot. One September day in 1814, part of their fleet, carrying many soldiers, and women, and children, started up the coast to see what they could get that was good, and what they could give that was bad.\*

The British anchored for the night a few miles below Hampden. At the wharf in this place lay the brig Adams, belonging to the American navy, undergoing repairs. This vessel had been very successful in her cruising about, taking brigs, schooners, and other prizes, and was getting ready for another voyage. Now what should her proud captain think but that this fleet had been despatched to seize his pet vessel? Without a moment's loss, he hoisted the cannon from his vessel, planted it on the wharf and at other advantageous points, and otherwise made ready for a fight.

A company of our militia was soon on the ground to aid in the defense of the village, and the plucky captain and his men stood by their guns all right, waiting for the enemy to appear. It was a dismal, stormy night, and no doubt our honest farmers and tradesmen, acting the part of soldiers, had much trembling of heart and many thoughts of home. In the early morning, through a dense fog, the dreaded vessels hove in sight. Our men fired a few rounds; then, without waiting for orders, broke and ran away.

Our stout captain had also opened a raking fire upon the vessels and barges full of soldiers, and nobody knows what deed of valor he might have done, or how much harm we might have been spared, had he not at that point perceived the militia running away. This sight proved such a damper upon his own courage that he just spiked his guns, set fire to his

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\* [This armament was under the command of Sir John Sherbrook, and consisted of the seventy-four gun ships Dragon, Spenser and Bulwark, the frigates Bacchante and Tenedos, the sloops Sylph and Peruvian, the schooner Pictu, a large tender, and ten transports. On board these were about four thousand troops, under the command of General Gerard Gosselin.—EDITOR.]

good vessel, and retreated with the rest. In less than an hour after he fired his first shot, that little place was in full possession of the enemy.

They treated the people with abuse, plundered their homes, killed their cattle, and offered insults which were a disgrace to the British name. No wonder the quiet people living along its banks imagined their peaceful river full of cruel demons, and that by the time they reached our little "city" all hearts were terror-stricken. Flags of truce were sent to meet them, on land and water. "Unconditional surrender" was the only reply; so there was nothing to do but to receive the incoming foe like welcome guests. The Court House, school houses, dwelling houses, were opened to them; cattle and sheep made ready; all the bread brought forth, and the best of the gardens and wine-cellar set out for our thankless visitors.

In the river above were many of our beautiful vessels, several of which were burned by the enemy, while some of the best sailed out of sight with the British fleet, when their force retired to the mouth of the river. My father used to tell us that two or three of these, after floating down the river a short distance, shrank away from their new masters as if they had something human about them, and in the dusk of the evening got ashore. Our people saw the flame of their burning, and rejoiced that these, at least, had been lost to the foe.

Our father was away with the soldiers from the first alarm; mother and their little flock was in the home. Joseph, the eldest of the eight, a lad of sixteen, "full of fight," so soon as he heard of the arrival of the British, ran down the road to the house of our General, and climbed to the flat roof to see the "fun." This roof was visible to the enemy at one point, and spying, probably, the boyish figure, one fired as they sailed by; but the ball flew harmlessly over his head, and plowed itself into the high ground in the rear. The young patriot, with the terrible whiz of the missile in his ears, and muttering the cry of his elders, "British dogs," flew from the spot to the shelter of home. After the fight, however, he went back, found and dug up the ball. I can show it to you to-day.

In the one chamber of our low-roofed house, where mother had fled with us children on Joseph's precipitant return, we sat

clinging to each other and listening almost breathlessly, hour after hour; mother alone venturing now and then to take a stealthy peep from the darkened window. About noon, one of the terrible black barges came sailing leisurely up the narrow river from Hampden, passing the lonely farms, on one of which stood our house. No monster from the lower regions could have more effectually paralyzed all hearts with fear. It came to anchor over a sand bank which at low tide was entirely out of water. Some of our neighbors who were on the watch said:

"They are strangers, and do not know their danger. We will surprise and take that barge when the tide goes out." But some one must have turned traitor; for after leisurely surveying the poor surroundings, and sufficiently scaring the unprotected women and children, at the right moment they started, haughtily gliding down the river to their fleet.

"They are going, my children," cried the brave mother from her post.

"No; oh, no; they stop—and right here!"

"Hush—they move—going—down—down! Thank God, they are below the bridge!" Up rose soft, glad cries, as one and another fell on mother's neck in tears of joy.

Presently it began to dawn upon the little group that they had not tasted a morsel of food since the hurried breakfast by candle-light,—neither was there anything cooked in the house. "If the British come, they shall not find pies and cakes in this house," had been the mother's word. So the great oven was left unheated, and the daily baking undone. Now both mother and children turned to a slender girl of less than a dozen years, saying, "Eliza, you make us something."

"Mother, dear, she replied, "the cows are still in the pasture, and there is no bread in the house; what can I do?"

Mother moved baby's cradle, lifted one of the rough boards,—and there, beneath the floor, stood shining pans of milk and two big cheeses, which the wise little woman had hidden that morning.

"Here, child, see what you can do with these,—my head is blind with pain. You, Joseph, carry them to the buttery; set my rocker close by; I will keep you company."

So the little willing fingers skimmed the milk, sifted flour, and



stirred up a cake, rolled and creased it, and slipping it into the great tin baker, stood it before the bright fire. Then the "spider" was set on the coals, and with more cream and eggs a "dip" was made, mother now and then giving a loving hint. Soon the cake, brown and crisp, was split and laid square by square into the smoking cream, and piled upon this very platter, —our Thanksgiving platter, —brought from dear old Marblehead, on the wedding journey to the woods of Maine.

"Yes, take all the Thanksgiving things, for we have received deliverance from the Lord whereof we are glad," cried mother, lifting up her trembling hands.

Just then a rider was seen on the hill-top—the horse they knew.

"Father," was the one cry that arose.

"They are gone—we are safe," came the answer.

Lo, in the sunset—as to-day—we ate our first "British Cake." The long, low kitchen was very unlike this room,—with its bare, uneven floor, white with much scouring, its hard wooden settles, its immense fire-place and black crane of kettles; but there was the same sunshine to glorify all, the same love within, the same God overhead.

The dear child who made the cake was the only one who could not taste it; nestled down by father's side, while his fearful tale was told, her tears for the first time fell thick and fast. She was one who, as a child, and afterwards as wife and mother, could muster courage to serve in time of need, keeping her own pain in her heart, or showing it only at last when relief had come. I grew up beside her, looking upon her as little less than an angel; for, from the time I was old enough to know her voice until she died, I do not recall one fretful word.

Well, those fearful memories melted away in time, but as often as the day came round, we skimmed the milk, made the cake, and, gathering about the table, ate and thanked God for home and peace,—as we who are left, are doing to-day.

Thus Uncle Ben ended his relation of the family tradition, while his moist eyes and smiling face attested at once his sympathy with the former generation and his happiness with the present.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE feeling aroused among the Roman Catholics of New York, by the suspension of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, from his functions as the pastor of St. Stephen's Church, nominally for refusing obedience to Archbishop Corrigan, but really because of his active sympathy with the land reform agitation, according to the new doctrine enunciated with so much originality and logical force by Mr. Henry George, may mark the era of a distinctly new departure in this country, in reference to ecclesiastical intrusion into the domain of citizenship. The command issued by his superior to Dr. McGlynn, to desist altogether from both the advocacy and the support of the Henry George views, is to be taken as the condemnation of those views by purely spiritual authority. It could by the same right condemn any other views held by adherents of the Roman Catholic church, whether economical, like those of Mr. George, or political, as in the case of party leadership. This position once yielded, and we have the Roman church in American politics at a single bound. Conceding this point, all is conceded. It would not alter the case at all in point of principle, to admit even that the views of the church were right, while those it opposed were wrong; the issue is simply on the right of any church whatever, now or in the future, to assume to control the free opinions of American citizens, on matters strictly political and economical.

There is no need of going any further into the case than is necessary for making so brief and plain a statement. There is no occasion, in fact, for any manifestation of feeling, where the common determination is so fixed as it is on this question. Americans are too well grounded in the first principles of their republican system, to need to manifest their belief by any ebullitions, which tend rather to cloud an issue already sufficiently clear. This is no merely local outburst which the New York Catholics have made, but the energetic statement of a case in which all Protestants and Agnostics, as well as Jews and heretics, are equally interested with Catholics. Said one of the resolutions adopted by the mammoth meeting in Cooper Institute,—“As Catholics, loyal to our religion, and in its highest interests, we protest most emphatically against any attempt to extend ecclesiastical authority into the sphere of politics; and while cheerfully yielding full obedience to the authorities of the church in matters of religion, we emphatically deny the right of the Pope, propaganda, or archbishop to prescribe for American Catholics, lay or cleric, what economic opinions they shall express, or what line of political action they shall pursue or

abstain from ; and we denounce any attempt to inflict ecclesiastical penalties upon any American citizen, lay or cleric, for political speech or action, as a dragging of religion into politics that is both scandalous to the Church and dangerous to the principles of American freedom."

This is good doctrine and sound, on the score of free citizenship ; and no pretended exigency of ecclesiastical authority can set it aside. It is not a question of soundness of opinion, but of the right to hold and express political opinions at all. The next step to suppressing them, is directing them, after which it would matter but little what opinions are held by any one save by the ruling sacerdotal power.

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ALL communication between man and man is telepathy and indirect mind-reading. No mind ever directly knows any other mind. Modern psychology is unanimous in the verdict that we never directly know aught but our own subjective states. The phenomena of the recognized senses are only so many various feelings, from some of which we draw inferences concerning the disposition and action of other minds. "Telepathy" and "mind-reading" are the same process carried beyond these recognized senses. They are, therefore, not abnormal, and are worthy of scientific attention and study.

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THE fisheries dispute, made all but insufferably intense of late by the studied action of the Canadian government, is at present assuming proportions of a decidedly serious nature. The careful treatment of it in the President's annual message to Congress, hardly excited the expectation that it would so soon form the topic of an unusual communication from the Secretary of the Treasury to the same body, the very determined and outspoken report of a joint committee, and the introduction of a retaliatory measure in the House of Representatives. Nevertheless, all this has happened, and it appears to have come pretty nearly together. The defiant spirit manifested by Canada in relation to all United States fishing vessels entering Canadian waters, endorsed and approved as it has been by the home government, could not be suffered to proceed without challenging serious attention on the part of our government. A spirit has at last been aroused that will not down again short of a settlement of this issue on the broad and lasting basis of equity and neighborhood comity. As it is going, Canada is studying the most effective methods of offering us insult.

Congress has placed authority in the President's hands to exact reprisals of Canada for her persistent injustice and hostile spirit, and it is understood that public proclamation of such a purpose will not be long delayed. If American vessels are to be denied rights in British North

American ports or adjacent waters, to which they are entitled by treaty or by the law of nations, then the President is by proclamation to prohibit vessels bearing the British flag and coming from such ports from entering the ports of the United States, under penalty of seizure and forfeiture entire. It is further proposed to forbid the entrance into the United States of all merchandise coming by land from the provinces of British North America, as well as of the cars, engines and other rolling stock of any railway company of the same provinces. This would obviously amount to non-intercourse, but it would be willingly undertaken in defence of rights that plainly belong to the United States by treaty and by the law of nations. It would be far better than war, for it would work all the desired effects of war, without its devastation. If it is domestic politics in Canada that furnish the excuse for her present otherwise unaccountable conduct toward us, their governing motive is likely soon to undergo a change.

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SOME people say they like winter in the season of winter, and these are the ones who cannot complain of the past month's experience. Any description of it would but heighten the difficulty of appreciating the reality. It is rare to get caught here in New England in a temperature ranging from ten to thirty degrees below zero. Coming at the end of a series of experiments in sudden weather changes, it was a fitting climax for the nondescript whole, and opened the eyes of people wider than they had been opened before. At best, all speculations on the possible weather of peninsular New England are worse than idle, and prophecies are wholly out of the question; we are placed in a corner of the continent, seaward, where the winds that race across the continent from the vast atmospheric gulf of the northwest, are in a state of continual conflict with the winds blowing in from the Atlantic, and contradictory cross-currents, with attendant sudden changes, form the staple of a climate that is the despair of all students of the atmospheric envelope. Still, no part of the continent is a more desirable place of residence for at least five months of the year, while it is no small crumb of consolation to think there is still a populous latitude to the north of us.

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A WRITER in a local contemporary seriously suggests a new and worthy study for women, "not perhaps so classical as Shakespeare, nor so fashionable as Browning,"—the study of *local history*. Wonder is expressed that with the American appreciation of local color, and of the value to the present of the background of a rich past, this most attractive of studies has not been more generally pursued. No matter



if every student of local history is not able to give literary form to the result of her investigations, they would be none the less worth making for that reason. Everything is of real interest that touches the life of the people. The devoted historian prizes above all others, the glimpses of the social conditions of past days, which can be had only by the painstaking researches of those who engage in them from the real love of it. The true story of every town with a history is worth telling, even though each hand in it completes but a short chapter. There are characters and incidents in abundance all over New England history, that await resurrection and the glorification of a new life, at the hands of those who are not easy to be appalled with an opening quarry of minute details. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE keeps its pages at all times open to the contributions of just such historic delvers in our native soil, and promises them a hearty hospitality.

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Some of the professors of the Andover Theological Seminary have been formally and elaborately prosecuted for heresy; and the accused have defended themselves with equal care, to show that they are substantially orthodox, or at the least in accord with the spirit of the Andover creed. The contest is a specimen of the antagonistic workings of progressive and conservative minds, the world over, but especially marking, perhaps, our own age. Men are trying everywhere to gradually widen, improve, and reform old institutions from within. They do not wish to step down and out from their seats of power, or their theatres of influence. For this feeling, and the course of action to which it prompts them, they have good reasons, personal and public. They may well consider that for every man to cut his old acquaintance as soon as he gets an advanced idea, would be very foolish and very injurious; and for any educational and church connections to follow the same course, it is none the less unwise. They are justified in reflecting that for advanced and advancing minds to leave old institutions of wealth, and dignity, and influence, is only to leave them to be controlled by the narrow, the superficial, the ignorant, and the intellectually unprincipled, if not morally unprincipled. Lest, therefore, they leave the mightiest agencies in the most incompetent hands, it behooves them to retain their hold upon this agency as long as they can with honor, that they may direct them well and wisely, and for the public good, and in a track of continued and prospective progress. Just as a competent engineer ought not to abandon his engine to an unskilled man, and endanger the lives of the people on the train, so neither should they abandon the great enginery of public institutions to those who hate knowledge and despise ad-

vancing thought. It is doubtless manifest that a train of thinking somewhat like this, influences the minds of these professors in the position which they still occupy and attempt to hold, with the views which, as to their form, whatever may be said of their spirit, are not in clear accord with the creed which they have subscribed to, nor at all in accord with the known views of those who made the creed, at the time they made it.

The main line of defence followed by the defendants was that they are substantially orthodox, that their deviation from the standards are only such as should be considered compatible with essential unity. The main points of alleged heterodoxy concerned the condition of the heathen, future probation, and the nature of the atoning work of Christ. The last, however, was of too vague and indefinite a character to steadily and strongly fix attention, and so it was allowed to slide. It was argued that future probation is morally necessary for those who have not enjoyed the privilege of hearing the gospel in this life. The defendants were definite and firm in its advocacy, adducing to the moral arguments in its favor, and showing that on these points the creed was less definite than on most others by the omission of terms and phrases that should have been in, had the framers of the creed been positive and fixed against the doctrine now advocated by the defendants, while some positive terms are used which seem to indicate that there was a thought and feeling of flexibility and liberality on the subject.

The court has adjourned, but no sentence has yet been published.

This contest is one of the most conspicuous heresy trials of our age, and is destined to be repeated in various forms and various connections, and, we may add, doubtless, with similar results. It is everywhere and always an effort on the part of the advancing minds to show how little they advance, and on the part of their opponents to show that they advance too much, and on dangerous ground, and must be prosecuted for trespass.

But the weight of favor on the part of the public will be for the professors; and sentences will be comparatively light, indefinite, and ineffective; and this will make truth advance by stealth and connivance, and by conquered opposition, as it always does.

### WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE founding of the Webster Historical Society commenced a new era in the teaching of political science in the United States. Although suggested by Daniel Webster himself about three years before his death, when he pointed out the principles that should govern the

general teaching of political economy, the Society itself was not formed until nine years ago, when the preliminary meeting was held at Marshfield—the late Ashburton Webster presiding. At a subsequent meeting in Boston the articles of association were adopted, Stephen M. Allen was chosen President, and John D. Long, Albert Palmer, and Albert E. Pillsbury were chosen a committee on by-laws and for framing a platform of principles to be adopted for the government of the Society. Subsequently a charter was obtained under the laws of the State of Massachusetts, and Thomas W. Ladd became Corporation Secretary, Thomas W. Cummings, Corresponding Secretary, and Francis M. Boutwell was chosen Treasurer. The Centennial Celebration, in which the State of Massachusetts, together with the city of Boston, took a large interest, was held in October, 1882. The demonstration in Boston and Marshfield was one of the greatest ever made in either place. The President of the United States, with a number of his Cabinet, the governors of New England and United States Senators, members of Congress, and the whole military of the State participated in the celebration.

Governor Long succeeded Mr. Allen as President, who in turn was succeeded by Governor Bell, of New Hampshire, who was followed by Governor Chamberlain, of Maine, who still retains the office. The membership at present is about twelve hundred of the most influential citizens of the United States, chosen from all political parties and from all religious denominations—the principles of the Society being non-partisan and non-sectarian. The objects, as suggested by Mr. Webster himself, were to teach political principles of the highest order to the young; such, in fact, as would be suited to any probable party that might afterwards arise, and not be repugnant to the social or religious convictions of the American people. In addition to this, the teachings were to be suited to the highest present statesmanship, that the voting citizens of our country might awaken to a full realization of their duties as American citizens, and for the development of rising politicians into that type of true statesmanship which shall ever meet the great moral, social, economic, and political issues of the day, rather than the hot, blind, unreasonable, and unreasoning partizanship of party. Since the formation of the Society, like movements have been made in various States, and many working societies have been formed. One of these, a most gigantic effort, may be found in the American Institute of Civics, whose associations now extend into most every State of the Union. It is the purpose of the Webster Historical Society now to meet the live issues of the day more earnestly than in the past, by allowing discussions, both *pro* and *con*, upon such matters as strongly exercise the public mind, giving both sides an opportunity

to discuss their principles in public. It was proposed by the officers of the Society to keep the expenses at first within the moderate limit of a contribution of one dollar each by resident members, and keep within these bounds of expenditure until a much more liberal outlay should be finally fixed upon by the Finance Committee. The late Mr. Henry P. Kidder had plans of establishing a much larger source of revenue for the Society, which have been interrupted by his death. But the many wealthy members are now developing plans for a more enlarged usefulness of the Society than ever, which, it is hoped, may hereafter be realized, and at an early day.

#### ANNUAL MEETING, ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND APPOINTMENT OF COMMITTEES.

At the annual election of officers of the Webster Historical Society, held in Boston, on the afternoon of January 18, the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen:—

President, the Hon. Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine; vice-presidents, the Hon. Alexander H. Rice, Massachusetts; the Hon. George F. Edmunds, Vermont; the Rev. Noah Porter, Connecticut; the Hon. Henry Howard, Rhode Island; the Hon. George W. Nesmith; the Hon. James G. Blaine, Maine; the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware; the Hon. William M. Evarts, New York; the Hon. J. Henry Stickney, Maryland; the Hon. D. W. Manchester, Ohio; the Hon. John Wentworth, Illinois; the Hon. Lucius F. Hubbard, Minnesota; the Hon. J. C. Welling, District of Columbia; the Hon. George C. Ludlow, New Jersey; General William T. Sherman, Missouri; Dr. Edward W. Jenks, Michigan; Captain Clinton B. Sears, Tennessee; the Hon. Joseph B. Young, Iowa; the Hon. Horace Noyes, West Virginia; the Hon. James H. Campbell, Pennsylvania; the Hon. William H. Baker, New Mexico; the Rev. Charles M. Blake, California; executive committee, the Hon. Stephen M. Allen, N. F. Safford, Nathaniel W. Ladd, the Hon. Edmund H. Bennett, the Hon. M. Chamberlain; finance committee, the Hon. Nathaniel F. Safford, William B. Wood, F. M. Boutwell, Edward F. Thayer, the Hon. Alexander H. Rice; historiographers, the Rev. William C. Winslow, Thomas H. Cummings, the Rev. Thomas A. Hyde; committee on future work, the Hon. Nathaniel F. Safford, the Hon. E. S. Tobey, Stillman B. Allen, the Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Thomas H. Cummings; treasurer, S. M. Allen; recording clerk, Nathaniel W. Ladd; corresponding secretary, Thomas H. Cummings.

The adjournment of the society was taken until the second Wednesday in April next. It is intended to hold then, at the Old South Church, a general meeting of the society, and to have present many of the most distinguished members from other States. The president of the society, the Hon. Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine, is expected to preside.



## HISTORICAL RECORD.

ONE hundred and six years ago last autumn, the first General Court of Massachusetts, organized under its new constitution, met in the Old State House, at the corner of Washington and State streets. Since 1797 the sessions have been held in the building on Beacon Hill, completed in that year. On Wednesday, the 5th day of January, 1887, Governor Robinson, in the presence of his Council, administered the oath of office to the members-elect of the Legislature for the current year. The House of Representatives organized by the unanimous election of Hon. Charles J. Noyes, as Speaker, and the Senate, by the choice of Hon. Halsey J. Boardman as president. Mr. E. Herbert Clapp was unanimously re-elected clerk of the Senate, and Mr. Edward A. McLaughlin, clerk of the House. Rev. Edmund Dowse, D. D., of Sherborn, was chosen chaplain of the Senate, and Rev. D. W. Waldron to the similar office in the House of Representatives, —each for the eighth time, and by acclamation.

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ON the 19th of January, the Legislature of Massachusetts made choice of Hon. Henry L. Dawes as his own successor to a seat in the United States Senate, for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th of March, next.

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THE Troy and Greenfield Railroad, forty-four miles in length—including the Hoosac Tunnel,—has been sold by the State of Massachusetts to the Fitchburg Railroad Company for \$5,000,000 in bonds and \$5,000,000 in stock. The consolidation of these roads takes place February 1, 1887. The capital stock of the Fitchburg Company will then be put at \$12,048,800, of which \$5,000,000 is to be common stock and the rest preferred stock. The State is to own the common stock and have its *pro rata* share of surplus dividends, after the preferred stock has received four per cent. The bonds are to run fifty years, and bear interest at three per cent. for five years, three and a half for the next five, and four per cent. thereafter.

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FOREFATHER'S DAY was celebrated Wednesday night, December 22, at Washington, D. C., in All Souls' Church. Hon. George B. Loring presided, and made the opening address. Speeches were made by Hon. George S. Boutwell, Senator Sherman, Representative Long of Massachusetts, and Lieutenant Greely, the Arctic explorer.

AS NOTED in our January issue, the New England Society of New York, held on Wednesday night, December 22d, at Delmonico's, its eighty-first annual supper. Three hundred members and invited guests were present. Ex-Judge Horace Russell, the president of the society, presided, and Cornelius N. Bliss acted as master of ceremonies. After the supper Judge Russell made an address, in the course of which he paid an eloquent tribute to the late President Arthur. The toast to Forefathers' Day was responded to by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

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THE New England Society of Pennsylvania held its sixth annual festival at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, on the evening of Wednesday, the 22d of December, and was presided over by Rev. Dr. Henry L. Wayland. About two hundred gentlemen were present. The first toast, "The day we celebrate," was responded to in a very interesting speech by George William Curtis, who, in concluding, said: "The New England spirit of the Puritan does not die, and while it lasts our country does not die." Other toasts were responded to as follows: "The President of the Republic, and the Union of the States," by William T. Trenholm; "The New Netherlanders, the Pilgrims of Manhattan," by Chauncey M. Depew, of New York; "Pennsylvania, the Keystone of the Union, and once its battle ground," by ex-Senator John Stewart.

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THE annual meeting of the Methodist Historical Society, was held in the hall in the Wesleyan Building, on Bromfield street, Boston, on Monday, January 17th, marking the expiration of the eighth, and the inauguration of the ninth year of its existence. The meeting was called to order by the first vice-president, Rev. L. R. Thayer. D. D.; and the public services were opened with prayer by Rev. Albert Gould. The accessions to the membership during the year brings the entire roll up to 484, of whom 328 are resident members. The librarian stated that 13,971 books and pamphlets were already in his custody. The old board of officers was re-elected. An event of the meeting was the able discussion by Rev. Marcus D. Buell, S. T. D., Assistant Dean of Boston University, of "The Elements of Pastoral Leadership."

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EX-PRESIDENT WHITE, of Cornell University, has given to that institution his valuable historical library. This collection of books, the gathering of which has been Mr. White's life-work, consists of about 30,000 volumes, besides some 10,000 valuable pamphlets, and many manuscripts. It has cost more than \$100,000. The collection is re-

markable upon French, German, and American history, the Middle Ages, the Jesuits and the Inquisition; also upon the natural sciences, and on political economy.

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THE corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, England, has voted the heartiest thanks of the town to George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for his gift of a drinking-fountain to the place.

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THE discovery is announced of a pyramid, about 250 yards high and 1500 yards in diameter, near Magdalena, Mexico. A spiral road, wide enough for a carriage, winds to the top of the pyramid.

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JANUARY, 1887, has been marked by several railroad disasters, the first of which almost equals that of Ashtabula, ten years ago. It occurred on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at Republic, seventy-five miles west of Cleveland, on the 4th of the month, and caused the death of at least sixteen persons. The accident is believed to have been the result of criminal carelessness on the part of parties connected with the road. In the disaster near Springfield, Mass., it is known that one man was burned to death, while several passengers were more or less seriously injured. Again, by the telescoping of two freight trains on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad, two men were killed; and in Wisconsin, a passenger train ran into a sleigh-load of men, killing three and injuring others.

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THE month has proved no less disastrous on the sea,—a number of shipwrecks with loss of life having already been reported. The most disastrous of these was that near Cape Henry, which resulted in the loss of twenty-seven lives; to which we must probably add the English steamer Cranbrook, with thirty persons on board, and loaded with iron,—which is believed to have sunk.

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The year which has just closed was marked by unusual calamities in the fisheries on all the northeastern coasts of America. In those connected with Gloucester, Mass., alone, no less than 137 lives have been lost; by which fourteen wives were widowed and thirty-five children left fatherless. Twenty-six vessels were wrecked, having a value of \$150,000.

## NECROLOGY.

Elijah Babbitt died at Erie, Pa., January 9, aged 96 years. He was regarded the oldest practising lawyer in the United States. He was a native of Providence, R. I., and was admitted to the Pennsylvania bar in 1824.

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Sergeant William Ballantyne, the noted English advocate and special pleader, died January 9, at the age of 75 years. In 1871 he was counsel for the Claimant in his original suit to secure the Tichborne baronetcy and estates. In 1875 he received a brief to go "special" to India to defend a native prince, charged with an attempt to poison Colonel Phayre, the British resident. He received a retainer of five thousand guineas, and fees amounting to five thousand more — the largest sum probably ever paid to counsel. The verdict was one of acquittal. Sergeant Ballantyne visited the United States a few years ago, and lectured in Boston. In 1882 he published a book, "Experiences of a Barrister's Life".

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Mrs. Emma Handy Moscrop Onderdonk died at Hempstead, L. I., January 9, aged 94 years. She was the widow of the late Bishop Benjamin Fredwell Onderdonk, who was deposed from his holy office after a protracted trial that scandalized the Episcopal Church a generation or more ago.

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Colonel James F. Sampson died at Plymouth, N. H., January 10, aged 84 years. He was a pioneer expressman, and the establisher of the United States and Canada Express.

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John Roach died in New York January 10. He was the greatest ship-builder of the country, and at one time had four thousand men in his employ.

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Mr. Nathaniel P. Cummings, a well known Boston contractor and builder, died on the 10th of January, at the age of 64 years. He was a native of Hampton, N. H., and came to Boston about thirty years ago.

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Rev. Oliver S. St. John died in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 10, at the age of 72. He was a Presbyterian Clergyman, and was a native of New York City, graduating from Amherst College in 1838. He



studied theology in the East Windsor Theological School, entering the ministry in the Congregational Church; after serving churches in Connecticut and New Jersey for several years, he was made professor of languages in Lafayette College, remaining there for a period of years. Afterwards he became pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Manhattanville, N. Y., and subsequently was at the head of a school for young women in New York City.

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Nathan Millett died at Salem, Mass., January 14, at the age of about 87 years. He was in the Salem Custom House during the years 1845-46-47, when Nathaniel Hawthorne was surveyor, and from 1870 to 1880 was a measurer of bark.

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Dr. William Perry died at Exeter, N. H., January 11, at the age of 98 years. He was the oldest person in Exeter, the oldest graduate of Harvard College, and the only surviving passenger on Fulton's first steamboat on her passage down the Hudson River, seventy-nine years ago. He was a native of Norton, Mass., and was a member of the class of 1811 at Harvard. After graduating he studied medicine with Dr. John Warren, soon after settling in Exeter, where he enjoyed a long and successful practice, being esteemed one of the most skillful physicians of his day in New Hampshire. He was among the first to advocate the establishment of State asylums for the insane. Sarah Orne Jewett, the authoress, is his granddaughter.

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Abby Kelly Foster, one of the most noted women of her time, died at her home in Worcester, Mass., January 14. She was one of the pioneers in the anti-slavery work, and earned the highest honors long before they began to be distributed. Her funeral was a simple one, only her relations and a few of her most cherished friends and former co-workers were in attendance, and brief addresses were made. James Russell Lowell wrote of her in her youth:—

"No nobler gift of heart or brain,  
No life more white from spot or stain,  
Was e'er on Freedom's altar laid  
Than her's — the humble Quaker maid."

Her name is historically inseparable from those of Lucretia Mott, Lydia Maria Child, and Maria Weston Chapman.

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Mrs. Sarah E. Monmouth of Canterbury, N. H., died in London, N. H., on the 16th of January, at the age of 59 years. She was a daughter of Dr. Joseph M. Harper of Canterbury, who was actin

Governor of New Hampshire in 1830-31, and a member of Congress from 1831 to 1836. The brother of Mrs. Monmouth, Rev. C. A. Harper, was lieutenant-colonel of Hay's Texan Volunteers in the Mexican War, and subsequently became a Justice of the Supreme Court of Arkansas. In Texas she first met her husband, Jacques Eugene Monmouth, who was a Southerner. He was killed in the war of the Rebellion, at the head of a Louisiana regiment. She lost much of her property soon after the death of her father in 1864, and for four years lived the life of a recluse on her farm in Canterbury. In 1871 she began the self-imposed task of decorating what is known as the "Warsted Church" in Canterbury, in which she devotedly continued for seven years. On Sundays she held services in it, reading to those assembled the sermons of Beecher, Talmage, and Spurgeon. She likewise decorated her home after the same manner, to which she gave the name of "Rest Valley".

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General William B. Hazen, chief signal officer, died in Washington, D. C., January 16, at the age of 57. He was a native of West Hartford, Vt., and went with his parents to Ohio in 1833, and was appointed to West Point from that State in 1851. After continuous military experience he engaged in the war of the Rebellion, through the whole of which he performed service that secured his steady promotion. His signal achievement in the war was the capture of Fort McAllister, at Savannah, which he stormed and carried in the space of five minutes, thus opening a way for General Sherman to the sea. He went abroad on military service during the Russo-Turkish war, and upon the death of General Meyer, the first chief of the signal service department, was appointed to the vacant office.

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Professor Edward Olsney, LL.D., died suddenly at Ann Arbor, Mich., January 16. He was eminent as a mathematician, having been for 30 years professor of mathematics in the University of Michigan. He was the author of numerous works on mathematics in general use.

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## LITERATURE AND ART.

THE latest issue of Putnam's "Story of the Nations" series treats of Carthage,<sup>1</sup>—prepared jointly by Alfred J. Church and Arthur Gilman. As a book it is well gotten up; as a history it appears to be a piece of faithful work; and its style will commend it to the average reader, and promote the common education.

<sup>1</sup> The Story of Carthage. New York and London; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 493. Price \$1.50.

"WHERE ARE WE AND WHITHER TENDING"<sup>2</sup> is a series of popular lectures on human progress, by Rev. M. Harvey. Its survey of the law and process of human development is clear and just and conformable with science, though not burdened with scientific formula; and to many people it will be interesting and profitable.

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THE Gazetteer of Maine<sup>3</sup> has reached a third edition. It is a valuable thesaurus or encyclopedia of all matters pertaining to Maine, and giving in an appendix all the important changes in towns and cities since the previous edition. A descriptive, historical, and statistical account of the State is first given, occupying some forty pages; then follows, in alphabetical order, every town, each having the space required to show its position, its ponds, streams, hills, rocks, soil, productions, its business, interesting history, statistics, etc., etc. Each post office is represented in order with the towns. Some such work as this is a necessity to every family who would be really well-informed.

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Among the advocates of the new practice of mind-healing is a school which avows the old theology\* to be not only in accordance with the practice, but the only basis on which the greatest success can be attained, and that the miracles of Christ and his apostles, and of their followers in succeeding years, are of the same nature as these modern instances. The leader of this school is Dr. E. J. Arens, whose purpose in the work before us is to set forth the old theology in a somewhat new light, showing "its application to the healing of the sick, the redemption of man from the bondage of sin and death, and his restoration to an everlasting life." The author is a German, and in his preface expresses his confidence that "It will be unnecessary to ask the reader for charitable criticism when I say that I make no claims to being a ripe scholar, and that my knowledge of the English language is very imperfect."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE SOLDIER in the Army of the Potomac; by Frank Wilkeson. New York and London; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. Cloth, 16 mo.; pp. 246. Price, \$1.00. Boston, for sale by W. B. Clarke and Carruth.

WHERE ARE WE AND WHITHER TENDING; by Rev. M. Harvey. Boston; Doyle and Whittle. 1886. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 134.

<sup>2</sup> Where are We and Whither Tending. Boston; Doyle and Whittle. 1886. Cloth, 4to., pp. 134.

<sup>3</sup> The Gazetteer of Maine, by George J. Varney. Boston; B. B. Russell. 1886. 8vo., pp. 629. Half Russia, \$3.50; cloth, \$2.75. Sold by subscription.

\*OLD THEOLOGY, in its Application to the Healing of the Sick. By E. J. Arens. Boston, 1884. Published by the author, 33 Union Park. Vol. 1, cloth, 12mo., pp. 318. Price, \$1.00.

THE LAW OF LAWS. A Synopsis of a New Philosophy. Published by the Remedial Institute and School of Instruction, Quincy, Ill. 1886. Paper, 8 vo. pp. 115. Price, \$1.00.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY, edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Paper. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cts. Vol. 1, No. 44, — PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF DEMETRIUS, MARK ANTONY and THEMISTOCLES. No. 45, — PETER PLYMLEY'S LETTERS, and selected essays. No. 46, — TRAVELS IN ENGLAND IN 1782; by C. P. Moritz. No. 47, — UNDINE. THE TWO CAPTAINS. No. 48, — CONFESSIONS OF AN INQUIRING SPIRIT, and Miscellaneous Essays. No. 49, — AS YOU LIKE IT; Shakespeare. No. 50, — A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND. No. 51, — A CHRISTMAS CAROL AND CHIMES. No. 52, — THE CHRISTIAN YEAR, by the Rev. John Keble.

IDEOLOGY; by Dr. La Roy Sunderland. Boston; J. P. Mendum. 1885. Cloth, 12 mo. Vol. 1, pp. 138; Vol. 2, pp. 200. Bound together.

AGATHA AND THE SHADOW; a novel. Boston; Roberts Bros. 1887. Cloth, 16 mo. pp. 321. Price, \$1.50.

A YEAR IN EDEN; by Harriet W. Preston. Boston; Roberts Bros. 1887. Cloth, 16 mo. pp. 420. Price, \$1.50.

TO THE POET LAUREATE; a poem, by Louis Belrose, Jr., Washington, D. C., Brentano's; A. S. Witherbee & Co., proprietors. Paper; small 4 to. pp. 4.

GLADSTONE ON THE NEW "LOCKSLEY HALL." New York; Brentano Bros. Paper; small 4 to. pp. 39. Price 25 cts.

EARLY NEW ENGLAND PEOPLE; by Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb. Boston; W. B. Clarke & Carruth, publishers. 1882. Cloth, 8 vo. pp. 293. Price, \$4.00.

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## INDEX TO MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

[The numerals designate magazines, a list of which is placed at the close of this index. The date of the magazines is that of the month preceding this issue of the New England Magazine, unless otherwise stated.]

ART, ARCHITECTURE. The Poetry of Form and Color. *Fletcher Reede*. 23.—A Note on Impressionist Painting. *Theodore Child*. 2.—French Sculptures: Saint-Marceaux, Mercié, Fulgière. *William C. Brownell*. 1. The Babylonian Seals. *William Hayes Ward*. 30.

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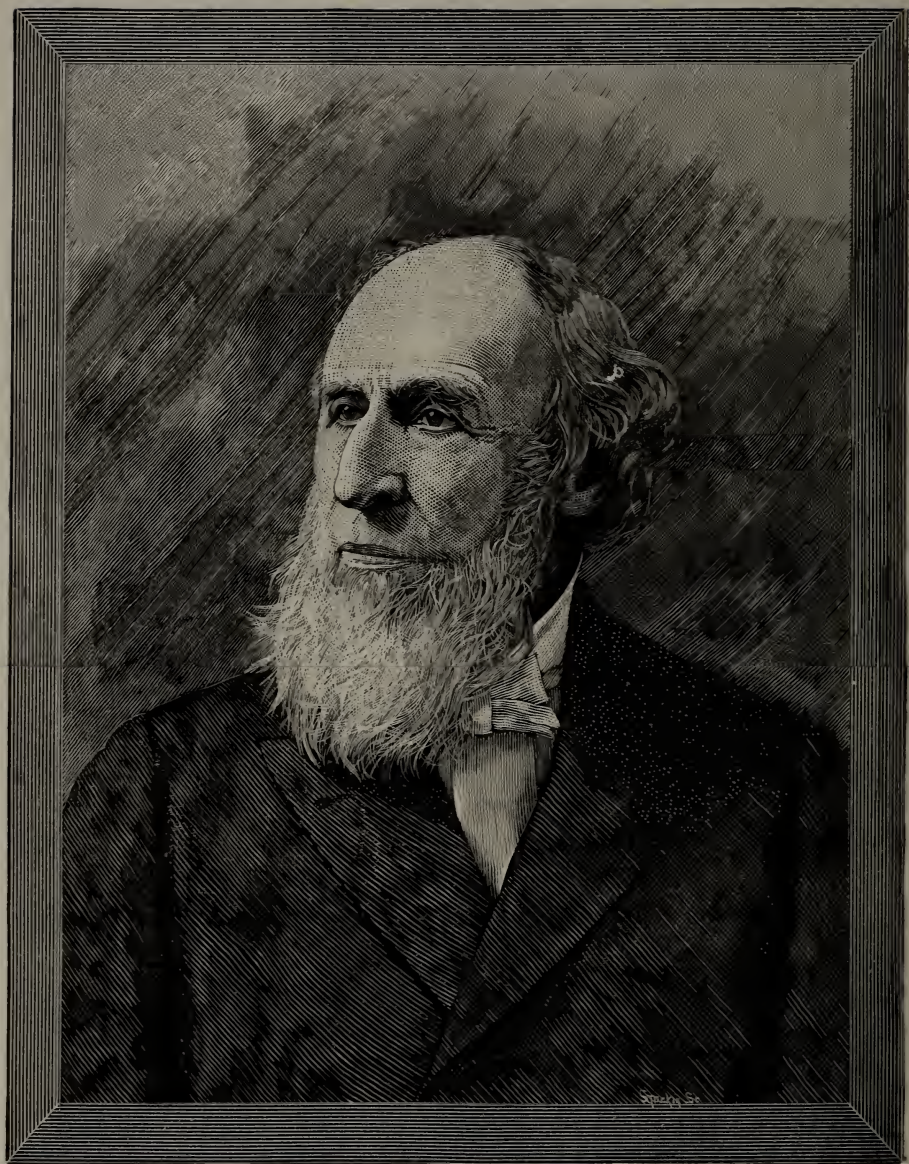
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REV. A. A. MINER, D.D., LL.D.



THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
AND  
BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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Vol. V. No. 5.

MARCH, 1887.

Whole No. 29.

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RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

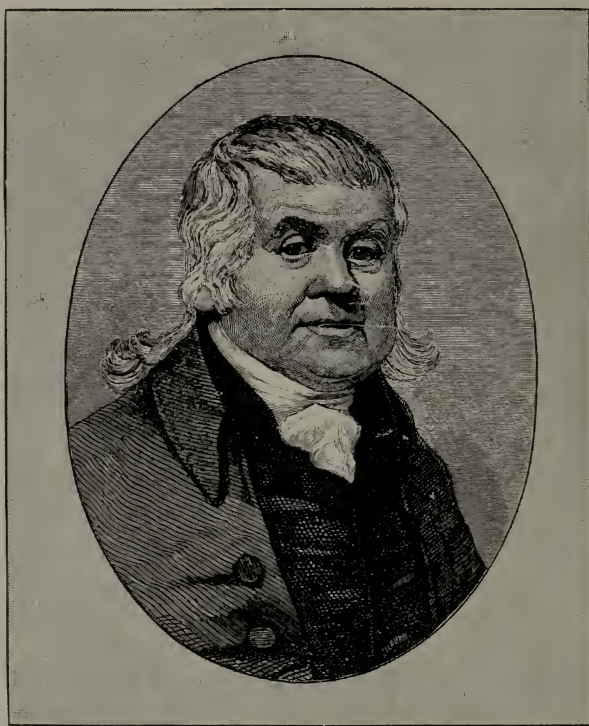
III.—THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

BY REV. E. H. CAPEN, D.D., PRESIDENT OF TUFTS COLLEGE.

UNIVERSALISTS believe in the final salvation of all men. But Universalism as a doctrine cannot properly be characterized as belief in a result. The result is only an incident, though an exceedingly important one, in a great system of truth. This system puts God in the centre of the universe, and regards him as a moral being, working by moral methods for the accomplishment of moral ends. His principles are universal in their nature, application, and issue, and there is nowhere a counter principle which can effectually abridge their character or influence, or permanently interrupt and defeat their purpose and work. This view of the economy of the universe is not modern. It belongs to the very first ages of the Christian Church. Not only did the Apostles teach with a positiveness which admits of no contradiction that God is love, that love sent the Saviour into this world, and that love must be the final outcome of things, but their successors in the Church, with very few exceptions for nearly three hundred years, held to the same general conception of theology, and put it forth with equal positiveness. The great lights of the Greek Church, like Clement of Alexandria and Origen, even went so far as to maintain by specific arguments, the force of which has never been surpassed, that love must triumph in the ultimate recovery of every human soul.

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This view prevailed until the sceptre of authority of the Church passed from the Eastern to the Roman branch. Then for the first time the purely legal conception of the divine nature and government, of sin and penalty, of the whole scheme of human redemption, began to dominate the thought of Christendom. The system of doctrine known as Augustinianism came to prevail almost to the exclusion of every other notion during the Middle Ages, and



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until the rise of Protestantism. The latter movement produced the two modifications of Augustinianism known as Lutheranism and Calvinism. The reformed theology of England was for the most part that taught by Calvin. The Westminster divines merely sought to put the system of the great theologian of Geneva into a form that could be readily apprehended by the people. Naturally this was the theology which our fathers brought with them from the mother-country. This was the theology to which the

English-speaking race at the beginning of the eighteenth century gave almost unqualified assent.

But very early in this century there began to be marked symptoms of uneasiness and even of dissent. The iron of the creed was entering the souls of men. Arminianism in England, and, later on, both the Arminian and Socinian tendencies in America, were the distinct manifestations of a solemn protest in the bosom of Protestantism itself against the awful conclusions of Calvinistic predestination and election. During this upheaval the Universalist denomination had its birth. The movement began on the other side of the water, but it was very soon transferred to Amer-

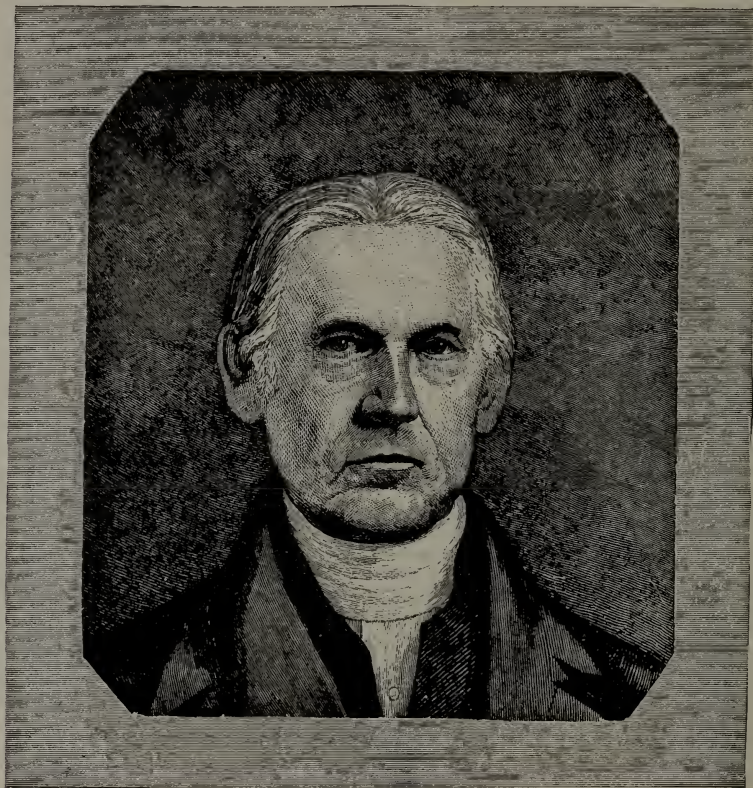


THE MURRAY CHURCH, BOSTON.

ica ; and almost its entire history is confined to these shores. Dr. Eddy, in his work entitled, "Universalism in America," mentions five distinct channels by which the doctrine of universal salvation was brought hither. Dr. George De Benneville, born of French refugees in London, in 1703, after expulsion from England because of his heretical opinions, and after barely escaping death from the same cause in France, came to America in 1741, and settled in Pennsylvania, where he practised medicine and preached the gospel in different parts of the State until his death, in 1793. The



German Baptists, commonly called Dunkers, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1719, "were from the first believers in universal restoration." The Rev. Richard Clarke, rector of St. Philip's Church, Charleston, S. C., 1754-59, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, having an European reputation, was very pronounced in his advocacy of the doctrine. He had strong sympathizers among leading



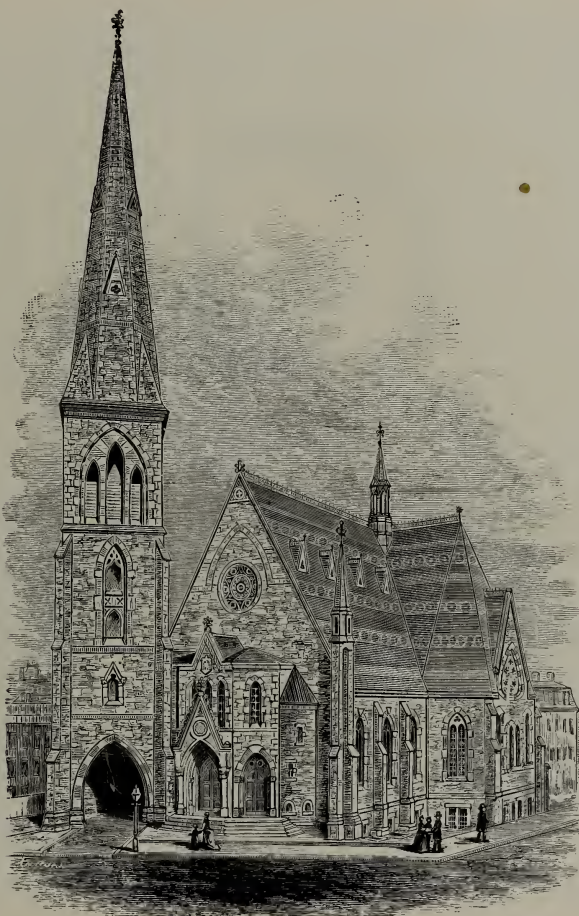
REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

men of his denomination in different parts of the country. Among the Congregationalists, the attitude of Dr. Charles Chauncy, pastor of the First Church of Boston, and of Dr. Jonathan Mahew, pastor of the West Church, is well known.

But the Universalist denomination, as it exists to-day, traces its origin to the Rev. John Murray, who came to this country and preached his first sermon in Thomas Potter's Church, at Good



Luck, N. J., on the 30th of September, 1770. Mr. Murray was born in Alton, England, in 1741. When he was but twelve years old he came under the influence of John Wesley, who honored him with his confidence, so that he became, a few years later, an earnest and eloquent advocate in his connection. But upon



COLUMBUS AVENUE CHURCH.

meeting and hearing the Rev. George Whitefield, he adopted Calvinistic views, and became a communicant in his Tabernacle, in London. Here he was so marked by his zeal and ability that he was specially commissioned to reclaim a young lady of the congregation who had adopted the views of James Rely, an Universalist

preacher of London. The task, which seemed to him an easy one, proved greater than he anticipated ; for not only was the young lady strong in her convictions, but by her questions and answers she suggested problems which troubled him sorely for a long time. Against the doctrine of Rely he entertained the strongest preju-



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From *Lessons of Faith and Life*, by E. H. Chapin.

dice. But such was the candor of his mind that he was compelled to admit the force of arguments which he could not satisfactorily answer. Some months after the conversation with the young lady above referred to, he accidentally came upon a copy of Rely's "Union," a small treatise in which the theology of Rely was

distinctly and particularly set forth. To this he gave a most attentive and prayerful study, meanwhile becoming a regular attendant upon Mr. Relly's preaching. The result was a complete conversion to what was then known as "Rellyism." He was strongly urged by Mr. Relly to become a preacher of the new faith, but firmly declined. Not long after he met with a severe affliction in the death of his beautiful and devoted wife, which so overwhelmed him with melancholy that he sought relief by emigration. His hope was that he might bury himself in the wilderness of the New World. But his coming hither was accompanied by so many wonderful signs that he could not regard them as other than the indications and leadings of Providence, setting him apart and sealing him for the proclamation of the great and universal hope. Therefore, after resisting by every means at his command the solicitations of Mr. Potter, he consented to preach in the church which the latter had built, believing that God would one day send him a preacher who cherished the same broad faith as himself.

This event put an end forever to his dream of solitude and obscurity. Mr. Potter's church, to be sure, was apparently in the wilderness; and Mr. Murray's first thought was that he would spend his days there as a kind of private chaplain to his new-found friend and immediate neighbors. But so great was the fame of his preaching, that people flocked to hear him from more than twenty miles around. Nor was this all. To quote his own language, "solicitations, earnest solicitations, poured in from the Jerseys, from Philadelphia, and from New York; and it became impossible to withstand their repeated and imposing energy." He entered almost at once upon a series of missionary journeys, which carried him along the Atlantic seaboard, farther and farther away from the home of his friend, as far to the north as Portsmouth, N. H. As early as 1773 he had made several visits to Rhode Island, preaching to immense audiences in Newport, East Greenwich, and Providence, and forming a close and lifelong friendship with General Nathanael Greene and other distinguished Rhode Island patriots. It was to their influence, undoubtedly, that he was indebted, on the outbreak of the Revolution, for his appointment and confirmation as chaplain of the Rhode Island Brigade, notwithstanding the protest to the contrary of every other chaplain of the provincial army.



Mr. Relly was a Calvinist. His special revolt was at the Calvinistic idea of reprobation. He held that the atonement was complete. All men had fallen in Adam ; through "union" with him had actually participated in his transgression, and therefore merited damnation. But, in like manner, all, through "union" with Christ, the second Adam, had entered into the atonement. Their redemption, though not their salvation, was therefore complete. Mr. Murray accepted this doctrine without qualification. As he was entirely alone, so far as he knew, in this hemisphere, in the hope he cherished, he did not make formal announcement of it, but confined the expression of his convictions entirely to the language of the Scriptures. The consequence was that his orthodoxy for some time was not suspected, and the churches of the standing order were freely opened to him. But gradually, as men came to have a clearer understanding of his opinions, he encountered opposition. While preaching in Boston, in 1774, his life was seriously threatened, and on many other occasions he was made to feel the bitterness of religious persecution.

I have said that, so far as he himself knew, he was the only person in America who cherished the sentiments of Relly. But on visiting Gloucester, November 3, 1774, to his amazement and delight, he found a number of persons, belonging to families of the first consequence in that then important commercial town, who not only had read Relly's "Union," but were thoroughly in accord with its teachings. His own language is as follows: "I had travelled from Maryland to New Hampshire without meeting a single individual who appeared to have the smallest idea of what I esteemed to be the truth as it is in Jesus ; but, to my great astonishment, there were a few persons, dwellers in that remote place, upon whom the light of the gospel had *more than dawned*. The writings of Mr. Relly were not only in their *hands*, but in their *hearts*." By these persons, and others who were drawn around him by the novelty and power of his preaching, he was invited to establish himself permanently in Gloucester. This invitation he accepted, and barring the term of his chaplaincy in the army, continued to reside there until his removal to Boston in 1793. The fruit of Mr. Murray's efforts in Gloucester was a religious society of commanding influence which has maintained its importance and enjoyed an uninterrupted prosperity to the present hour.



During Mr. Murray's residence in Gloucester, a legal controversy arose which was of far-reaching importance, involving not only the right of independent worship, but of exemption from taxation for the support of the standing order. A suit was brought in Mr. Murray's name, in 1783, and was under litigation until 1786, when a decision was given in favor of the plaintiff.

An Universalist society having been organized in Boston, a meeting-house purchased and fitted for service, Mr. Murray accepted a call to the pastorate and was installed October 24, 1793. Here he remained, exercising his gifts as a minister of universal grace until his death, twenty-two years later, attracting to himself large congregations, and putting forth an influence which has not yet ceased to be felt in every part of the continent.

Mr. Murray's efforts were not confined to his own pulpit, but throughout his whole ministerial career he answered calls as they were made upon him to preach in different and distant parts of the country. The consequence was the organization of a number of societies in New England, New York, and other places as far south as Philadelphia. A goodly number also of devoted and able men were drawn into active ministerial co-operation with him, among whom may be mentioned Adams Streeter; Caleb Rich; Edward Mitchell, Mr. Murray's colleague during the latter part of his life; George Richards, a preacher of great eloquence and a man of extraordinary literary gifts; Walter Ferris, whose pen drafted the Profession of Belief, adopted by the Universalist General Convention at Winchester, N. H., in 1803; Elhanan Winchester, one of the most remarkable men of his time; and Hosea Ballou.

Mr. Ballou was destined to exert an influence transcending that of Mr. Murray, not only upon the character of the Universalist body, but upon the theological opinions of his time. He was born in Richmond, N. H., April 30, 1771. His parents were Baptists, and, in the atmosphere of that faith, he was reared. Being of a devout and inquiring turn of mind, by patient and searching examination of the Scriptures, before he was eighteen years old, he had become fully persuaded of God's universal and impartial grace. In another half-dozen years he became convinced that reason and Scripture were alike opposed to the commonly received notion of the Trinity and the Calvinistic idea of the atonement. At the General Convention in Oxford, in 1794, he was by a sudden

impulse, we might almost believe an inspiration, marked out by Elhanan Winchester for ordination to the Christian ministry. With that moment began a career unsurpassed by the greatest lights of the Christian Church, a career which places him in the front rank of original thinkers and teachers, side by side with men like St. Augustine, Martin Luther, John Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards. His settlements were as follows : Dana, Mass. ; Barnard, Vt. ; Portsmouth, N. H. ; Salem, and Boston. In the autumn of 1798 he was invited by Mr. Murray to supply his pulpit for ten weeks, during his absence on a tour to Philadelphia. The Rev. Dr. Miner in his chapter on a century of Universalism, in the Memorial History of Boston, says : "His remarkable familiarity with the word of God, his wonderful powers of reasoning, his profound insight into the human heart, and his inexhaustible store of illustrations gave him a power over an assembly rarely equalled. He had a large hearing in Boston. The public mind was greatly moved. On the last day of his ministration he gave a very frank and clear explanation of his new views touching Christ and the atonement." The occasion has historic significance. It may be regarded as marking a new departure in the Universalist theology of that period. Mrs. Murray, in the absence of her husband, did what she could to undo the mischief of that sermon. She caused it to be announced from the singing-gallery, that the views to which they had just listened were not the views usually proclaimed from that pulpit. But it was in vain. The floods had broken loose, and were fast sweeping away every vestige of Calvinism from the Universalist faith.

At this time Mr. Ballou was engaged in the most profound study of the Scriptures, "permitting himself but a very brief portion of time for sleep." His son says, "He *thought* much, communed with himself alone, and even at that period accustomed himself to a degree of inward or mental communion with himself, that would seem to exclude the world about him, for the time being, from his sense of seeing or hearing. . . . Sometimes these moments were followed by the use of the pen for records in his note-book of texts and sermon heads, sometimes by a reference to the Scriptures, and sometimes by a walk in the open air ; then his lips would be seen to move, and he would be quite oblivious to all outward circumstances." He was undoubtedly engaged in working out and systematizing the opinions which shortly after

found their way into print. In 1804 he published "Notes on the Parables of the New Testament," and in the following year the work which exceeded in importance every other work that ever came from his hand, namely, his "Treatise on Atonement." Horace Greeley, and other judges equally competent, have called this the most remarkable book of the century; and certainly when we remember that this young man, who was destitute of anything like a formal education, utterly unacquainted with the literature of theology, without commentaries or any of the ordinary appliances of scriptural study and interpretation, with nothing, in fact, one might almost say, but the Scriptures in the vernacular, had thought his way, unaided and alone, to the substitution of a moral for a legal view of the atonement, to a system of theology which makes Christ the mediatorial agent of the Almighty for the ushering in of the kingdom of righteousness, and the bringing of the entire moral universe into willing subjection to His power and love; it was not only a great book for that age, but one of the few great books of all ages.

Of course it would be too much to claim that a book so produced is above criticism. Apart from defects of style, which we should naturally expect, there are phases of doctrine which unquestionably need modification. The Calvinistic atmosphere in which he was brought up led him to an extreme view of Divine Sovereignty, which some have thought gives an Antinomian tinge to his theology. His theory that "the Scriptures begin and end the history of sin in flesh and blood, and that beyond this mortal existence the Bible teaches no other sentient state, but that which is called by the blessed name of life and immortality," produced that disturbance in the Universalist body which culminated in what is known as the Restorationist movement, and led many people to feel that the Universalist view of sin is superficial and frivolous. It is but fair to say, however, that the application of the doctrine to practical life by Mr. Ballou and those who held with him, is the best answer to the criticism. But notwithstanding this criticism, this open rupture of the church, — under the powerful impulse of the gigantic intellect of Mr. Ballou the denomination had an almost phenomenal growth. Wherever he went, the people flocked in multitudes to hear his message. Like his Master of old, the common people heard him gladly. Moreover, he drew into co-operation with him in his ministerial work men whose intellectual

power was only inferior to his own. Space permits the mention of but three or four of these. But the record would not be complete without referring to Walter Balfour, whose examination of the meaning of the terms Sheol, Hades, Tartarus, and Gehenna, led him to conclusions which have now been adopted by the foremost scholars and Biblical critics of the Protestant world; to Thomas Whittemore, a controversialist, whose skill was more than a match for the sharpest antagonist, a preacher of great argumentative and magnetic powers, an editor prolific and incisive, and an historical and expository writer of such grasp and thoroughness that, had he concentrated his energies in either of these departments, his fame would have been secure; and to Lucius R. Paige, D.D., the author of "Selections from Eminent Commentators," and of a "Commentary of the New Testament," works which are regarded as indispensable in nearly every Universalist household. Dr. Paige still lives, an honored citizen of Cambridge, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Any further historical outline of Universalism would be manifestly imperfect and inadequate that did not recall, at least, two other names of men, who, though belonging to a later generation, were still the contemporaries of Hosea Ballou in the formative period of the Universalist denomination. The first of these is Hosea Ballou, 2d, D.D., the editor of the *Universalist Quarterly Magazine* from the time of its founding in 1844, until his death in 1861, and the first president of Tufts College; a scholar of the very first rank, known everywhere for the breadth and thoroughness of his work and the extraordinary penetration of his mind. The second is the Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D., the still active and efficient dean of Tufts Divinity School. To these two men, more than to all others, the denomination is indebted for the present harmonious shaping of its theology, which, while giving due prominence to the efficiency of divine sovereignty and grace in the economy of human redemption, does not lightly regard the nature and consequences of sin, and also lays proper stress upon those moral agencies, involving the voluntary choice of the individual acting in the light of the Christian religion, which are the indispensable requisites of a true salvation. To these two men, likewise, the denomination is chiefly indebted for the educational impulse which has been such a conspicuous feature of its later history.



As has been remarked already, the Universalist movement encountered the fiercest opposition in the beginning. This opposition has not yet died away. In many parts of the country it is still as active and virulent as ever. Indeed, it has been one prolonged battle. It has epitomized in its history the history of the church militant. It has often been made to drink to the dregs the cup of persecution, bigotry, intolerance, and hatred. It has been the subject of detraction as to its moral power and influence by evangelists of every stripe, from Burchard and Knapp to Joseph Cook. This, too, in the face of the fact that it has produced, besides those whom I have named, such preachers as Thomas Starr King, E. H. Chapin, and A. A. Miner; and such laymen as Thomas Potter, Winthrop Sargent, Charles Tufts, Sylvanus Packard, Oliver Dean, Thomas A. Goddard, John A. Gurley, C. C. Washburne, Israel Washburne, Jr., and Horace Greeley; that, in an age of unparalleled corruption, amid great betrayals of trust, often affecting men whose standing is high in the Christian Church, its advocates have passed almost without suspicion; and that it has held a foremost place in every great movement of social and moral reform.

It should also be borne in mind that the trend of thought, in the present time, is unmistakably in the direction of Universalism. The root of bitterness in the arraignment of the Andover theology lies in the statement that it is "Semi-Universalism," and that the positions assumed therein, by a logical necessity, lead to the Universalist conclusion; that eminent men, who are still constrained to work under the Calvinistic banner, openly avow the wish that they could believe the Universalist theology, and if they could, their energy to work for the salvation of souls would be redoubled; that men, of whom Archdeacon Farrar is a representative example, avowedly live and labor in the hope that God will yet, in some mysterious way, accomplish His will in the moral universe, and bring the last wanderer home to rejoice in the Father's love; that men like Maurice and Kingsley, not to mention distinguished living preachers in both England and America, have been the pronounced advocates of an all-embracing and triumphantly persistent moral energy, manifested in Christ, and working without effectual hindrance toward the utter extinction of evil; and that the literature of the age is saturated with the great and elevated conviction, — Tennyson devoutly singing,

“ Oh, yet we trust that, somehow, good  
Will be the final goal of ill ” ;

and Whittier, in even clearer strains, chanting, —

“ I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air ;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.”

The persons composing the Universalist body were, for the most part, in the beginning, at least, drawn from churches which had the congregational polity. Accordingly, its polity is marked by congregational features. In the individual churches the people have the controlling voice in the settlement of ministers and the direction of parish affairs. The parishes, however, are organized into conventions confined to the limits of the several States, the General Convention being over all. The State conventions are composed of the clergymen in fellowship within the States and of lay-delegates chosen by the parishes. Discipline is in the hands of a committee of fellowship, appointed by each convention. The General Convention is a delegate body, meeting once a year. Delegates, clerical and lay, in certain definite proportions, are chosen by the several State conventions. It is also a corporate body, having a board of trustees, who, in the interim of its sessions, are charged with matters of discipline, the management of the finances, and the direction of missionary efforts. The present organization of the General Convention dates from the centenary year, 1870.

The “ Universalist Register,” for 1887 gives statistics as follows : There are nine hundred and forty-five parishes, comprising upwards of thirty-eight thousand families. There is a church-membership of thirty-five thousand five hundred, and a Sunday-school membership of fifty-three thousand five hundred. The estimated value of church property is seven millions and a half of dollars. Several of the State conventions have invested funds. The funds of the Massachusetts Convention amount to fifty thousand dollars. The General Convention has funds aggregating more than one hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

During the last thirty years particular attention has been given to the establishment and development of educational institutions. Drs. Balloq and Sawyer took the initiative in setting forth the

necessity of schools and colleges under the denominational control. The latter has lived to see his anticipations realized an hundred-fold. Besides such seminaries as Clinton Liberal Institute in New York, Goddard Seminary in Vermont, Westbrook Seminary in Maine, and Dean Academy in Massachusetts, — all well endowed with funds, possessing first-class facilities for instruction, and enjoying a large patronage, — there are four colleges and three theological schools. The colleges are Tufts College, St. Lawrence University, Lombard University, and Buchtel College. With each of the three colleges first named a theological school is connected. The aggregate of funds permanently devoted to educational purposes approximates three millions of dollars. Upwards of one hundred teachers are employed, and instruction is given to nearly fourteen hundred pupils annually.

The General Convention, at its session in Winchester, N. H., adopted the following profession of belief : —

I. We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind.

II. We believe that there is one God, whose nature is love ; revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

III. We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practise good works ; for these things are good and profitable unto men.

This profession has remained the only test of fellowship in the Universalist church from that day to this. There is, however, a large and, it is believed, increasing minority who object to it on the ground, first, that the last clause of the second article seems to imply the doctrine of the fall of the race through the transgression of Adam ; and, secondly, that the third article is utilitarian in its philosophy.

The late Israel Washburne, Jr., was wont to maintain that this is the one purely American church, and hence best adapted to meet the wants of the American people. It is American, he declared, in its polity, its republican features being more strongly marked than any other ecclesiastical organization in the world. It is American, also, he thought, in an high degree in its ideas.

The stress it lays upon the fatherhood of God carries with it, as a necessary corollary, the notion of human equality and brotherhood so strongly expressed in the Declaration of Independence. Under no other religious conception is it possible to secure the full and perfect realization of the central and fundamental truths of that immortal instrument of popular liberty. No doubt it is the close relation between the theological principles of Universalism and the political theories of the founders of the Republic, which awakened such a profound interest in Mr. Murray among the leading minds of the Revolutionary epoch. For it is a fact that he had the warm and approving friendship of Washington, the ardent admiration of John Adams, and that he even enlisted the interest of Jefferson and Franklin. At all events, Universalism, as a system of religious belief in this country, is coeval with the life of the Republic, and is as complete an expression as the imagination can devise of the ideas, hopes, and aspirations of the American people.



**A BIT OF OLD CHINA.**

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE.

THE Chinese people are gifted with a fancy which is particularly rich. This quality appears in their language, even in matters so simple as the naming of rivers and mountains. The language of compliment with them abounds in comparisons supposed to be flattering to the person addressed. In their poetry fancy has full and free play. Many of its pictures are not lacking a certain grace and elegance of drawing, even to our exacting taste. They are distinct and clear in form as outlined geometrical figures ; but they are without shading. In this the Chinese poets have not gone beyond what their painters and engravers have attained.

It is curious, moreover, to notice how poetry and art have been developed together among the Chinese. There is no realistic school in either. Nature is rarely represented apart from human interest. There is always something incident to life or feeling, — some story connected with every landscape drawing. Indeed, the story rules the pencil of the artist. Much of the incongruity we see in the position of hills and lakes and streams and bridges and houses in the pictures painted upon the cups and saucers in which our grandmothers used to take their Bohea and Young Hyson, results from the artist's undertaking to show certain "moving accidents by flood and field," and patiently and honestly trying to tell the whole story. This office of art is traditional in China, and it would not be at all strange if many of the old pictures in that country, which have been lost for generations and which have afterwards turned up, should have quite a different interpretation put upon them from that story which the artist originally had in mind.

We have as yet had little chance to discover how much of romance lies beneath the history of China. Especially is it the case that early illustrations to the text of their historical writings are either without meaning now, or are variously understood even by native scholars. It will occur to any one what a field the old annals and their accompanying maps and pictures must furnish the modern reader, in which he may exercise his fancy to the full

bent of his genius. Of course there will be a certain fashion of the time, a prevailing spirit of the age, even in so conservative a country as China, and accordingly different schools of interpretation will flourish at different times. The scope for poetic insight is practically without limit. The study of history is scarcely less seductive than the indulging the mind in the practice of dreaming in waking hours as well as in those of sleep.

It is not an easy matter for a modern student to get contact with the Oriental mind. Even if he masters the language sufficiently to read the books of the Chinese, he cannot enter into the spirit of the writer as he can in the case of early Greek and Roman works. What is matter of fact he may correctly apprehend, but the sentiment escapes him. He has little but husks of what should be a deliciously rich fruitage. The living teacher rarely leaves his country, and, at home, he is not accessible to the man of affairs such as is likely to be the visitor whom he may meet there. Literature is not in the Chinese market for the foreign trade. The literary guild hold the larger part of their stock of ideas as a sacred possession, not to be communicated to the common orders among their own people, much less to be shared with foreigners. In opening the ports of China we did not open the storehouses of romance and of poetic fiction which her great historical collections form.

Perhaps the most exclusively literary man whom China has sent to this country, was Professor Ko, of Harvard University. He was not only familiar with the whole range of the literature of his own country, but he had contributed to that literature two volumes of poetry, such as had secured for himself a respectable position as a writer. His poetic gifts fitted him admirably to interpret what was most fanciful in the older authors. He had read the legendary history of the country, and understood well how to interpret into modern thought the early records, and the rude maps and drawings with which these were illustrated. Among the books which he brought was an encyclopædic work of some twenty volumes. The earlier volumes were devoted to the natural and political history of China. After the Professor had acquired enough of English that he could make himself easily understood, it gave me great pleasure to go over with him the story of China's earlier settlement as it was told in pictures and in text. There was a fascination in hearing those traditions of a people who went eastward

from Eden when our ancestors started on their course towards the shores of the Mediterranean, and a passage into Europe ; traditions that were old before the time of the Lydian kings of whom Herodotus gossiped, or of Saturn's reign in Italy of which Livy fabled. The accounts which the Chinese historians give of the movements of their people down from the mountains on their western borders into the vast plain which stretches eastward to the Pacific, correspond exactly not only with the testimony of architectural remains scattered all the way from the mountains to the sea, but also with the development of the language. There is kept in these chronicles an unbroken record of events belonging to a time that, in the case of every other people, is prehistoric. Here is told in the familiar forms of human speech a story such as is elsewhere only hinted at in the use of implements of bronze or of stone.

The chief points of the story which follows were shown in a map, or picture, occupying a page of the old Chinese volume. The illustration was wholly in outline, without the least attempt at shading. There were mountain ranges, with the sun setting behind them, and a stream flowing down between. An aerial arch seemed to span the stream ; but one might well doubt whether it were a bridge or a rainbow, so unskilful was the artist's work. A few figures appeared, — one with face upturned, as if looking at the rainbow. Birds flying on his right hand were an omen of good luck. Such were the objects rudely pictured on the old page. Of themselves they conveyed little meaning and awakened no sentiment. A few columns of Chinese characters made brief allusion to an old tradition relating to the early history of the country. It was this quaintly poetic legend which the Professor was kind enough to repeat for the delight of a listener in the New World.

Away back in the early history of the Chinese people, at the time when they were just beginning to find their way through the valleys and down the eastern slopes of the mountains, and were first coming out upon the broad plains which have been held by the Middle Kingdom longer, perhaps, than any pyramid or temple has been standing beside the Nile, — certainly longer than any people have had their home in Europe, — the events which go to make up this simple story of life and feeling took place. That the story should have been told to so many generations, and have

lived in tradition to be written out in a language so strange to it as ours, for readers of another race and living at a late day on another continent, proves that the feeling with which it moves us is that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

In those early days when the world was young, earth and sky were filled with wonders. It was the childhood of our race, and men remained children all their lives long, in comparison with the stars above them and the grand old mountains about them. Having their homes in the deep, dark valleys of those extensive ranges, there was little society for them which resembled human companionship, but to watch the shadows at evening steal silently down across the green meadows and climb the slope of the opposite hillside, or to see them hurrying off in the morning to escape the view of the sun. The birds sang in summer, and the streams then ran on and babbled to the rocks; but in winter the world was dumb. No wonder that in everything people then took counsel of their hopes and fears; and that the passing clouds and the shadows creeping around the mountain peaks were appealed to as capable of revealing some purpose of Nature leagued with the destiny of man.

In the upper part of one of these valleys was a bit of green meadow held, as it were, in a basin of rocky hills. Here was the home of a numerous family. Grandparents and parents, children and grandchildren, men and women, boys and girls, found shelter under one roof, and happy companionship in one family circle. Of this number one was a stranger, a child without other home than this, without parents living, and, indeed, without any kindred in the world. Joong-foo could only just remember his father and mother in a home the other side of the mountains, and an attempt one summer to cross over the high ridges and get on the side that sloped to the morning. There was little more of which he was conscious. He had been told that a company of travellers lost their way and perished in the snow, all except himself. For more than ten years he had been tenderly cared for in this lonely spot, and had shared with the other children their tasks and their games.

This place was, so far as one could see, completely surrounded by high mountains at some distance, and bare, bleak hills near at hand. The cottage was built upon a rocky slope, having the little meadow all in front. Along the farther edge of this green plat



ran the mountain stream, kept full all summer long from the melting snow above. Beyond this, over a dry, rocky shelf of land at the foot of the hills, led a rough path down the valley, along which, in the summer time, small companies of travellers were seen moving lower down the valley, and driving before them a few long-haired goats, — the only animal men had at that time domesticated. Joong-foo noticed that none were ever moving in the opposite direction. The boy had often been reminded, as he watched these wayfarers, of the journey upon which his parents were lost. He shuddered with fear whenever his thoughts went up among those dark mountains, full of mystery. He now began to think of the valleys which lay below. He could learn nothing of them from inquiry, for none ever came back over the one path which followed down the brookside. It would have been as reasonable to expect the waters which hurried down the mountain slope to come back again from a lower level.

The boy began to reason upon the little experience he had of life. He knew that the unknown valleys below had held out some promise to his father and mother: that promise had not been kept to them. His life, however, had been spared. Might it not be that some spot which they designed to reach was yet waiting for him? Such were his questionings of Nature. He was now oftener looking towards the east. He observed that, like the passers-by, the shadows which seemed animate and conscious always moved in that direction when they crept away in the morning, and when they came trooping down over the meadow in the late afternoon. The men never came back; the waters never came back; the shadows never came back; but his thoughts always came back to himself. With a sigh of sadness he repeated, —

“Ah, me!

Onward the shadows drift, the waters flow,  
And men go on the way the shadows go;  
Only my wandering thoughts come back to me.

Ah, me!”

As the youth looked down the valley, a high, sharp peak stood right where it seemed the brook ought to have its way, and right where it seemed the path along the side of the brook must needs lead the traveller. In summer the peak was naked rock, rough and jagged, showing seams and scars on all its face. In winter it

rose a spire of glittering ice and snow. To the eyes which now began to read every smile and frown of light and shade upon that rocky pile, its northern side took on by degrees the profile and the expression of the human face. No one had ever before discovered this resemblance. No one might ever see it again; but to the eyes of the lad it was real and plain. He watched that strong, rugged face as it was outlined against the bright sky in the morning, and at evening when the shadows veiled it slowly from his sight. Gradually the mountain won his perfect confidence; and it no longer stood in the way out of the valley, but it seemed rather to beckon to him to come into its nearer presence.

One summer afternoon a storm came down the valley with unusual violence. The stream was made very angry, and it quickly became noisy and turbulent. When the storm had passed, and the sun came out from behind the clouds, it sent a stream of light down through a notch in the mountains and across the wet grass of the meadow. The raindrops flashed and sparkled on the edges of the leaves and on the drooping blades of grass. But brighter and fairer than everything else to the eyes of wondering childhood, was the perfect bow painted in all the colors that are blended in sunlight on the dense black folds of the cloud which had passed. While old and young were looking in admiration upon this, the father remarked, as in a reverie, "There is good fortune at the foot of the rainbow." Just then the mountain face smiled through the cloud, and Joong-foo saw that one extremity of the bow rested on the shoulders of the peak, but, as the storm moved on, the features were outlined bright and clear against the bow which now rested some distance beyond. The youth looked to the other end of the bow, and noticed that there the arch sprang from a nook in the mountains, the farthest point to which the prospect around anywhere extended. No doubt the foster-father was dreaming, when he spoke, of some old fancy or project of his own. He little dreamed what thoughts and visions his words would call up in the active mind of the lad.

Few days passed before the youth had conceived the purpose, and formed plans for going in search of that fortune which had been suggested to his mind. With some plausible reason for the undertaking, he easily quieted all anxiety on the part of those whom he was about to leave. He set out one bright morning, going up the valley a little way at first, that he might find some

place to cross the stream by springing from one large rock to another where these had rolled down into its narrow bed. Once across the stream, he would be in the path that would lead him down toward the spot he had marked so carefully. He might fall in with some fellow-traveller, but that mattered less to him because of the many thoughts and emotions with which his heart and mind were filled.

That day he trudged on until he lost sight of everything that looked familiar. The mountain peak in front grew rough and rugged at his approach, and he almost feared to look up to it as the night began to come on. There was but one thing to keep his heart strong under the darkness of that lonesome night, and that was that he had now almost accomplished the journey on which he set out. He had kept in view the spot where the rainbow rested, and when the growing darkness hid it, he halted for the night.

When the youth woke in the early light of the following morning, everything about him was strange and unwonted to his eyes. He was at the foot of a dark mountain, and the place he sought lay yet in deep shadow. Looking up the valley and seeing the light resting on the bright meadows fresh with the morning dew, he could not forget what beauty the mornings used to reveal to him when even the rocks which now threatened to fall upon him wore a smile in the morning light. These thoughts were for the moment only. He was peering down the valley into that nook of the mountains where he had seen resting the brilliant arch of the clouds. As the mists cleared up, he could see it near at hand, and a less attractive spot was not easily to be found. Looking out a ford by which he could cross the river, he was soon on the other side. What struck him as strangest of all was to find the rocks in some places scraped bare of soil, and this piled elsewhere in heaps. Still more, here was a man busily at work carrying the dirt from place to place in a basket.

The greeting which the lad received was a gruff, ungracious one. When, however, it appeared that he was alone, and evidently intended no harm, the man's surly manners softened a little, and he was not at all disinclined to be social. He was an old man, but the story of his life as he gave it was soon told. He had come to that spot when young, confident that somewhere thereabouts was to be found treasure. He had dug the ground all over care-

fully, sifting every basketful of earth in the closeness of his search, and as yet without reward. It seemed that little more could be done by the man to rob his surroundings of all their native beauty. The effect produced by this scene upon the young visitor was that of disappointment. He cared not to stay even for rest.

The mountain peak with which the boy had been familiar all his life stood directly opposite this spot. He looked up at its rugged face, and it seemed he had never seen so hard and stern a look before. But those beetling crags nodded, as it were, to the boy, and beckoned to him to come away from where he stood — from a spot accursed by human selfishness and avarice. Then it occurred to the mind of the youth that he had seen that peak in the full glow of the rainbow, and he thought that if he could but get around upon the lower side of the mountain, he would see again the features he had known, wearing their old look of kindness and approval. He would recross the stream and follow the path he had left. This must somehow take him beyond the wall of mountains.

Through a narrow, winding passage, the stream and the path along its bank led down into a valley much more extended than the one Joong-foo had travelled through the day before. Here the mountains fell back on either hand, and they rose by ranges of hills and by wooded slopes, their peaks so far away as to be blue in the blue sky. Here he walked with a lighter heart. The path turned more and more to the right, and in a few hours he was brought to a point from which he could look back and see the peak in profile as he had been used to seeing it from the other side. Instantly the rocks took on the soft, mild look he knew so well; only from this side the features wore a kindlier expression. In the light of the afternoon sun a gentleness of repose rested on that serene brow. Down from the mountain side ran a rill of clear water, through a charming valley and under willow and alder bushes. There were bright flowers in the grass, and singing birds in the trees. Somewhere along the line of this stream (the young traveller said to himself) must have rested the foot of the rainbow; and he turned aside from the beaten path, to follow up the course of the mountain rill.

As he reached higher ground, and turned to look down the valley, a broader and a fairer view than he had ever looked upon before opened to his sight. There were spacious meadows and



cultivated fields, and gardens and cottage homes, such as he had never dreamed of. Below him were the stream which flowed past his home, and the track by its side which for two days he had followed. The mountain shadows were fast deepening around, and thrusting their length farther and farther across the meadows. While Joong-foo was lost in musing, he overheard a childish voice repeating in a minor key, —

“ Ah, well !

Onward the shadows drift, the waters flow,  
And men go on the way the shadows go ;  
Whither or how they fare, none come to tell.  
Ah, well ! ”

Looking about him, Joong-foo saw a young girl standing upon the hill and looking off over the valley. Her pensive gaze was fixed upon the road below, and she was clearly unconscious of any presence about her. As the youth listened to the tenderness of her tones, and saw the earnestness of her gaze, he was struck with the beauty of her form and the sweetness of her manner. There was a film of rainbow light floating as a veil before his eyes, and, looking up to the peak directly above that form, its features were lighted with a good-night smile.

Joong-foo soon learned that the girl had been looking down the path that led through the valley, and by which her brother had gone to seek his fortune in the larger world beyond the mountains. She was lamenting that neither did her brother come back again, nor did any one return up the road which stretched away before her. Since the stranger had come up from the valley, she asked eagerly whence he came and by what route he had travelled. She shuddered with an indefinable dread as he told her that he came from a place lying farther back in the mountains, where the shadows were deeper in the narrow valleys, and that he had never before seen a world so spacious and so light as the valley down which they were looking. As he recalled the frightful mountain gorges where his father and mother lost their lives, and compared with those horrors the calmness of that quiet evening hour amid the peaceful scenes about him, Joong-foo said to himself, if he did not say it aloud, that here for a certainty had rested the foot of the rainbow, and that here he had found that good fortune in search of which he had set out.

Thus was ended one of those countless pilgrimages and wanderings which were made in the expansion and development of a mighty empire.

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" **TO-WHOO !** "

[WITH THE PRESENT OF A MOUNTED ARCTIC OWL.]

I COME from the realm of ice and snow,  
Where winter keeps its throne,  
And only freezing north winds blow  
Across its whitened zone.  
I bring the secrets of the pole  
In my wide-open eyes,  
And in my snowy cowl and stole  
I hide its mysteries.

Within these warm and welcome walls  
Let me set up my rest ;  
I will be mute, whoever calls, —  
I, the one speechless guest.  
You shall admire — I will not smile ;  
You wonder — I look wise ;  
And many an hour will we beguile  
Together with our eyes.

## THE SIMSBURY COPPER MINES.

BY J. M. FRENCH, M.D.

ONE of the most notable of the few interesting scenes in New England is to be found in the present town of East Granby, Conn., at the site of the old "Simsbury Copper Mines." Here are the falling walls that still surround the old jail-yard; the crumbling remnants of houses and shops and factories, once vocal with the sounds of industry; and the gloomy subterranean caverns, which for a century and a quarter played so important a part in the history of Connecticut. First, it served as a fountain of wealth for the colony; later, as a home for its convicts and felons. Built deep in the everlasting hills, their work still endures as a landmark, connecting the present with a former generation.

The mines are situated upon the spurs of "Copper Hill," which is one of a range of ragged and rocky mountains extending through a great part of the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, parallel with the Connecticut River. The place is four or five miles west of the river, and sixteen miles northwest of Hartford, the spires of which can easily be seen from the buildings.

"The appearance of this place," says Barber (in his "Historical Collections," written about 1836), "forcibly reminds the observer of the walls, castles, and towers erected for the security of some haughty lordlings of the feudal ages; while the gloomy dungeons within its walls call to remembrance a Bastile, the prisoners of the Inquisition, and other engines of oppression and tyranny."

The history of such a place can hardly fail to be of interest, especially in a time like the present, when the nation, having reached the years of manhood, begins to look back to the days of its childhood, and consider with interest the events which characterized the beginnings of its greatness.

The first authentic record of the discovery of copper in Connecticut bears the date of December, 1705, when, at a town meeting of the inhabitants of Simsbury in that colony, it was announced "that there was a mine either of silvar or coper found in town."

As no one had any definite knowledge of the mine in question, the meeting proceeded to appoint a committee, with instructions

“to make serch for the same, and report at the next meeting.” At another meeting a vote was taken, “reserving forever to the town’s use and disposall all such mines or minerals.”

The next year a paper was drawn up and circulated, forming a joint-stock company for the purpose of working the mines. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town became subscribers, and were permitted to share in the profits in proportion to the amount of their lists for the preceding year.

A committee was chosen to employ workmen, provide the necessary implements and materials, and exercise a general supervision of the mining operations. This committee drew up articles of agreement, which were signed by sixty-four persons. The company was organized in 1707, and operations were begun as soon as responsible parties could be obtained to undertake the work of smelting and refining the ore. Such parties were soon found, and a contract was made with “Mr. John Woodbridge of Springfield, the Rev. Dudley Woodbridge of Simsbury, Mr. Timothy Woodbridge, Jr., of Hartford, Hezekiah Willis of Hartford, and the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Sr., of Hartford, whereby these gentlemen undertook “to put forward the work according to the articles of agreement.”

By this contract the proprietors agreed to dig the ore and deliver it at the building in which the smelting process was to be carried on. Here it was to be taken charge of by the contractors, who, on their part, agreed to “runne and refine the sd oar,” and cast it into bars fit for transportation. The proceeds, after deducting the tenth part (which was reserved for the town), were to be divided equally between the proprietors and the contractors. Of the portion which fell to the town, two-thirds was applied to the maintenance of “an able schoolmaster in Simsbury,” and the remaining one-third to the support of the “Collegiate School at New Haven.”

Although the articles of agreement were drawn up with great care, it was not long before differences and misunderstandings arose between the two parties to the contract, owing largely to the fact that the smelting process was not well understood, and could not be carried on with profit under the terms agreed upon. In order to settle all such difficulties and avoid further controversy, a town meeting was held in 1709, at which William Pitkin and John Haynes of Hartford, and John Hooker of Farmington, were appointed a board of arbitration to settle all matters in dispute.





Meantime the General Assembly of the colony, considering that "a public benefit" might result from these mines, passed an act vesting the control thereof in the proprietors, and appointing Pitkin, Haynes, and Hooker to be their commissioners, to hear and determine all controversies relating thereto. This was probably the first board of labor commissioners ever appointed in America.

The commission, thus doubly authorized, disposed of a large amount of business, settled many disputes, and saved much time and expense to all parties concerned. In 1718 a general law was passed providing for the appointment of "Commissioners of Mines," This board was continued by annual reappointment until 1739, a period of thirty years from the appointment of the first commission.

The agreement with the contractors, however, did not work harmoniously, and in 1712 the proprietors voted to call the contractors "to account, and, if necessary, to sue them for the ore that had been brought to them at various times." This resulted in the abrogation of the articles of agreement, and was followed by the lease of the mines, for a period of thirty years, to Col. William Partridge and George Belcher of Massachusetts, and the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge of Simsbury. By this time the mines had attracted wide attention, and prominent capitalists in Boston and New York, and also in London, Amsterdam, and Sweden, became interested in the enterprise, and invested large sums in its prosecution. There were thus at the same time a number of separate companies at work in a small extent of territory. So successful were their operations, that in 1723 it was stated that "the copper works had brought into this plantation, *from foreign countries*, about ten thousand pounds." Twelve years later Governor Belcher of Boston, one of the lessees, stated that "during about twenty-three years he had disbursed upwards of fifteen thousand pounds."

The division of the mining lands among the various lessees took place in 1721, after which each company confined itself to its own mines. All of these, however, were situated upon Copper Hill, and, with one exception, were within the compass of a single mile. The principal mine had two shafts sunk in the solid rock, — the western one forty, and the eastern seventy feet in depth. At the bottom of these, extensive excavations were made, and irregu-

lar and winding subterranean galleries connected the two openings and followed the veins of ore in all directions.

The exception was Higley's mine, which was distant about a mile and a half in a southerly direction from the principal works. This was marked as a private enterprise on the part of one Samuel Higley, sometimes referred to as "Doctor Higley," an ingenious blacksmith; who, a few years before this, had attempted to manufacture steel, and had manifested considerable mechanical ingenuity. His mine is chiefly notable because from it was dug the ore used in making the first money known to have been coined in the colonies. The coins were known as "Higley's coppers," and passed current for "two and sixpence," or forty-two cents, in paper currency. A few of these are still extant, and are valued by numismatists at \$8.00. There are several varieties, the most common of which has on the obverse the picture of a deer, and the inscription, " Valve. me. as. you. please. \* III."; and on the reverse three hammers, crowned, and the legend, " I. am. good. copper. 1737." One of these may be seen in the cabinet of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.

About the year 1721 smelting and refining works connected with the mines were erected on Hop Brook in Simsbury; the name Hanover being given to the place by the workmen, who came from Hanover in Germany. As the laws of Great Britain at this time prohibited this part of the business from being carried on in the colonies, the work had to be done secretly and at a great disadvantage. The difficulties met with proved so great, and the methods employed were so imperfect, that the work resulted in a loss, and was soon abandoned, the ore being thereafter sent to England for smelting.

Mining operations were prosecuted with considerable activity until the year 1745, after which comparatively little was done, although it was not until 1788 that the business was wholly abandoned. From that time for more than forty years the mines lay idle. In 1830, however, the Phoenix Mining Company was incorporated, and the next year commenced operations, with the intention of carrying them on permanently. But unexpected difficulties arose connected with the smelting process, which had at previous times proved a source of much trouble, and these led to pecuniary embarrassments, and resulted in the discontinuance of the enterprise. Work was again begun about twenty years later, but was soon abandoned, and the mines have ever since lain idle.

It was, however, in 1773, some two years prior to the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, that the Simsbury copper mines entered upon the second period of their history, and that to which they are indebted for the greater part of the interest which attaches to them.

At its May session in 1773, the General Assembly of Connecticut appointed a committee "to view and explore the copper mines at Simesbury," and report upon the advisability of establishing a state prison therein. They reported that the mines were subject to an unexpired lease having nineteen years to run, which could be purchased for about sixty pounds, while for about thirty-seven pounds additional, the caverns could be fitted up so that it would be "next to impossible to escape" from them. At its next session the Assembly proceeded to pass an act "constituting the subterraneous caverns and buildings in the copper mines in Simsbury, a public gaol and workhouse for the colony." The same committee, consisting of "William Pitkin, Erastus Walcott, and Jonathan Humphrey, Esq's," were instructed to take such measures as might be necessary for the carrying out of the will of the Assembly.

So well did this committee discharge their duty, that, at the October session, they were able to report that they had purchased the remaining term of the lease,—that they had by blasting "prepared a well-finished lodging-room about fifteen feet by twelve" in the caverns, and had fixed over the western shaft a large iron door, which they considered would be "an effectual security for the confinement of persons that may be condemned there for employment." A perpendicular ladder of iron was also builded into the western shaft; and this served as the only means either of entrance or of exit. The eastern shaft, at the bottom of which was a deep well, was left open and unguarded, it being thought impossible for any person to escape thereby. The total expense for purchase and improvements amounted to three hundred and seventy dollars.

The name of "Newgate Prison" was given to the caverns, completing as far as possible its likeness to the famous prison of that name in London. The crimes for which persons were to be confined within its walls were three in number, viz.: burglary, horse-stealing, and counterfeiting. Mr. John Viets, who lived near by, was appointed keeper; and in December the prison was ready for occupancy.

On the 22d of that month the first inmate was received, John Hinson by name. His career as a prisoner was a brief one, and tended to show the fallacy of the prevalent opinion of the impossibility of escape from the dungeon. He remained just eighteen days, and made his escape on the ninth of January by being drawn up through the eastern shaft by a rope, being assisted, it is said, by a woman to whom he was paying his addresses. In February three other prisoners were committed, all of whom escaped in April following. Another convict remained in prison but four days before making his escape. None of these were retaken.

During the year the eastern shaft was secured by a heavy iron door, and a block-house was built over the west shaft, through which the caverns were entered. In 1776 the block-house was burned, and a new one was built. The next year it was again burned; and pending its rebuilding, the prisoners were removed to Hartford jail for safe-keeping. Here it is supposed they were kept until November, 1780, when new buildings were completed, the defences strengthened, and a guard, consisting of a lieutenant, sergeant, corporal, and twenty-four men, was put on duty around the prison. The next year a picket fence was erected, enclosing the buildings, with small bastions at the corners for defence.

During all this time escapes had been frequent; yet the Newgate Prison had a wide reputation for security, and was popularly supposed to be the strongest prison in America. This opinion led General Washington, in 1775, to send thither for safe-keeping some "flagrant and atrocious villains," who had been convicted by court-martial, and who were not to be trusted in any less safe place of confinement. And in 1781 Congress proposed to make the mines "a state prison for the reception of British prisoners of war, and for purposes of retaliation." But as there was some prospect that the war would come to an end soon after this, nothing further was ever done about the matter. There were, however, at various times, a number of Tories confined in the mines.

In May, 1781, all the prisoners, numbering twenty-eight persons, most of whom were Tories, rose upon their guard, captured their arms, killed one man, and made good their escape. The next year the buildings were again set on fire, and many of the prisoners escaped, but were most of them recaptured. They were then taken to Hartford, and the prison was not again used until 1790. During the nine years it had been in use the buildings had



been three times destroyed by fire, and more than one-half of all the prisoners committed to it had escaped.

In 1790 a new act was passed, providing for the appointment of three overseers, enlarging the list of crimes for which convicts might be imprisoned in Newgate, and making some other changes. The overseers, by direction of the legislature, caused the erection of two new brick buildings,—a workshop for the artisans, and a dwelling-house for the keeper; they also built a new picket fence enclosing the premises, and appointed a keeper with a guard of ten men to manage and protect the prison.

In 1802 a massive stone wall, twelve feet high, was built around the grounds by Col. Calvin Barber of Simsbury, and the number of the guard was increased from ten to seventeen. In 1815 two large two-story buildings, each nearly fifty feet in length, were added. The lower story of one contained the cells, while the upper served as a chapel, in which divine services were held each sabbath. The upper floor of the other was used as a shoe-shop, and the lower contained a cooper's shop, a hospital, and a kitchen. About 1824 still another edifice was built, of brick and stone, in which were the treadmill, several strong cells, another kitchen, and apartments for the female convicts, who about this time began to be confined here.

The prison was now more securely built than formerly, and its affairs were better managed. Escapes were rare, and for many years there was no general rebellion.

In 1827 a new state prison having been completed at Wethersfield, all the prisoners were removed from Newgate to that place, and the second period in the history of the mines was ended. The number of the prisoners had considerably increased during the last few years, and at the time of removal amounted to one hundred and twenty-seven. One of these, it is said, lost his life on the very last night before their removal, in a vain attempt to escape.

The convicts were largely employed in making wrought nails, the iron for which was brought from Canaan and Salisbury. Until the suspension of all mining operations in 1788, a few of them were employed in digging and smelting the ore; while during the years from 1820 to 1827, shoes, wagons, barrels, and some other articles were manufactured. Most of the prisoners were confined at night in the dungeons, where they slept on wooden platforms,

covered with straw and a few blankets. At daybreak they were taken above ground, and during the day were employed in the workshops.

Many visitors resorted to the place, sometimes to the number of four or five hundred monthly. "Many of them," says Phelps, in his *History of Newgate*, "descended into the caverns, and all had an opportunity to inspect generally the discipline and the labor-system of the prison. To those unaccustomed to the scene, a visit to the nail-shop presented a view extremely revolting, and to some even terrific. Here might be seen some fifty men, black and white, and so besmeared as to be hardly distinguishable, — and all chained to their blocks, and busily engaged in a noisy employment, closely watched and guarded by a file of men under arms. Add to this, the appearance of the room with its inmates and implements, as viewed by strong lights proceeding from the various furnaces, and the continual clatter of hammers used in forging nails, and some idea of the scene — though necessarily an imperfect one — may be obtained."

Strange tales are told of the horrors of this gloomy subterranean dungeon, — not all of which, however, are sustained by authentic records. The ordinary punishments for misconduct were whipping, short rations, extra irons, and, in some cases, an additional term of imprisonment. It is recorded that, as a rule, the convicts enjoyed good health, and that certain cutaneous diseases were cured by the confinement. From other sources, however, come whispers of foul vermin, reeking filth and horrible stench, hard fare and cruel punishments. In the damp and filthy air of the dungeon, it is said, the clothing of the prisoners grew mouldy and rotten, and fell away from their bodies, while their limbs grew stiff with rheumatism.

The following vivid picture of life in Newgate Prison is taken from "*Kendall's Travels*" in the northern parts of the United States, and describes the condition of affairs which existed there at the time of his visit, in 1807.

"On being admitted into the gaol yard, I found a sentry under arms within the gate, and eight soldiers drawn up in a line in front of the gaoler's house. A bell, summoning the prisoners to work, had already rung; and in a few minutes they began to make their appearance. They came in irregular numbers, sometimes two or three together, and sometimes a single one alone; but whenever

one or more were about to cross the yard to the smithery, the soldiers were ordered to present, in readiness to fire. The prisoners were heavily ironed, and secured both by handcuffs and fetters ; and, being therefore unable to walk, could only make their way by a sort of jump or a hop. On entering the smithery, some went to the sides of the forges, where collars, dependent by iron chains from the roof, were fastened round their necks, and others were chained in pairs to wheelbarrows. The number of prisoners was about forty ; and when they were all disposed of in the manner described, sentries were placed within the buildings which contained them. After viewing this prison, I left it, proposing to visit the cells at a later hour.

“This establishment, as I have said, is designed to be, from all its arrangements, an object of terror ; and everything is accordingly contrived to make the life endured in it as burdensome and miserable as possible. In conformity with this idea, the place chosen for the prison is no other than the mouth of a forsaken copper mine, of which the excavations are employed as cells. They are descended by a shaft, which is secured by a trap door within the prison house, or gaoler’s house, which stands upon the mine.

“The trap door being lifted up, I went down an iron ladder, perpendicularly fixed, to the depth of about fifty feet. From the foot of the ladder a rough, narrow, and low passage descends still deeper, till it terminates in a well of clear water, over which is an air-shaft seventy feet in height, and guarded at its mouth, which is within the gaol yard, by a hatch of iron. The cells are near the well, but at different depths beneath the surface, none, perhaps, exceeding sixty feet. They are small, rugged, and accommodated with wooden berths and some straw. The straw was wet, and there was much humidity in every part of this obscure region ; but I was assured I ought to attribute this only to the remarkable wetness of the season, that the cells were in general dry, and that they were not found unfavorable to the health of the prisoners.

“Into these cells the prisoners are dismissed at four o’clock in the afternoon, every day without exception, and at all seasons of the year. They descend in their fetters and handcuffs, and at four o’clock in the morning they ascend the iron ladder, climbing it as well as they can by the aid of their fettered limbs. It is to be observed that no women are confined here ; the law providing that female convicts, guilty of crimes of which men are to be confined in Newgate Prison, are to be sent only to the county gaols.

"Going again into the workshop or smithery, I found the attendants of the prison delivering pickled pork for the dinner of the prisoners. Pieces were given separately to the parties at each forge. They were thrown upon the floor, and left to be washed and boiled in the water used for cooling the iron wrought at the forges. Meat had been distributed in like manner for breakfast. The food of the prison is regulated for each day in the week ; and consists in an alternation of pork, beef, and peas, with which last no flesh meat is allowed.

"Besides the caverns or excavations below, and the gaoler's house above, there are other apartments prepared for the prisoners, and particularly a hospital, of which the neatness and airiness afford a strong contrast to the other parts of the prison. It was also satisfactory to find that in this hospital there were no sick.

"Such is the seat and the scene of punishment provided by Connecticut for criminals not guilty of murder, treason, or either of a few other capital offences. What judgment the reader will pass upon it I do not venture to anticipate ; but for myself I cannot get rid of the impression that, without any extraordinary cruelty in its actual operation, there is something very like cruelty in the device and design."

With such a system of discipline as this, it is evident that while prisoners might indeed be punished, they could never be reformed. Hardened villains and beginners in crime were thrown together in an intimate association that was degrading in the extreme. As the result, trifling offenders became adepts in roguery, and the prison, instead of being a place of reform, became a school of vice and a nursery of crime.

But the glory and the shame alike of Newgate have departed. The Simsbury copper mines are a source of wealth no longer. Even Copper Hill itself, which in its historic period was part and parcel of the old town of Simsbury, has been transferred by successive legislative enactments into the towns of Granby and East Granby.

On the prison grounds, decay and change have done their work. The greater part of the old wall is still standing, though broken down in places ; but the workshops are deserted, the treadmill is in ruins, the guard-house is crumbling to pieces. One of the buildings is somewhat less decayed than the others, and this is



inhabited during the summer season by a guide, who, for a compensation, shows the curious visitor over the ruins, and lights him through the caverns, — but cannot tell him their history.

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## GHIBERTI'S SECOND GATE.

BY ISRAEL JORDAN.

“GHIBERTI, from the beauty of thy thought,  
Let now for us in lasting bronze be wrought  
A massive gate ; that weary passers-by,  
Forgetting care, may pause to feast the eye ;  
And dust-stained pilgrims, when they shall retrace  
Home-bringing ways, may gladly find a place  
In recollection for its sweet designs.”  
Heedless of cost, so spake the Florentines ;  
And great Ghiberti toiled, and made for them  
Ten goodly panels, each a storied gem.  
Ye countless artists, be not envious  
Nor sigh, “Alas ! few are commissioned thus” ;  
For One far wealthier than Florentines  
Whispers, “Begin ; carve beautiful designs.”

## ISMS.

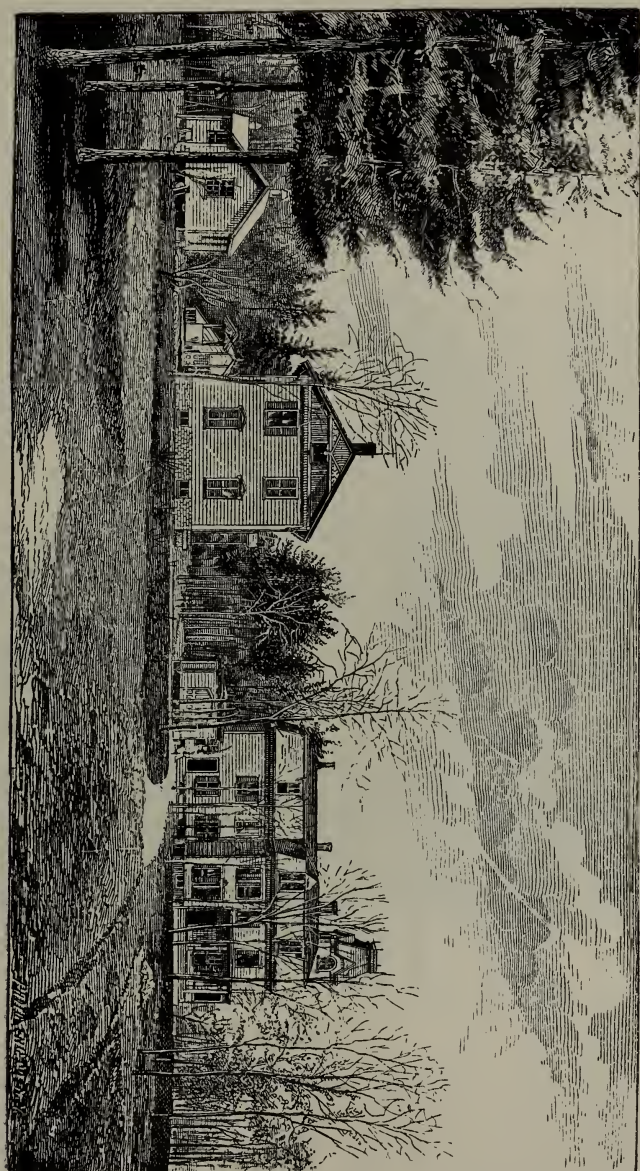
## IV.—THE FAITH-CURE.

BY REV. WM. I. GILL, A.M.

THIS subject should not be reviewed or treated in the light of a novelty. It is as old as the Bible, to say the least. It appears to be a conviction shared by all the writers of that wonderful collection of writings, that a filial, trustful prayer to God is the proper course and condition to secure the removal of earthly maladies. While they do not assure us that all evils will be thus removed, they do unite in the assertion that God will honor and bless the prayer of faith, either by direct healing or by such a gracious and providential response as to be more than an equivalent.

This conviction and feeling culminate in Jesus, despite his calls to self-denial and prophecies of hardship to those who cherish a love of truth and are faithful to their convictions. To him, there is no natural law against goodness, no cosmic pre-ordination which stands in the way of the divine beneficence to the trustful and reverent objects of his care. The chief characteristic of his life and teaching is that of a fatherly Theism. This was thoroughly practical and ingrained with him, while his conceptions of the divine paternity were equally lofty and tender. His Father and our Father will not give to the filial petitioner stones for bread nor scorpions for fish. As the perfect Father, infinitely better than men ever are, he will not fail to answer kindly "those who ask him." Even innocent evil, which Jesus eyes so sadly, is viewed by him in the light of the heavenly Father's love, so that the bitterness of the evil is destroyed. The sparrow falls, indeed, but it is not by any hard fate, or unfeeling force, or cruel mandate. It occurs only by "your heavenly Father's notice" and regard. A fatherly intent, all-wise and all-powerful, presides over it and determines the ultimate issue. The sparrow, therefore, shall lose nothing by its fall, but in it and through it shall receive a further blessing. To this fatherly bounty Jesus ascribed all the power of doing good which he himself possessed. This was the alleged source of the mighty works which showed themselves in him, and for the power of which his followers might look to him

CANCER HOME.



through all their history and in all their need, whether for themselves or their fellow-creatures.

The Christian Church began its memorable history on this basis. It was to be one perfect family wherever it extended, and be fed and guarded by their one Father, God ; and during the first century, or farther, it claimed universally that God heals the sick in answer

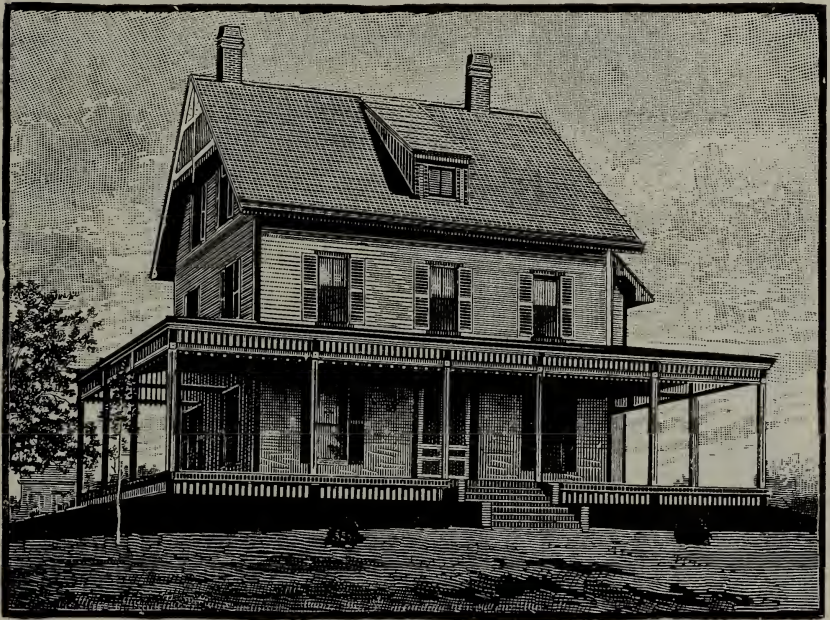


BEACON HILL CHURCH.

to the prayer of faith, as expressed by James. This conviction gradually lost its hold of many, and by many it has been retained through all the ages, and through all ecclesiastical mutations and theological transitions. Some people of nearly all communions have held to it. It is found in the Greek, the Roman, and Protestant Churches, and probably in every one of the numerous



Protestant divisions. It is, however, most numerous in those in which the old orthodoxies remain the most pronounced. Where they make comparatively little of natural law, sensible and super-sensible, and comparatively ignore it in their religious thought and feeling, exalting the personal, human and divine, above the lexical or the necessities of the laws inherent in the nature of things, they quite readily, when devout, think that God will be moved like a human personality, and that, with a good God and a petitioning child, nothing can stand in the way of direct and immediate healing agency on the part of Deity.



FAITH-CURE HOUSE.

In this way the doctrine of the faith-cure has maintained its hold on many devout minds through all the centuries, and it still lives and even flourishes in spots. It is a fair but fragile product, which springs sporadic in the thistly field which is groaning under the primal curse. It plants institutions which, while under the direction of the peculiar genius which inspired them, prosper, flourish, and expand, but which, resigned to other hands, speedily decay, perish, and pass away, or they radically change their form and method as a condition of continued existence.

They may be considered unphilosophical, as doubtless in one main aspect they are ; but they keep alive and cherish into bloom some of the fairest and noblest qualities of the human heart. They foster tenderness and gentleness. They open many fountains of benevolence. They bring to the front the most lovely aspect of religion and God.

They never wholly reject the aid of human and natural means and agencies. This is the feature which makes them of practical and moral service. They show the earnest action of good men at the head, men who subordinate all human interest to that of



CHILDREN'S HOME NO. 1, BOSTON.

doing good in the form adopted and determined. This arouses all the better elements of our common nature wherever the fame of the movement travels, and it gives assurance that benevolent donations will be wisely and faithfully used. It is thus that Herman Francke in Germany met with large success, aided, however, by a patent medicine which netted him twenty thousand dollars per year. This is the secret of the noble and successful career of George Müller in England. His prayerful, self-denying, resolute character, living always in the atmosphere of the divine goodness and human piety, gradually commanded the confidence



of the public; and kind hearts waiting for a channel for their benevolence poured their treasures, great or small, into his hands. Had he never published any accounts of his work, nor said anything about it to any one, so that they would have had no reasonable stimulus and ground of action, he would never have succeeded,



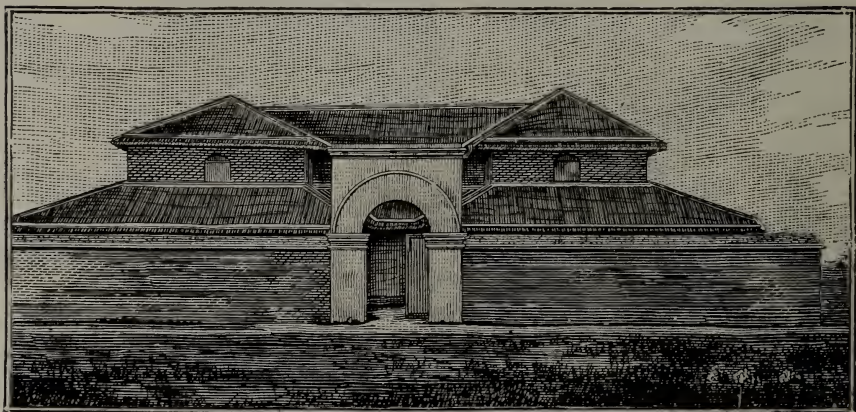
GROVE HALL CHURCH.

however much he prayed. Praying was good for himself. It strengthened his character, and, combined with his temper and course of life, inspired confidence in others. It may have done more, as he thought it did. We know it did so much, and that

was greatly good. It was an artesian well in the desert, and it fertilized an immense tract of our common arid human life.

These reflections apply in all their force to the career and work of our own Dr. Charles Cullis. Born in Boston, 1833, of infirm constitution and of a nervous delicacy which rendered him incapable of all the characteristic boyish sports and freaks and temptations, he was familiar with suffering and solitary and sombre reflection. He is the child of our New England atmosphere, and of the old Puritan stock and spirit in its rarest refinement.

The author of that historic novel, so popular and so marred by bad taste, "The Scottish Chiefs," represents her hero, Wallace, as happy and personally quite content in his delightful rural home, with his lovely and much-loved young wife and babe, little disturbed



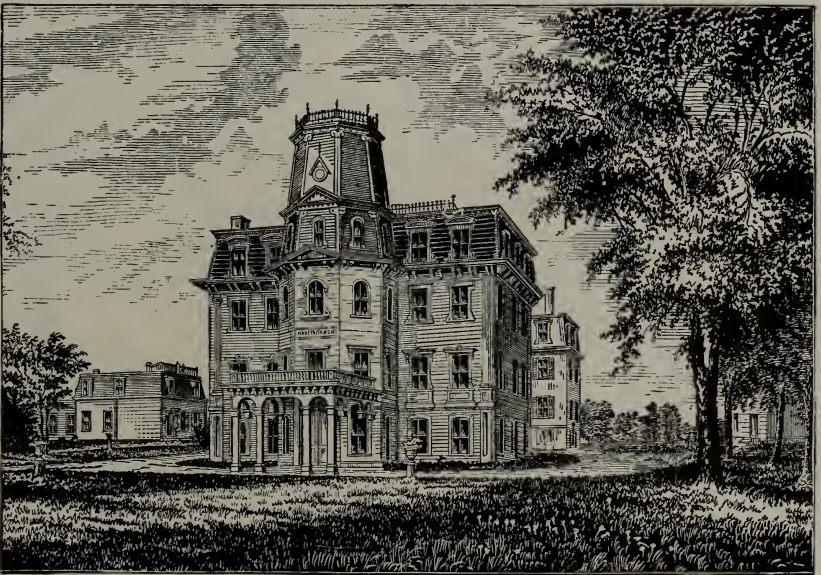
ORPHANAGE, BASIM, INDIA.

by the national troubles with England, until, after a short absence on business, he returned to find his late fair dwelling a heap of smoking ruins, his wife and child consumed with the house, by the English forces. Now, he had nothing to desire but vengeance on the guilty, and nothing to live for but his country, and for it to die, which he did. This exemplifies one of the laws of human development. The good in us is often only a reaction against evil, until, by running awhile in its new course, it has become purified, like a turbid stream rolling over a pebbly bed. From earthly dissatisfactions men have often sought spiritual consolations, and, in the hope of a purer enjoyment, they have turned to a loftier course of life; and sometimes they have become as pure and elevated as their theme and pursuit — not always.



Our present subject, Dr. Cullis, never knew any great vicissitudes, nor has his course been marked by any strong or striking reactions against past experience. But still he was prepared for his career by suffering, and that suffering intensified by exquisite happiness enjoyed for a brief period, and then suddenly extinguished. Providence took him in hand from the first, and trained him to the mental habit of considering the sick and suffering, and developed in him special qualifications as well as desires to serve them.

From sixteen to nineteen, he was a clerk in a mercantile house in Boston. Then his health failed ; and, on recovery, he was



CONSUMPTIVES' HOME.

induced by a friendly physician to study medicine ; and out of the experience begotten of his practice was generated the thought and purpose of the "Consumptives' Home," where those who were rejected at the public hospital might find shelter and friendly ministrations, and perhaps even a cure. It came about in this wise : He became impressed with the importance of having a special providential work, and prayed for divine guidance in its selection ; and he says : "One day, whilst the daily cry of my soul was for the twofold boon of a pure heart and a special

work, a stranger called upon me, in behalf of a poor man in consumption who had no home, and who had been refused admission into the public hospitals, because he was incurable. It gave me a pang, deep and keen, to be compelled, as I was, to send the stranger away without being able to point him to a home for the poor homeless, hopeless one. Instantly a voice said, as plainly as words could speak, 'There, that is your work.'

Now his prayer began to be for light and guidance in the initiation and prosecution of his accepted work. Here he was influenced by the story of Francke's great orphanage in Germany, and by



DEACONESS' HOUSE.

Müller's "Life of Trust," then recently published. He decided to walk by faith and prayer, and make the Lord his unpaid agent for the collection of all needed moneys. The Lord, he reflected, knew just exactly how much money he would need, and when he would need it most and where, and also where it could be obtained. Therefore he would ask the Lord only to be his collector, and to him he would go for the supply of all his wants in all his work. This is certainly the most economical method, as well as the most radical religious philosophy and life.

But for a good while the divine agent did very little. It seemed

to require time and prepared methods to touch the hearts and pockets of the good people whom he knew. He had to wait till, in the course of natural law, he could let them know what he wanted of them. Nearly two years rolled away after the plan and method were adopted, before anything was done. Then Dr. Cullis received a contribution of one dollar from a friend, who had long known of his wishes and intentions. "The second contribution was also a small one, and came from a lady to whom I confided my thoughts, . . . two dollars and sixty cents." So far he was his own agent. The contributors are only those to whom he has confided his heart's desire. This will be found to be true, doubtless, all through the history of his noble work. People have contributed only because, by natural human evidences, they have discerned that through that channel they could exercise wisely their benevolent feelings. It is in this way only that the Lord has been the agent of Dr. Cullis, to induce people to turn their benevolent action in this direction. It was firstly private personal converse, then by meetings, common gossip, and public reports, and then by Annual Reports of his own publication, — a natural and economical system and method of advertisement and solicitation.

So far as concerns the design of Dr. Cullis, these were not, and are not, advertisements. They are, as he says, a part of the work, necessary to its prosecution in conformity with psychological laws, and the public demands for due information as to what the Lord is doing, through Dr. Cullis, with their money. But, designed or undesigned, this advertisement and implied solicitation is nevertheless a fact, and none the less effective because that is not its primary object; and so the Lord's collecting agency is still thoroughly human and accordant with natural law.

We do not consider that this makes the work any less noble, religious, and divine. Such a work and career can have no other author than God, through the free human will. It is of God's inspiration, and is sustained by his grace in the hearts of his agents and contributors; and it ranks among the first-class evidences of a supra-mundane Power. No such goodness can be of the earth, earthy. It is surely of "the Lord from heaven." It must be a jet from the fountain of infinite and eternal Love.

It is in consequence of the controlling action of these laws that the work was difficult to launch, and moved at first with extreme slowness, because humanly it was very doubtful, and few could



know of it and be interested in it. For the same reason it has gathered momentum with its motion, and multiplied friends and resources as a consequence of growing fame and increasing proof of its stable character and practical usefulness. It is these elements which entitle it to confidence, and disclose a hopeful prophecy that it will probably so shape itself that, on the demise of its present guiding head and moving heart — under God, its beneficent work will continue, and past donations still bless humanity.

It should not be overlooked that the work of Dr. Cullis is not adequately expressed by the term faith-cure. That work includes homes for hopeless invalids, hospitals, a printing establishment, chapels, nursing, medicine, as well as praise and prayer. The entire work is a work of faith, and the faith-cure is but one branch of that work, and this branch did not conspicuously enter into the first conception of the work. Some invalids come there who have little or no expectation of recovery, whether by faith or medicine, — the homeless and hopeless. It was for such as these that the mission was started, and the task accepted as a divine injunction.

It is only in comparatively recent years that the doctrine and practice of faith-cure has become one of the established and characteristic elements of the already vast institution or set of institutions. This was for awhile a hindrance to the other and older portions of the work, which finds expression in the Annual Report of 1884. This faith-cure department is now one of the most popular, and deemed by Dr. Cullis himself to be the most pregnant with good, both physically and spiritually, while it adds a higher tone and force to the work in all departments, as we can easily believe.

The first purchase in the prosecution of this task was of a house on Beacon Hill, in Willard Street, for four thousand dollars. To this additions have since been made, till there is there a church and tract depository, with various offices, and with meetings week-days and Sunday. Here is what may be called the headquarters of the faith-cure movement in the establishment, a meeting for the healing of invalids being held there every Thursday at 11 A.M., to which all invalids are invited to seek healing by God, in answer to the prayer of faith.

In this building was at first the Consumptives' Home. But this home was subsequently removed to the Boston Highlands, and located on the splendid property known as Oak Grove. This



property comprises eleven acres of land, all within the city limits; and it is now well laid out, drained, and ornamented, until in salubrity and beauty it is "a garden of the Lord." There are other houses which have been added to the original "Home." There are two chapels, one specially for the inmates, and the other for the public. There is also the Spinal Home, two Orphan Homes, a Deaconess House, or house for lady workers, a Faith-Cure House. At Walpole, Mass., there is a Cancer House.

Connected with this faith work, there is besides the Beacon Hill Church, the Lewis Street Mission, the Faith Training College, a Coffee Room. In various parts at home and abroad there have also been established successful missions, physical and spiritual. There is the Boydton Orphanage, and Boydton Institute, Boydton, Va. The Monterey Mission among the Chinese, Cal.; the Remick Valley Mission, W.Va., the Oxford Mission, Oxford, N.C.; the Santa Barbara Mission, Santa Barbara, California.

Then there is a set of missions in foreign lands, which, like those at home, are carried on by faith. That is, all the parties go to work without making provision for the flesh or for the securing of the necessities of the mortal life, but in pure trust that "the Lord will provide." There are three such missions in India. There is also a tract depository, not only at Boston, but also at Philadelphia, and at Bombay, India. The work has thus spread and enlarged and differentiated, and the workers multiplied, beyond all foresight and all expectation.

## THE BANQUET OF SIR REGINALD.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

NIGHT on the walls of the castle, and night in the streets of the town ;  
Night in the aisles of the forest, and night on the wastes of the down ;  
Night with the clamor of winds and the heaven's most ominous frown.

Never a gleam of a star in a sky that is boding and black,  
Never a beam from the moon sailing slow up her silvery track,  
Never a break in the gloom of the leaden and dolorous wrack.

Rain in thin wreaths that are tossed by the blast as it fitfully blows,  
Rain such as steadily falls at the flight of the last winter's snows,  
Rain in wild torrents that madden the peacefullest streamlet that flows.

Lights in the court of the castle, — behold, in the feasting-hall, light !  
Flashes of flame on the armor so brilliantly burnished and bright,  
Laughter and jest on the lip, — for Sir Reginald banquets to-night.

Reginald, bold in the tourney, the first and the last in the field ;  
Reginald, mighty of arm, and the cleaver of helmet and shield ;  
Reginald, last of the line of the crest blazoned, "Never to yield."

Merry the hearts of the guests, for the wine has flowed freely around ;  
Drunk are the healths of the maidens that nature with beauty has crowned.  
"Hark ye !" cries Reginald, rising : and lo ! not a breath at the sound.

Flushed is his face with the fruity red vintage so freely outpoured ;  
Forth from its sheath at his side leaps the glittering blade of his sword ;  
Loudly it rings as he dashes it down on the banqueting board.

"Men call me scoffer," he sneers, "and my deeds by the priests are  
abhorred.

Why should I rail at their Christ, who taught living in loving accord ?  
Down on your knees where ye are ; we will have the last feast of the Lord !"

Pallid the face of each guest as he kneels at the blasphemous sign.  
Bearing a trencher of bread and a flagon o'erbrimming with wine,  
Sneering, Sir Reginald passeth along down the suppliant line.

Waver the lights in the hall, and a sound smites the hush of the air,  
Awful with rushing of pinions unseen in the glimmer and glare,  
While through the night pierce the shrieks of a soul in the hell of despair.

Trencher and flagon are dashed to the floor, and Sir Reginald reels ;  
Loud from his agonized lips through the halls of the castle there peals  
That which the terrified heart of a coward and craven reveals.

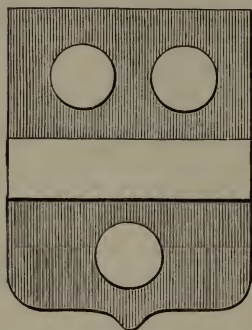
Forward he falls with an outcry that dies to a pitiful moan ;  
Tremble the walls of the castle, and quiver the turrets of stone,  
Swaying like trees in the grasp of a hurricane shaken and blown.

— Forth through the torrents that pour as the floods at the equinox fall,  
Haunted to madness by omens of dread that their spirits appal,  
Rush in their terror the banqueters, fleeing the doom-stricken hall.

Night on the wastes of the down, and the tempest's tumultuous breath  
Voicing the horror abroad with the tongue of the whirlwind that saith,  
“ Death in the courts of the castle, grim silence and darkness and death ! ”

## REV. ALONZO A. MINER, D.D., LL.D.

By C. A. BANKER.



THE MINER COAT OF ARMS.

Heraldic description: *Gules, a fesse between three plates, argent.*

WE are all familiar with Gray's reflection that the place where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep"

contains the homes of undisclosed genius, perhaps equal to Milton's or Cromwell's, or of a generous courage equal to Hampden's; and we have come to know that not a few of the legitimate descendants of the ancient nobility of Europe freely share, like true men and Americans, the people's lot, and hide their coats-of-arms and coronets in the ancient family chest. To this class belongs the subject of this sketch, Rev. A. A. Miner. Both the family name and the coat-of-arms were conferred by Edward III. upon his ancestor, Henry Bulman of Mendippe Hills, Somersetshire, for special services rendered that monarch in his war for the conquest of France. From this Henry Bulman Miner was descended Thomas Miner, who came to Boston with Elder Winthrop in 1630; and Charles Miner, a descendant of his of the fifth generation, was a Revolutionary soldier. A grandchild of Thomas Miner was Grace Miner. She married Samuel Grant, Jr., of Windsor, Conn.; and from that union descended General U. S. Grant.

Rev. Alonzo Ames Miner was the grandson of Charles, the Revolutionary soldier, and the son of Benajah Ames Miner. His mother's maiden name was Amanda Cary. He was born at Lempster, Sullivan County, N.H., August 17, 1814.

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Dr. Miner seems to have been happily exempted from some of the great mental conflicts through which many of his thoughtful contemporaries have passed. There are no catastrophes apparent in the history of his intellectual life. He seems to have been



born religious and a Universalist. This doctrine, with the general scheme of thought usually attached to it, early commanded his deliberate approval and whole-hearted allegiance. In those days this was not only unpopular as an heresy, but it was generally deemed morally reprehensible as militating against moral principle. The common understanding and conscience of that time could not clearly see how men could be good and honest if they had no fear of hell before their eyes; and in this they judged others, for the most part, by themselves, and thus condemned themselves; though the true saint always knows that he loves righteousness and hates iniquity for its own sake. Young Miner's character very early proved its own vindication, inspired respect and confidence, and secured for him positions of responsibility and trust.

Born with a feeble constitution, he could not "rough it" with the average boy at school. The invalid's chair was for the most part his bench and desk, and there was much of his primary education attained, which he subsequently supplemented with special academic training in the academies at Hopkinton, Lebanon, Franklin in New Hampshire, and at Cavendish, Vt. His proficiency was such that he early became himself a successful teacher. His last place as a pupil became, by invitation of the principal, his first field of labor as an instructor. His principal was a zealous Calvinist, and he was acquainted with the religious convictions of his pupil and chosen associate. But he was able to discern the superior qualifications of talent and character which he might not readily find at his command in the orthodox ranks; and he took the young heretic into partnership with him in the control and management of the school. Young Miner remained in this connection, however, only one year. He was wanted elsewhere as the sole principal and head.

It was then that some gentlemen of Unity, proposing the establishment of an academy at that place, discerned in Mr. Miner, now in his twenty-first year, the qualifications requisite for its leadership, and made him offers which he accepted. The institution was named the "Scientific and Military Academy," and was for both sexes, except the military training, which was (as now) confined to the boys. The school grew and flourished under his administration. Young love also was blossoming in the heart of the principal and in the heart of a fair maiden, whom he married

in the second year of his stay there, and who then entered the school as preceptress. She still continues her faithful task as his partner, though we can easily imagine that as preceptress she has long since made her husband the chief object of her studious care.

Dr. Miner's "call to the ministry" in the Universalist Church was of a true and healthy kind, equally rational and religious. He had a predisposition to the work. It accorded with all his early thinking and training. It was consonant with his prevailing spirit and character. It came as a moral necessity with his proximate mental maturity. He beheld in that work a lofty and sacred serviceableness, with which even academic employment, however honorable, could not compare; and neither his heart nor conscience could be satisfied in any lower sphere. In this comprehensive and philosophic significance he felt that it was a "woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

What added to the strength of his feeling and conviction on the subject, was his denominational specialty as a Universalist. He was under a deep conviction that this doctrine, judiciously expounded and faithfully urged upon mankind, would bring to them an immense benefaction; that it would relieve the divine character from the odium of a false representation, which made him appear dreadful and repulsive; that it would foster a piety of disinterested love and pure spirituality and moral purpose, in place of a religion of selfish fear and hope, and bargain and barter; that it would thence hasten the more general acceptance and universal diffusion of the Gospel of Christ. Under these convictions, he offered himself to the ministry, and was welcomed to the work and rank of the sacred order.

Mr. Miner was ordained in the New Hampshire Conference of Universalists, held at Nashua, June, 1839. In the following November he became pastor of the Universalist church at Methuen, Mass. There he ministered with great success until July, 1842, when he accepted a call to the Second Universalist Church in Lowell, Mass., and commenced his work as pastor there the first Sunday of July. Here an extraordinary success attended his labors. The church grew in numbers and influence, and its pastor soon became recognized as a man in whom were united a manifold capacity and disposition to be of service to the public. Trusts and various official positions were rapidly laid upon him. Though never robust, he showed an extraordinary power of work,

combined with a public spirit, a patience and kindliness of temper, a balance of judgment and a hopeful progressiveness of practical thought, which made him a tower of strength to every good cause.

During the ministry of Dr. Miner at Lowell the powerful influence of Theodore Parker began to be felt in the Universalist denomination, and one of its ministers in that place, Rev. H. G. Smith, came under its domination. This was strenuously opposed by Rev. Messrs. Brooks and Miner. Dr. Miner considered Theodore Parker no better than a Deist, and his general teaching calculated to destroy all reverence for the Bible as an inspired revelation of God. Therefore, with others of like mind, he assailed this doctrine with all his might, and with all the means and resources at his command. They arraigned it before the Boston Association, which, by a large majority, passed a resolution protesting against it as "a deistical innovation." After this Theodore Parkerism had little apparent influence in the Universalist denomination, though for a while the contest slightly weakened the body in Lowell, and perhaps in a few other places.

In May, 1848, Dr. Miner was called to the associate pastorate of the School Street Church, Boston, where the famous Hosea Ballou had long ministered. He had the entire good will and confidence of his predecessor and senior, and he rapidly secured harmony, won respect and attachment, and carried the work forward to a grand degree of success. In 1851 his people concluded it was their duty to enlarge the church edifice, and in the meanwhile to give their pastor a chance for rest and recuperation, an opportunity which he well improved in a course of European travel. After the death of Mr. Ballou, in June, 1852, Dr. Miner remained sole pastor of the church, with which he has sustained his pastoral relations to the present time, over thirty-eight years.

In this interim was founded Tufts College; and for its establishment, perhaps, no one did more than Dr. Miner. He subscribed liberally himself, and he inspired others, by the contagion of his example and his eloquent zeal, to make generous pledges and donations. After pledges to the amount of \$100,000 were secured, the corner-stone was laid, in 1853, Dr. Miner giving the address on the occasion. Rev. Hosea Ballou, 2d, D.D., was made its first president; and, on his death, Dr. Miner was constrained to take his place. He was inaugurated July 9, 1863. He had previously served the college as trustee, secretary, and treasurer;



and it was in no small measure through his vigilance and skill that the moneys were raised to meet the current expenses during the infancy and weakness of the institution.

Tufts College honored him with the title of A.M. in 1861; Harvard, with the title of LL.D. in 1865. In 1875 his presidency, which had lasted thirteen years, closed. This old School Street Church had, in 1872, moved into Columbus Avenue, and there, at the corner of Clarendon Street, had built an elegant and commodious stone edifice, in which they have worshipped from that date to this. They now extended an urgent call to Dr. Miner to resume his full connection with them as their pastor. He was induced to accept, and he entered at once upon his new work and with his old acceptability and usefulness. A new era of prosperity gladdened the old parish in its new field.

During his pastorate in Boston Dr. Miner's labors spread on all sides beyond his distinctively parish work. He seemed to be everywhere needed, and everywhere useful, and all the time. His old associates never grow weary of him, and his services and offices in every connection seem to be increasingly acceptable and desired.

His greatest service to the public, outside of the pulpit, is perhaps his labors in the great cause of temperance. On this subject his convictions have been as steady and clear and strong as his special theological opinions from his youth up. On this subject he has labored in every possible way, in the political caucus, in the lyceum, on the platform, and at the polls, and he has never grown weary or disgusted either with the work or the workers. Nor is he a particle of a trimmer. He is as "thorough" as Wentworth. While ready to accept the best he can get, he goes for the best conceivable, for the utter extirpation of the legalized practice of making and vending alcoholic liquors. He has been thoroughly identified with the prohibition party from the first, and was its candidate in 1878 for governor of Massachusetts.

Yet Dr. Miner has never sunk the Church in these various and scattered labors. This he has always regarded as the bulwark of moral and religious truth and life, and the most firm ground on which to build our hope of future progress. This is one of the secrets of his undecaying vitality, whereby he gives every promise that he will continue to bear fruit in his old age as in his prime.



**A NINETEENTH CENTURY MYSTERY.**

By HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

Not one man in a hundred will willingly confess to the slightest belief in the known agency of supernatural forces in the affairs of this mundane sphere, and would scoff at any one who strove to imbue him with the belief. Yet there are few who are not in one way or another superstitious in spite of their declarations to the contrary. In the following brief sketch three or four men, who disclaimed any such belief, nevertheless show plainly that such feelings are inborn, and will out when occasion requires. They are men of distinctly different organizations, and also men of education.

In the year A.D. 1875 a friend of mine, who had long been a resident of Boston, wished, on account of the delicate state of his wife's health, to secure a residence somewhere in the suburbs, to get away from the east winds, and yet not be too far distant from his business. So he advertised and inquired amongst his friends, and at last heard of something he thought would suit him.

It was one of twelve detached cottages, each standing in its own rather spacious and very pretty grounds, and set well back from the street, which was wide, and beautifully shaded with trees at least a hundred years of age.

Cedar Street in — say Walthamton — was the pride of the place, and only those with long purses could hope to enjoy one of its residences. Very select and aristocratic were its residents.

Lily Lawn and Rose Terrace were equally desirable as places of abode, and equally lovely. The property had come almost as a gift into the hands of the present owner, who, being keen-witted, had hastened to take advantage of its many natural facilities, and built handsome cottages and beautified the grounds; thus enhancing its value to an almost unprecedented degree. So short a time before a comparatively howling wilderness, it had now become a little earthly paradise.

As I said, each cottage stood in its own grounds, having its lawn dotted with beds of rare flowers, and vines trailing wherever space allowed. A pretty fountain threw up its jets of crystal into

the air, and birds made music in the handsome old trees which abounded everywhere.

Rose Terrace was built at the foot of a gently inclined hill, and at the back of Lily Lawn ran a clear, purling stream, from which the fountains were fed. At the distance of about a five minutes' walk was the post-office, police station, engine house, and drug-store; so one could not have been much better situated, especially as a minister and doctor lived upon either side of the street.

Mr. Cleveland, the owner of the beautiful place, had just returned from an eighteen months' residence abroad, and in consequence of his agent's unavoidable absence through sickness, had been compelled himself to chaperone his expected tenants upon their exploring expedition.

Mrs. Arnold was satisfied; and as that was the main object in house-hunting, the bargain was closed, and the cottage was taken upon a year's trial.

A week or two later the family was settled therein, and the finishing touches had been made. All was beautiful, all was in perfect order, and the mistress wandered from room to room with delighted eyes. In the gem of a parlor, where every article of furniture, every piece of plate, bronze, or bric-a-brac stood or hung just as Mrs. Arnold had seen it in her mind's eye, so short a time since, her husband found her. Out on the lawn the children were dabbling their pink fingers in the basin of the fountain, while in a hammock swung between two of the tall trees, reclined a girl, reading. She was almost the counterpart of the handsome young wife; perhaps a few years younger, certainly no fairer.

Mr. Arnold went up to his wife, and putting his arm around her, said:—

“Marion, now you are so nicely settled, with Ora and the children to keep you from feeling dull, and good stout Margory in the kitchen, you can surely spare me for a few days? I ought to go to New York upon that business I told you about. I think you cannot help feeling quite safe and secure here, even with me away. You have plenty of pleasant neighbors, from all that I have seen of them, and then you have your burglar alarm, which Mr. Cleveland so kindly had put in at your request, and taught you to use—and for which I cannot, even now, see the necessity. It would in case of need bring you assistance in a few minutes; but

I doubt the need, for I never saw a more quiet and peaceful neighborhood."

"Oh," she laughed, "you can go, and welcome, without all that long oration. Any one would think I was a veritable little coward, and you the most valiant of protectors : you can go, and —"

"Don't say you are glad to be rid of me, little wife, though your saucy eyes would have me believe it. I am glad you are not timid. I shall be back just as quickly as I possibly can. Now come and help me pack my valise, and I will start immediately. The sooner off, the sooner back, you know."

The packing was soon accomplished, and with smiling though tear-wet eyes, the young wife watched her husband down the long, shady street, waving her handkerchief with one hand, while she shielded her eyes from the blazing sun with the other. When she had watched him out of sight, she wiped her tears, and running around to the back of the house, joined in a game of romps with her blue-eyed, flaxen-haired children, who were trying races with a great hound.

The day passed happily and merrily enough. Not one moment of blueness or weariness had Mrs. Arnold found; and when she kissed her babies good night, she wondered if she had before known so short a day.

Ora and she sat in the parlor reading until past ten, when each went to her room, after seeing that every door and window was properly secured. Ora slept with the children upon one side of the hall, and Mrs. Arnold upon the other. Both were front rooms on the second floor, the doors facing. The stairs ended further back, and still further was the flight which led to Margory's chamber.

Ora went to bed, the children being in their pretty cots each side of her; but Mrs. Arnold, who had a wondrously fascinating book, let down her beautiful hair, put on a loose gown and slippers, sank into a great "Sleepy Hollow" of a chair, and was soon oblivious to everything around.

Both doors were left open for the sake of sociability. The house was almost as quiet as the grave, and time sped on.

The little French clock upon the mantle at last aroused her by its continuous striking. She looked up, amazed to find it was twelve o'clock! She threw her book upon the little stand, and stretching lazily, gave a most luxurious yawn, then murmured to herself,

"This is the witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."

Scarcely had the words passed her lips, when she heard voices coming up the garden walk — angry voices. She started up in terror, as she heard the front door flung open, and the heavy steps and angry voices go into the parlor.

She was sure they had locked and bolted the front door the last thing before coming up stairs, yet whoever it was down there had thrown it open and shut it again, as if no lock or bolt had intervened.

The voices grew louder and louder ; there seemed to be blows exchanged, muttered curses, and then a struggle, with crashing of glass and tumbling of furniture.

Marion sprang to her door, to see Ora, with whitened lips, holding a child by either hand, and Margory hurrying down stairs in her night-dress, carrying a lighted lamp.

"Howly muther ! what does it all mane ?" she whispered, as they all crept trembling into Marion's room.

"What can it mean ?" Mrs. Arnold panted. "Ora, we locked everything securely before we came up — Oh, my God, what a shriek ! there is murder doing down there ! What shall we do ? Just hear the glass and furniture crash ; there will not be anything left whole. I wish I had not let Charley go, now."

"Help ! help ! he will murder me, he will murder me ! Help ! help !" rang through the house, as the struggle became louder and fiercer. Then there was a piercing scream, a dull thud, groans, and then quiet.

The three women looked at each other in mute horror, while the children clung to their mother's skirts in terror. Ora sprang to the door and quickly bolted it with fingers that shook with fear ; and Marion looked around with dumb anguish in her beautiful eyes. A look of relief came into her face as she caught sight of the burglar alarm ; and quickly freeing herself of the clinging, frightened children by placing them in the arms of their aunt, she flew to the machine and set it in motion ; then she ran to the window to watch for help. It seemed ages, but was not three minutes before a mounted policeman was at the door, and she could see the forms of five or six others running down the road, in the distance.

"What is the trouble, Mrs. Arnold ?" came, in reassuring words, from below.



She drew a long, trembling breath of relief, and inwardly thanked Heaven for the inspiration which had prompted her to desire the alarm, — if Charles *had* laughed.

"Oh, sir! I don't know ; but there is murder being, or has been done down in the parlor ; such screams and groans I never heard ; we are all wild with terror."

The man dismounted.

"If you can drop me a key, or let me in in some way, I'll soon see what is the trouble."

"The door is not fastened. I heard them come in, and they did not fasten the door after them."

"It is fastened now, and tightly, too. — Here, John, hand me the skeletons! It turns back the lock ; still I cannot open the door. I think it must be bolted too."

"I did bolt it," she faintly answered. Then she and Ora looked at each other with pitifully white faces.

"If some one can come down and undo the bolt?" he said in a questioning voice. No one dared to think of passing that horrible parlor-door.

"Break a pane of glass in the side-light ; get in any way ; we are all too fearfully frightened to come down."

He took her at her word, and soon they heard the tramp of feet and welcome voices in her pretty but now hateful rooms.

All hastened to don wrappers and shawls.

"Mrs. Arnold!" She quickly unbolted the door. "Will you please step down here a moment?" She drew back, shuddering, as she whispered, "Oh, sir! please do not ask me to."

"Pray do ; there is nothing to frighten you. I will meet you at the stairs."

He led her down, followed by the rest of the frightened family, straight into the parlor. She went with lowered eyes and wildly beating heart ; her limbs almost refused to support her.

"There, you see there is nothing to be frightened about."

She slowly raised her eyes. Nothing to be frightened about ?

She looked into the officer's face ; from him to his men. All were grave ; not even the ripple of a smile on any of their faces.

What did it mean ?

Not a thing was out of place, not an article broken, the windows were intact, there was no bleeding corpse upon the floor. The flowers were breathing out their incense upon the table, the clock

was ticking musically upon the mantle, her bird was pluming itself in the unwonted light from the gas-jet, which the men had lighted, and all, all was peaceful and quiet as when she left the room a few hours ago. Quiet? yes, so quiet she could count her own heart-beats as easily as she could the clock-ticks.

What did it all mean? The peaceful room, the grave faces — and, oh! those fearful cries? She leaned heavily against the man, who still held her arm, and he led her gently to a chair, where Ora and the children nestled around her.

“Are you faint, madam?” he asked.

“Am I dreaming?” she cried. “Yes; I feel faint, but it will pass over. What does it all mean? I dare not think.”

“I would not try to-night. If you will go back to your rooms, I and some of my men will stay down here till the morning: you need sleep.”

“Sleep! Shall I ever sleep again, with those cries ringing in my ears?”

The officer whispered a few words to one of the men, who went off suddenly, as Mrs. Arnold burst into a bitter flood of tears.

“I wish Charley were here,” sobbed Ora. The children wondered what mamma could be crying about.

“I only wish he were. I will not stay another night in this house for any one. Oh! Charley, Charley!”

“Mrs. Arnold, drink this,” a new voice said at her elbow; “it will quiet your nerves.” She felt the glass put to her lips, and, over the rim, she recognized the face of the doctor who lived on the opposite side of the street. She meekly obeyed.

“I was sorry when I saw you moving into this house. I am not superstitious myself, but I would not take it rent free. It has a bad name.”

“Then, then,” gasped poor Marion, with white lips, “*it is haunted?*”

“So they say; though I do, or rather did not, place much faith in the reports. I knew it had been a long time empty, and that when it was not, it changed tenants often. But I would not think any more about it to-night; to-morrow you shall move into the cottage next to mine: we will all turn to and help, so that, by to-morrow night, you shall be safely housed in a Christian abode.” She faintly smiled her thanks, as her head fell weakly against Ora, who put loving but trembling arms around her.

"She is safe for a good six hours' sleep — perhaps longer ; she is dreadfully shaken up."

"Oh, sir, it was awful !" said poor Ora. He now looked at her.

"Yes ; I do not doubt it : you need rest, too ; and those children should be asleep. Come," — to Margory, — "you lead the way," and, taking up Marion's insensible form, he strode after the women and children ; for none were willing to be left behind.

He laid her carefully upon the bed, and Ora fixed the pillows, and tenderly covered her lightly.

"Now, young lady, I will see to you. — Those children must go to bed, good woman."

"Yes, Margory, put the darlings in their little cribs, and stay with them. I shall not leave Marion till daylight."

"You need not fear anything else to-night, and there are four policemen who will stay until morning. Now, Miss, I will mix you a draught, which I wish you to drink as soon as may be after I go. Lie down by the side of your sister, and go to sleep. Do not fear ; nothing will hurt you. The poor, unrestful souls, if such they are, return only for their own punishment, not yours. Shall I stay until you are asleep ?"

"Oh no ! no indeed !" stammered poor blushing Ora.

"Then I will bid you good night."

As the door closed, the girl hastily drank the potion in the glass, and not daring to look around, crept into the bed beside her sister. She covered her head and lay trembling for awhile ; then she had forgotten all her fears and troubles.

The doctor listened at the children's door ; but hearing no sound, he slowly went down, muttering as he went.

"It's a confounded shame ! The old hulk ought to be burned, — scaring women and children out of their senses ! I'd give a good deal to know what it means — I declare I would ; for it's strange, strange, to say the least."

Needless to say that bright and early, furniture-teams were at the door the following morning, and by noon the carpets were up, and down again in the cottage on the other side, and by night they were pretty well settled ; for many neighbors lent helping hands, and as all the cottages were built upon the same plan, the carpets fitted to a nicety.

When Mr. Arnold returned, two days later, he stared in blank

amazement at the empty house, but was soon made aware of the facts of the removal. But for the change of the sides of the street, one would scarcely know the difference, — the houses being so nearly alike. All missed the conservatory, which had been an addition made by one of the former tenants. Mr. Arnold promised his wife she should have another, as that had been the chief reason for choosing the other cottage. The stream, he declared, was almost enough to make up for its loss.

Mr. Arnold was indignant, and sought Mr. Cleveland for an explanation. Mr. Cleveland had himself been away upon business ever since the family had hired the house ; he had returned the day before, had been made aware of the appalling facts, and had gone to inspect the unhallowed premises. There he was found.

"I cannot imagine, sir, how you could have the face to let a house with such an unsavory reputation to a family where there were delicate women and children ; for although we cannot, in the enlightened nineteenth century, be expected to believe in ghosts and hobgoblins, yet there is some uncanny influence about the place, mortal or immortal, and such as it is, it might have cost my wife her life, in her delicate state of health. If she comes out of it safely, I shall have cause to thank Heaven."

"I cannot blame you, sir, for thinking meanly of me. I think badly enough of myself ; and yet if you will listen to what I have to say, I think you will not blame me so much.

"Seven years ago this house stood half way up that hill. It had been occupied by a man of violent temper and miserly disposition, and his two sons. There had been a mother, of lovely spirit and quiet and refined manners, but she had died of a broken heart, — killed by the cruelty of her husband and children. The old man was supposed to be wealthy ; and when he died, each of the sons thought the other cognizant of the hiding-place of the coveted wealth, and were continually quarrelling and fighting about it. To make matters still worse, they both loved the same girl, who coquetted with both, and accepted neither, not knowing which would be the heir.

"They returned from a dance one night, where she had been tormenting first one and then the other, inflamed with jealousy and wine. There must have been a terrible fight, for glass and furniture were much broken up, and one brother was found stabbed in the heart ; while the other, with a cloven skull, was just breath-



ing out his life, where he had been hurled against the old-fashioned clock-case by the dying but powerful man to whom he had just given his death-stroke. Nothing was ever seen or heard of the supposed hoarded wealth of the miser.

"Two years later I was called to this place upon business for my employer. I was comparatively poor then, but I had been prudent and laid away most of my salary. As I rode down this street, then a grove almost, I thought what a lovely place of residence it would make. When I returned to the hotel, I spoke of the house, which was pretty enough, only that the windows were broken and it needed painting.

"‘Yes,’ said the landlord, ‘it’s pretty enough, but no one round here would take it as a gift.’

"Of course I asked why, and then I heard its history. He remarked, I remember : —

"‘Any one with money could get the whole for a song, for it is a drug in this market ; no one wants it who has once heard its story.’

"I laughed at their ignorant superstition, and soon hunted up the owner of the place, who was a distant relation of the murdered men. I offered him five thousand dollars for the whole place, which, in my estimation, would have been cheap at twenty ; and I almost laughed in his face to see with what eagerness he snapped at my offer. I went back home with the deeds in my pocket.

"I began upon it right away, cutting timber enough off of it to almost give me back my money. Then I moved this house down here, had it thoroughly done over, and then built the other twenty-three upon the same model. They were all engaged before they were finished, and I soon found myself on a fair way to wealth. I do not owe a cent on them now. When they were all occupied and everything seemed prospering, I thought I would take a trip to Europe, for it had been the ambition of my life. So I got me an agent, a friend whom I could trust, and started. I kept posted about my settlement, as I called it, but I thought it strange that, out of all the houses, the old one should be most frequently vacant.

"Still, I did not feel anxious, as he did not give me particulars, and I thought I would occupy it myself when I got back.

"I arrived the day before you came to inspect it, to find my agent called away by sickness, and so I unwittingly let the house to you.

"I heard of the trouble as soon as I got back from Boston, and

went to see him, as he too had returned, and heard the whole account — also all about the affair with your people.

“All that has ever been heard before were noises and indistinct mutterings, he says. The night your wife was so frightened was the anniversary of the murder ; and, strange as it may seem, no family was ever in that house before upon the anniversary of the fearful affair. I am not inclined to superstition myself ; but that is the reason assigned for the strange occurrence by the old residents of this place. I do not know what to think, myself.”

“Why do you keep such an infernal machine to frighten women out of their wits ? Burn the old thing to the ground. I am not unduly superstitious myself, but it is uncanny. A woman’s broken heart and two murdered sons must haunt it.”

Both men started, and looked furtively at each other, as a deep, heartbroken sigh seemed to exhale close to their ears, followed by a sob, which, in spite of their non-belief, thrilled them with awe. Then both smiled, and Mr. Arnold said : —

“The influence of the place is strong upon us : — come, we shall get childish here.”

“I am going to live in it myself.”

“Are you married ?”

“No.”

“Well, let me advise you never to bring a woman under the influences which must be in this house. Come over to dinner with me, and talk it over with my wife. Come.”

“Thanks. I will accept your offer to dine, but I would like a little while alone here first.”

“Well, if you must, you must. We dine at three. Till then, — good by.”

Left alone, George Cleveland sat upon the broad window-seat, deep in revery. A long time he sat there. At last he said aloud : —

“Well, the old house is a white elephant upon my hands. If I must not bring a woman into it, I can have neither mother, wife, nor housekeeper, and I swear I will not live alone. I believe it is all bosh, anyway. Some crank has heard of the trouble, and wants to get the house for a song, and so has contrived something which makes the sounds. By Jove ! that’s it. I’ve heard of such things before. I’ll go all over the house, and examine every nook and corner, and see if I cannot unearth the mystery.”

Just as he started from his seat, a quick rap came upon the street door.

"Who the dickens is that?" he muttered, leaning close to the window and peering out. He could not see any one; yet — even while he looked — the knock was repeated. He could not see quite all the distance; so he stepped quickly to the door and opened it. No one was there, and no one within three houses' distance met his sight. He closed the door, and went back to his seat.

Upon the floor lay a sheet of writing-paper covered with a peculiar, cramped handwriting. He stooped and picked it up, with a kind of nightmare horror upon him, for he could have sworn it was not there when he went to the door.

Brave man as he was, his hair began — or seemed as if it began — to rise, and shivers ran over him, as his eyes hastily conned the words before him.

"If you wish for peace on earth, and rest hereafter, move this house back into its old place. As long as one timber remains, we are doomed to haunt it; and once a year, upon the anniversary of our unnatural crime, are compelled to re-enact the deed. If you will do so, you shall have the money for which the shameful deed was done. Use a portion to replace this house with another, which shall be forever blessed to you. Place a memorial window in the church where we were baptized, in memory of our mother; and the remainder give unto the poor.

"In the closet in the corner of the dining-room, under the second shelf, you will find a little knob; press upon it, and you will find the miser's hoarded wealth. Do all the good you can with it; for the greater the good so done, the sooner our rest. Pray for us."

No name was signed.

George Cleveland looked reverently upon the bit of paper, and strange thoughts flitted through his brain. As long as a timber remained, they were doomed to haunt it, and he had done everything to preserve it. Alas! poor perturbed souls!

He laid the letter upon the mantle, and went slowly, almost involuntarily, into the dining-room. He stood a moment before a large closet. The interior was finished in mahogany, with quaint carvings extending even under the shelves. This small room alone, because of its richness, had not been changed when the house was refinished. The room had ever impressed his mind with a certain mysterious regard, and under the present experience this feeling



revived. He felt the knobby mouldings here and there, to learn if the finish remained firm, and, perhaps, with a dim expectation of some discovery.

Pressing a little knob under one of the shelves, he fairly shuddered to feel it yield. But he pressed it again, and harder, thinking he might have been mistaken. Instantly a panel fell upon the shelf below. Within a cavity was a row of small canvas bags, whose creased circumference distinctly showed the outlines of crowded coin. Here was the miser's money.

The discoverer did not shout with joy at the sight of this wealth, but grew faint. A mist formed before his eyes, and things about moved unsteadily with a billowy motion, and he caught hold of the door-post to keep from falling.

"This is awful!" he muttered, more impressed by the mystery than gladdened by the treasure. "I could not have believed it had I not seen with my own eyes — the writing and these hidden bags. I will not touch them now ; I will leave it, — leave all this money where it has been safe for so many years. I will take the letter and go over to Arnold's. I am getting nervous." His muttered soliloquy was evidence of this. It was his substitute for a boy's whistling in the dark to keep up his courage.

Another surprise was in store for him. When he went to get the letter from the mantle where he had laid it, it was gone, — gone as mysteriously as it had come.

Taking up his hat, he hurried from the house, over to Charley Arnold's, where a good dinner, and the influence of Ora's bright eyes, and Mrs. Arnold's cordiality, soon sufficed to drive away his superstitious terrors. After dinner he held a private interview with his host ; and they started, with Mr. Arnold's empty grip-sack, for the haunted house. Mr. Cleveland fully expected to find that the gold and silver had flown as unceremoniously as the letter had come and gone. But it was not so. There stood the bags in even rows. They filled to repletion the rather capacious gripsack, and it took the men's united strength to transport it to Mr. Arnold's residence.

The ill-fated house soon stood upon its former site ; the memorial window took its place in the pretty little church ; and a beautiful monument was erected upon the lot where lay the mortal remains of the sorrowful wife, beside those of her cruel husband and their wicked children. For several years her grave was often



made bright with flowers, and special prayers were said for the repose of all their souls ; and every possible good has been done with the remainder of the money.

George Cleveland rebuilt upon the vacated estate, but he did it from his own honest earnings. And one day, when the birds were singing gayly, the flowers breathing incense, and the sun shining bright, he took the blushing, happy Ora there as his bride.

It is gratifying to be able to say that no ghosts or goblins have ever troubled her, and that her life flows on as tranquilly and bright as the stream behind Lily Lawn.

One dark night, a year from the time Marion and Ora had their never-to-be-forgotten fright, there was quite an excitement upon Cedar Street. The fire-engine was called out for the first time since the street had an existence. But it was not put into use ; for it was only the haunted house which was burning. The whole place turned out to see it burn ; and there was great rejoicing.



## FACTS, FEARS, AND IMAGINATION.

By JAMES N. ARNOLD.

THE country on the west of Narragansett Bay has been abundantly favored with unnatural phenomena, and also to a remarkable degree with the means for investigation of their origin. One amusing incident which came under the writer's observation a few years ago, was the means of arousing an interest which has been kept alive ever since.

A certain house had the reputation of frequently changing tenants. Some of these, upon being asked their reasons for removal, would say the house was haunted, while others, well knowing that to admit such a reason for removal would provoke only jeers and laughter, wisely refrained from such an excuse by pleading other reasons. Enough, however, was known. So it came about that when the last new tenant had vacated the house, that the common remark was, "They have seen the ghost." Becoming myself curious to see it, I one day asked an old woman, who had lived in the neighborhood a great many years, how long these things had

been going on. She was very talkative, and gave a long story about the matter, which was briefly as follows :—

The house had been let for a number of years to tenants whose character was not reputable. About three years previous a man was seen to enter, but was never known to have left the house. The night following his arrival was spent in revelry. The language heard by the passer-by that evening was not as courteous nor as chaste as it might have been, and the revel broke up in a fight.

From these circumstances the old woman had formed a theory that the man had been murdered, and that his spirit still hovered around there.

In passing by the house I observed that the two wires of the telegraph ran very close to the end windows, under the roof, and that the wind had the usual privilege of exercising its genius upon the wires. Stepping beside one of the poles, my companion and I found that it was then doing finely in the way of providing weird music. Learning that the key of the house was kept in the next dwelling, the favor of entering the haunted precincts was solicited. When the custodian learned our reasons for wishing to inspect the house, he laughed, and remarked that we ought to know that it was the news they were sending over the wires that was making the noise, and not the wind. On being asked his reasons for so thinking, he said that a cousin of his had a friend who once worked in a telegraph office, and he had so stated.

“Very well,” was the reply. “Wind or news, that is the true ghost. If we can get into that house, we can prove it.”

This appeared to interest him. We then inquired if there had been any trouble before the wires had been put up; to which he answered that there had not.

“The trouble, then, has come with the wire, and will continue as long as that wire runs so close to that window,” we added.

He brought the key, and together we went over the house. The investigation fully bore out our theory. I then remarked that this music would seem very different in the night to what it did now, — that it would not require much imagination to hear fiddling and dancing, and screams and groans, and everything necessary upon which to build a fine ghost story. I then said to the custodian that if he would come there with me that night, we would find every word of my theory to be true, and, besides, we would have a free entertainment.

The result was, we went that night to the house, and had just such an experience as I had anticipated.

Another source from whence many a story of groans and screams have arisen, while not so readily seen at first, is still as easy to understand when once known. Let wind pass through crevices, especially if in those crevices there happens to be splinters, and one not versed in such matters will be surprised to discover what weird and unnatural sounds will be produced. Many persons of good understanding, even, ignorant of the peculiar mechanical conditions which are the cause of the alarming sounds, are sometimes thrown into a great horror by the mysterious manifestations.

It is a notable fact that most of the haunted houses in the country are those which have become more or less uninhabitable, and are consequently more open to the action of the wind than those in good repair. This consideration at once solves the mystery of many haunted houses.

In the Narragansett country there is another source of phenomena that is readily comprehended when the explanation is once brought to the attention of a reasoner. Whether so common in other parts of New England, we know not, but presume it is not; for if it is so common elsewhere, it must have been remarked upon. Electrical storms are and have been of frequent occurrence here. Those who delight in nature's works can nowhere find grander pictures. We will instance a case where one of these storms was turned to advantage, and with it close this paper.

During the winter of 1816-17 a great revival occurred in this region, and hundreds professed religion, and many expressed a wish to be baptized. The weather was cold, and ice covered the surface of the rivers and ponds. Instead of waiting for warm weather, it was proposed to run the risk of taking cold, rather than imperil the soul by delay. The night before the baptism was to take place, some interested parties repaired to the place where the baptizing was to be, and cut the ice, opening a space sufficient for the purpose. In order to keep the opening from freezing over, the water was to be frequently agitated during the night with poles. The next morning those who had taken upon themselves this task had a wonderful story to tell. The water had not shown any inclination to freeze over during the night, although the weather was intensely cold. All that night music was heard in the air, as if troops of angels were hovering over-

head, and had come to this place to bestow, in their celestial way, a blessing on the work to be there so soon accomplished.

This story was by many implicitly believed. Old members of the church confirmed the story, and testified that in going home from meeting that evening the heavens seemed to them filled with divine music, and of such sweetness and beauty that they were satisfied it was made by the angels.

The fact is now known to most well-informed people, that holes cut through the ice will be kept open for days by the natural warmth of the water in the coldest of weather ; and that electrical storms will produce sounds in the air that may aptly be termed "Heavenly music."

But to resume : the two facts of open water and aerial music — under the above circumstances — was seized upon by the preacher effectively to stimulate still further the religious fervor of the people ; and the result was what is known in local religious history as the "Great Awakening."



## POLITICS ON THE CANADA LINE.

### A TOWN ELECTION IN VERMONT IN 1815.

By M. WINSLOW FARMAN.

WE hear much in these days about "wire-pulling," "rings," and political corruption in general, and it may be that it has sometimes seemed to us as though things were getting terribly debased ; and we have been prone to look back with wistful eyes to the good old times when our revered ancestors were on the stage of action, and have longed for the unanimity and honest dealing which are supposed to have then prevailed.

I know by my own experience that it is very pleasant to linger over the history of the past ; but I apprehend that distance lends enchantment, and that we find it more agreeable living in imagination during the administrations of Jefferson or Madison than we should have found in an actual participation in the doings of that period.

In the extreme northern part of Vermont, within a few miles of



the Canada line, is situated a town six miles square, known as Westfield. The village of the town is small, and so are the farms, compared with those of the West. In some places the forest still remains ; yet great changes have been wrought in the town during the last seventy years.

In 1815 there was not a wagon in Westfield, the roads being mere bridle-paths, and so poor that it was hardly safe to ride a horse over them. There were probably not more than twenty-five families in town, and the greater part of these had settled in the eastern half.

Politically, the settlers were about equally divided, one party being known as Federals and the other as Democrats ; and though voters were few, political feeling ran high. Among the Federal leaders were Captain Medad Hitchcock, Esq., his son Thomas, and a nephew Caleb. Prominent among the Democrats were Thomas Stoughton, Jairus Stebbins, James Brown, and Walter Stone. Beside these, each side had its corps of adherents, ready to cast their votes in support of their party.

The time for holding the "Freeman's meeting" in 1815 was approaching, and the legal voters of the town were duly warned to meet at the house of Medad Hitchcock on the first Tuesday in September (the 5th) at one o'clock P.M. to vote for State officers and a town representative.

The meetings of the town were usually held at Captain Hitchcock's, — that being a convenient place for the settlers from all directions to congregate ; and furthermore the captain, for his own profit as well as for the accommodation of the public, always kept on hand a barrel of whiskey.

The captain's house stood less than a hundred rods south of where Westfield village now stands. It was a one-story log structure fronting the east. But though the town meetings were warned to be held in the captain's house, they were in reality (when the weather was warm enough to permit) held in his barn, — which was a grand one for the times, being a frame building thirty-six by forty.

In view of the coming election, the Federals had settled on Captain Hitchcock as their candidate for town representative, while the Democrats had decided to place Thomas Stoughton in the field. Heads had been counted by the leaders on both sides, and estimates made as to the result of a ballot. Each side knew that

the contest would be close, — that they had not a man to spare, and both wished that in some way the other might lose a vote.

Aaron Frost was a man of the Democratic faith, — a basket maker by occupation, at least a part of the time ; and though not of large proportions, either in body or mind, his vote counted the same in the ballot-box as did that of the ablest citizen of the town. The Federals, anxious to further the interests of their party, conceived the idea of having Frost absent on election day. That this might be brought about, Asa Dunham went to Frost and told him that Mr. W—— of Potton, Canada, wished to get some basket timber out of the woods, but that he was a novice at the business ; and Dunham asked Frost to go down and help select some for him.

Frost was persuaded ; and Monday afternoon, September 4, he and Dunham set out for Potton. They reached W——'s just at night-fall, staying there until morning, when Dunham started for home, and Frost and W—— set off on their expedition.

A quantity of timber was selected and marked ; time passed, and at length W—— (who understood Dunham's scheme) said that he was lost, but that he thought there were some marked trees in such a direction, and that if they could find them they could make their way out.

But a suspicion was arising in the mind of Frost, that a trick was being practised on him to prevent his getting to Westfield in season to vote. Irritated by this suspicion, he exclaimed, "You and your marked trees go the d—l ! I'm going to Westfield !" and at once set out for himself.

The early settlers did without many things that add to the comfort of the present generation. It was necessary that they should be industrious and economical, if they would insure prosperity. There was one couple in Westfield careful and saving to the extent of being penurious, — Iddo Stebbins and his wife Susan. They were hard-working people, but did not rank very high in intellectual ability. This, perhaps, does not account for his being a Federalist. Another character was Uncle Tom Stoughton, a shrewd old fellow. Wishing to help their party, he and Walter Stone (both Democrats) early on election morning went to Stebbins's house. Now it happened that Stebbins had at different times smuggled a few things from Canada, — though in this particular he was perhaps no worse than some of his neighbors. Their object as to Stebbins was the same as was Dunham's with Frost, —

to prevent his voting. That this might be accomplished, Stebbins was duly reminded of his smuggling, and told that the officers had got wind of it; but that they (Stoughton and Stone) had found out about it, and, being his friends, had come to tell him. And as friends they advised him to keep himself where he would not be found until the danger should blow over. This communication had the desired effect. Stebbins and his wife were alarmed; and it was decided that he should secrete himself in a willow tract nearly a mile distant, and, as an additional protection, Rudolphus Reed should go and stay with him.

Reed was a Democrat, and the real purpose of his staying with Stebbins was that he might watch him. Accordingly, Stebbins went to the willows, and there, with Reed as his only companion, he remained until into the afternoon. He had nothing to eat; but he had opportunity for bodily repose, if not too greatly harassed by fears.

But Reed did not intend himself to miss voting for Stoughton; so after the sun had passed its meridian and the afternoon was wearing away, he became anxious to leave Stebbins and go to the town meeting. At length he started off with the remark, "Darm it all, I don't believe any body'll git ye now, Iddo. Guess I'll go down and see what the boys are about."

The great doors of Captain Hitchcock's barn were swung back, the floor had been cleanly swept, and at one end stood a table that had been brought from the house. The legal voters, accompanied by the younger male portion of the town, had congregated in and about Captain Hitchcock's buildings, and were engaged in various ways, some in little groups, talking; others wrestling; and still others, in pitching quoits.

At length, about one P.M., Walter Stone and Thomas Hitchcock, the constable and clerk of the town, emerged from the house and went to the barn, where they took their places at the table.

The men and boys soon assembled in the floor, and Stone formally opened the meeting. Then the momentary hush was broken, and the voting began. The ballots of the freemen were soon mostly in the box,—only a half-dozen or so were lacking; and the afternoon was before them to while away ere the votes could be inspected and it could be known who was elected,—so evenly were the voters divided between the two candidates.

Iddo Stebbins and Aaron Frost were nowhere to be seen.

Dunham had told the Federals privately of the supposed success of his mission to Canada, and feeling confident of victory, they were in high spirits. The Democrats also knew something that pleased them greatly, and they also hoped to win the day. And so the two parties laughed in their sleeves at each other without the others knowing it, or once imagining that a trick had been played on one of their own men. Of course the absence of Stebbins and Frost had been noticed; and as time passed and neither appeared, each party began wondering what detained their man, and sent messengers for them.

Stebbins lived only about a mile south of Captain Hitchcock's, and the person who went for him soon returned, but alone. The Federals held a secret consultation, and it was decided to send two men (who had already voted) to look up Stebbins.

The messenger who went for Frost returned with the simple but unwelcome information that he had gone to Canada the day before, and had not returned. The Democrats knew there was no time to send for him.

Dolph Reed made his appearance and voted; but though he reported to his friends that he had left Stebbins all right, they became uneasy, for they knew the Federals were searching for him.

Matters assumed a more serious aspect; the faces of those in both parties lengthened perceptibly; the quoit-players lost interest in their game, the wrestlers tired of their sport, and the assemblage became monotonous. Both parties were deeply anxious, the one fearing that Frost, and the other that Stebbins, would appear.

At length Stone, the constable, demanded, "Gentlemen, are your votes all in?"

All the citizens present had long since voted, and there being no response, the officer said, "We are about to turn the box. Are there any objections?"

Neither party dared longer to risk the possibility of the wrong man's coming, and consequently no one made any objection. The constable then turned the box, and the votes were counted.

All the men and boys had again assembled on the floor, and as Constable Stone rose to his feet to make the declaration, not a sound was heard.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the whole number of votes cast for town representative is twenty-seven. Thomas Stoughton has thirteen and Medad Hitchcock fourteen. Medad Hitchcock is therefore elected by one majority." The Federalists had it!



The barn was soon nearly deserted ; but while the men were yet standing before the doors, congratulating each other, or wearing a sombre expression, according to whether they were Federal or Democratic, a man was seen with his coat on his arm, hurrying along the path from the north, very much out of breath. It proved to be Frost, the missing Democrat. Then the Federalist faces grew long, and underjaws fell, while the Democratic faces became expectant.

Scarce a minute later three men were seen hastening up from the south. They proved to be Stebbins and the men who went for him. And now the Federalist chins came up again, and their mouths broadened into a grin, and a shadow fell upon the visages of the Democrats. The men had gone to Stebbins's house, and, after much talk, persuaded his wife Susan to tell what she knew of the matter. It took some time to do this ; for she at first took them to be the officers of whom Stoughton had told them.

Neither Federal nor Democrat could say much. One party had played a trick, and the other party had made it "tit for tat" without knowing it ; thus the election would have resulted the same if neither party had made their attempts to outwit the other.

Stebbins was half starved, and both he and Frost thought they ought to have some whiskey for their sufferings. The others concluded to have some more with them, — the defeated party to cheer their spirits, the victors to honor their victory.

Thus was the purity of the Westfield ballot-box maintained, and the Federal preponderance established on the Canada line.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINIONS.

BY PHILIP R. AMMIDON.

THE personal pronoun, which is a necessarily important feature in an autobiography, is even remarkably prominent in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's papers in recent numbers of *Blackwood*, entitled "Moss from a Rolling Stone." There can, however, be little question as to either the exceptional energy, or the literary ability of the author. The first of these articles gives the writer's experiences in the Crimea and Circassia, during the Crimean War in 1854-55. The only item which I remember therein — of special interest to American readers — is the following exceedingly candid statement of Mr. Oliphant's opinion on a subject closely connected with our moral character as a nation: "The American code of commercial morality is, that it is perfectly legitimate to break a solemn contract, if the advantages to be gained more than compensate for the damages which you will have to pay for so doing, under a legal judgment."

We can only sincerely hope that this does not give a strictly correct idea of our national reputation abroad.

In 1854 our author accepted an invitation from Lord Elgin to act as his private secretary. The Earl, then governor-general of Canada, had just been intrusted with a special mission to Washington, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty between this country and England. The party consisted of Lord Elgin, Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Hincks (Prime Minister of Canada), and Captain Hamilton, A.D.C. They were joined at New York by the Hon. Colonel Bruce — afterward British minister to Washington — and one or two Canadians. These gentlemen arrived in the Capital on the day of the passage of the momentous Nebraska Bill. A few days later the writer attended a banquet at which the late Robert Toombs was a guest. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the following remark of the distinguished Georgian, addressed, Mr. Oliphant tells us, directly to Lord Elgin, "My lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of slavery!"

To this magniloquent speech the wife of their Republican host replied, with a charming smile: "Oh, I am so glad to hear you say

that again, Senator; for I told my husband you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman!"

At a luncheon soon after, Mr. Oliphant seems to have been not a little confused by the political designations of the various guests. "Besides Whigs and Democrats, there are Hard Shells and Soft Shells, and Free Soilers, and Disunionists, and Federals, — to say nothing of filibusters, polliwogs, and a host of other nicknames. One of my neighbors, discoursing on one of these varied issues, told me that he 'went the whole hog.' He was the least favorable specimen of a senator I have seen, and I felt inclined to tell him that he looked the animal he went, but smiled appreciatively instead."

Among others present on this occasion was Colonel Fremont, of whom the writer speaks in very high terms, and Colonel Benton, "who is writing a great work, and is 'quite a fine man.'"

The idea which the writer gives of his distinguished principal's methods in furthering the object of his mission, is that the Earl, while perhaps not descending to anything absolutely discreditable, was by no means unwilling to adopt measures which we are apt to associate with politicians of less dignified antecedents. In point of fact, these gentlemen seem to have found themselves sometimes in very questionable company. After several days of almost uninterrupted "high jinks," they all repaired one evening with a group of Democratic senators — among them being Mason of Virginia — to the house of a politician of local, even national, fame. This gentleman was with some difficulty — it was then nearly midnight — routed out of bed. He appeared to his illustrious visitors apparelled in nothing save a very short night-gown.

"All right, boys," said he; "you go in, and I'll go down and get the drink."

This he proceeded to do, and presently returned with his arms filled with champagne bottles and a big lump of ice. The company on this occasion was evidently of a very mixed character, and the aristocratic British guests were naturally scandalized at certain freedoms of expressions and disregard of social proprieties. Their host himself felt called upon to apologize for the absolute vulgarity of one of his friends.

"I can blaspheme," said he, "and profane, and rip, and snort with any man, but I never make use of a vulgar expression!"

Here is Mr. Oliphant's opinion of General Pierce and of Secretary Marcy: "Of all presidents, I suppose none were more insignificant than Mr. Pierce, who was occupying the White House at the time of our visit; while in his secretary of state, Mr. Marcy, we found a genial and somewhat comical old gentleman, whose popularity with his countrymen seemed chiefly to rest on the fact that he had once charged the United States government fifty cents 'for repairing his breeches' when sent on a certain mission."

Readers may perhaps find excuses for a very young and inexperienced Englishman in this candid exposure of his ignorance of the characters of Franklin Pierce and William L. Marcy. General Pierce, while by no means one of the greatest of the incumbents of the presidential office, was, at least while in Washington, a dignified gentleman of exceptional ability and scholarship; and the fame of William L. Marcy — Pierce's secretary of state all through his official term — as a statesman and public servant will scarcely be materially damaged by this recent expression of Mr. Laurence Oliphant's personal views thereon.

Here is an entry in our author's journal: "Dined last night with rather a singular houseful of people. The master of the house was a senator, and at the same time a Methodist preacher and a teetotaler. Consequently, although we were twenty at dinner, we had nothing to drink but iced water. His wife was a spirit medium, and in constant communion with the upper or lower world, as the case may be. His daughter, whom I had the honor of taking in to dinner, wore a bloomer, her skirt reaching to a little below the knee; she told me she never wore any other costume. Her husband I understood to be an avowed disbeliever, not only in his mother-in-law's communications with the invisible world, but in that world itself, or any Creator of any world. However, they seemed to get on very well together, perhaps because they all agreed about the Nebraska Bill, which is the only subject upon which people really quarrel."

The author speaks of the negotiation of the treaty as merely an insignificant item among the many interests committed to the care of his illustrious principal. This, as will be remembered, was successfully accomplished, and in accordance (the writer intimates) with the wishes of the British government, and greatly to the surprise of the American Secretary of State; who, we are led to conclude, was well-nigh overcome with a sense of the amazing astute-



ness of the English ambassador. We are also at liberty to infer that Mr. Marcy was almost equally impressed with the brilliant capacity of Lord Elgin's secretary.

After a minute and interesting account of the negotiation of this important treaty, and a doubtless deserved tribute to the diplomatic ability of the British statesman who accomplished it, the writer thus describes the journey from New York to Canada: "Our progress was triumphal. On our arrival, by special train, at Portland, Me., we were received with the thunders of salutes, and went in procession to the house of one of the leading citizens, with bands of music, and flags, and escorts, mounted and on foot; the whole of the gallant militia having turned out to do Lord Elgin honor. A characteristic incident occurred prior to our starting for a banquet at the city hall. While we were assembled in the drawing-room of our host, a tray with various kinds of wines and spirits was brought in, and our hospitable entertainer remarked, 'You'll have to take your liquor in here, gentlemen, for I guess you'll get none where we're going to. We've got a liquor law in Maine, you know,' he added in explanation, with a sly look at the tray."

As their considerate host had intimated, the banquet table was supplied, no doubt greatly to the disgust of the eminent visitors, with nothing more potent than tumblers of water.

It was at this entertainment that Lord Elgin told a story which we have seen in print before. In the course of his travels in America, the noble lord found himself one day beside a stage-driver, with whom he conversed on political matters. The driver told his lordship that while the majority in the State was Whig, the governor was a Democrat.

"How comes that about?" inquired the Earl.

"Oh," replied the driver, "we traded the governor off against the land agent!"

His lordship's answer was not to the driver, but at dinner, — "Now, gentlemen, you could not trade the governor-general of Canada off against any land agent!"

The entire article is well written, and of real interest, though concerning matters of a time long past. It betrays in almost every paragraph the singular egotism — national, no less than personal — apparently inseparable from the literary efforts of the British traveller in our benighted land.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE disposal of the State property in the Hoosac Tunnel to a consolidated railroad company was consummated at the very close of the administration of the outgoing governor ; in fact, in its last hours. The transaction makes the State of Massachusetts a partner in the railroading business for years to come, unless it should decide to sell the five millions of bonds and the five millions of stock it received, without long waiting for returns from earnings. So it goes into railroads deeper than ever before. The purchasing Fitchburg road is understood to have already secured the possession of the Troy and Boston road, which thus constitutes a single line under one management, from tide-water to the Hudson River. Of course important improvements are anticipated for the length of the line that will develop it into one of a first-class character throughout. Thus will another railway have been opened across the length of Massachusetts to the river that divides New England from the great continent. But this is not the achievement that engages public interest ; it is the final disposition of a property that has cost the people of the State, first and last, hard on to twenty-five million dollars.

As the Tunnel originated in the purpose to open a way across the western hills from Boston harbor to the productive West, it is more than ever to be now understood that the origination, conception, and design have reached at last the stage of achievement. The Tunnel is now in the way of doing what it was excavated for. It is about to become the great highway lying open between the East and the West. It is to make Massachusetts and New England continental, which they never yet have been. And it is to be done by the practical union in a common interest of the new consolidation and the great railroad systems of New York, reaching out to Chicago and the Northwest. It is the one thing long needed, by many intensely desired,—although accomplished without further obstruction from jealousies and apprehensions that no longer exist.

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MR. JONAS G. CLARK, a wealthy and public-spirited citizen of Worcester, Mass., has proposed the munificent gift of a million dollars for founding a new university in that beautiful city, "for the promotion of learning in all its higher branches." It is to be named Clark University. A selected number of the leading citizens of Worcester have been invited by him to act with him as incorporators. The land for the erection of the necessary buildings has been selected, in a growing neighborhood and commanding extent of view. The money will be all ready as soon as the act of incor-

poration is secured. The generous donor has arranged his affairs so that his plans will be carried out, even in the event of his death. He does not propose to limit his gifts to the original one million, but intends to add to the endowment as occasion may require. His purpose is to make the scope of the new institution cover broadly all fields of knowledge. A law school, medical school, and possibly theological school, as well as an academic department, will be established. There are some who are ready to express the wish that the princely donor could have preferred the name "college" to "university," but time will supply the best test of the fitness of the one chosen. Worcester is to be congratulated on an addition to her present riches, of such incalculable value.

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ONE never thinks, when contemplating a fine, ingenuous, promising youth, as he is about to graduate from college, of how much wealth he will probably acquire in the course of his life, but rather of what possibilities lie unfolded within him,—what are likely to constitute the riches of his personal experience in going through life, what hopes of him may be gratified, and what dawning ideals may be realized in him between life's morning and evening suns. The most worldly suspend their accustomed calculations in his poetic presence, and silently confess to the insufficiency of mere material things.

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THERE is one thing in which we think our public schools might easily take a great step forward. That is, by giving greatly more attention to the economics of industry. What is the value of Latin and French compared with this? Yet, how much more attention is given to them. Stable and peaceful industrial relations can never be attained till the people know the limits of capital, and what are its legitimate and necessary connections with labor, and thence learn to co-operate with capital intelligently and honestly, and with steady self-control.

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THE history of human thought is of various branches, and new ones are added from time to time. Temperance has become a standard question, and it is clearly a progressive movement. The world's thought is slowly clarifying on the question of the making and vending of alcoholic liquors; and a proximate unity of opinion and conviction will, before a very great while, be attained.

The efforts which have been in progress for the amendment of the Massachusetts constitution, are promising success at no distant day. There is a growing zeal in laboring for it, and the zeal is not without knowledge, and it is accumulating social influence. If the Republican party will unitedly vote for it, they will win the respect of all temperance people, and earn a

new title to confidence as the rightful ruling party. The Prohibition third party, which has been so assiduously nursed by Democratic politicians, is beginning by its growth to alarm some of the Democratic leaders, who are fearful of the consequences to Democratic ascendancy in the South, should the third party be organized in that section.

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SOME books and periodicals have a large circulation with a small reputation. Some have a distinguished reputation with only a small circulation. Perfection would combine high reputation with an extensive circle of readers. This is a very difficult achievement, because the large majority are not usually appreciative of the loftier and finer forms of thought and style, and the common needs of men are for the grosser kinds of things, just as we need a larger quantity of common stones and iron than of gems and gold. Still it is and shall be the aim of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* to achieve this combination to a large extent by discussing themes admitted to its pages in a worthy manner, yet so that the sovereign people who graduate from our public schools will generally find both topics and treatment suited to their wants. We are encouraged in this hope by the degree of success already attained, and by various auspicious omens which beckon us forward; and no possible effort shall be spared to turn these hopes and omens into solid realities.

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HISTORICAL magazines are numerous and invaluable. As depositories of laboriously gathered material for the use of future historians, they cannot be overestimated. This class of journals is, however, usually very dry, as they avowedly do not address the popular ear, nor prepare their meat to suit the popular palate. The public requires that these themes be treated in a style worthy of their importance. That task, we claim, is skilfully performed by the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*. It hunts and gathers out original matter for itself, and then puts it in shape so as to satisfy and delight a sound public taste and judgment. As all our great historians have proved, it is possible to be at once original investigators and classical writers. This is our aim, and this the demand we make on our contributors, and with a growing success which competent testimony and increasing circulation attest.

Nor is the work and sphere of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* in anywise merely sectional. New England liveth not to herself, nor for themselves have her patriots and martyrs died. She is vitally and nobly connected with all our extensive territory, and even with the whole civilized world. No section of the country can be indifferent to New England life and history, as none can be independent of any or the rest. Hence the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* cannot be conducted wisely and successfully in the



spirit of a sectional partisan, but merely in the tone of subloyalty which each section owes to itself, and thence large and full to all the rest as members of one great commonwealth. Some of our contributors, therefore, and very many of our subscribers, are from the West and South.

The New England stock has also become very migratory, seeking richer lands and mines and sunnier climes; and thus by a fresh form of force they are vitally interlocking New England more and more with every portion of our vast domain, a patriotic and beneficent process which will be greatly fostered by the universal circulation of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*.

While we have this specialty, our topics are very various. We exclude nothing of popular interest suited to a magazine for the people; and a due place is given to good and healthy fiction of high grade, to sociology, to national concerns, and the general course of human life, so as to make it of universal interest.

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THE problem concerning the fisheries has, during the month, made no evident progress toward a solution. Ill feeling on both sides has made a manifest advance. America and Canada are trying how far each can hurt the other by legislation. But this is a two-edged sword, which always cuts both ways; and it is a poor consolation to hope the other party will be hurt the most. A better hope is that a mutual understanding will soon be reached; and, as a condition of this, it will be well if each party tries to put itself in the other's place, — a rare and difficult thing in international politics.

## WEBSTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

By HON. STEPHEN M. ALLEN.

THE more complex or artificial the means of living, the greater the necessity for a suitable practical education in providing for the necessities of human existence. Primitive simplicity has been nearly crowded out by modern civilization ; and sometimes the divine law, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is entirely lost sight of through the fictitious though sometimes fashionable glamour which would paint labor as something dishonorable.

The law of "industrial habit" is as imperatively divine, as wise and beneficial, through all its ramifications as any part of that delivered at Mount Sinai, and no departures from it can be made without injury to this physical body, the mind, the heart, and the spiritual life of humanity. Physically, the body must have action : a straining of the muscles, expansion and contraction of its fibres, weight and pressure upon its bones, and constant motion and friction — all activity to become and be kept healthy. In the olden time the daily necessities and demands of life provided for this work most fittingly in the cultivation of the soil or the less humane but more laborious habits of the chase.

Humanity cannot thrive or progress without a healthy brain, nor be properly educated without the united sympathetic effort of every natural function of the body. God has made this the imperative law of health, happiness, and usefulness, which cannot be violated with impunity, and which should not be superseded by human civil law. The spiritual condition of mankind, its healthfulness and usefulness, will ever greatly depend upon the good health and proper condition of the body for the time being. Its high conceptions, its brilliant illuminations and exhilarations, its force of moral action, and its vital works in the aggregate, will always depend more or less upon an harmonious action of the indispensable trinity of body, mind, and soul.

Modern civilization is constantly working out new methods of keeping up those proper relations by fictitious methods of physical exercise, which often has not only been carried to great and dangerous extremes, but has thrown discredit over the useful manual labor which Providence provided for the works of humanity. These new methods, while sometimes useful in themselves as ornaments, are not the natural methods designed by Providence to accomplish the necessary work of life.

Nature is always compensative in her vital work, and ever gives two direct results. The laborer who produces the real necessities of life with his reasonable toil, also brings strength, health, and happiness to himself as well as sustenance to those dependent upon him. Manual exercises for pleasure and health may produce the latter ; but when the great trial-balance of life is made out, the account will show but a small gain to humanity at large, as compared with the account of the practical toiler, who, as a producer, enriches himself and the whole world around him.

Physical and mental training may then be divided into two classes, the one system from natural, and the other from artificial, labor. The natural may and should have its exhilarations, pleasures, and comforts ; and the condition of things in the present day proves conclusively that the immediate future demands from the social and political economist, not only the study of the best means of, but the proper and better provision for, making the necessary labor of life a greater pleasure to the natural toiler, as well as a bountiful provider for his physical and mental needs. This will not only do the work that is claimed for it, but will in no sense lead to dissipation beyond. On the other hand, artificial labor, for whatever purposes, generally carries with it a leading inducement for an artificial life beyond, which, fictitious in the start, becomes a means of dissipation at its end.

The proper education of youth, then, is a practical education, combining physical and mental labor, but always to a useful and creative end — an end leaving beside all that is claimed for it to the individual, a gain for humanity at large. The great changes in mechanical art during the last fifty years have entirely changed for all the real methods of getting a living.

Industrial production, through labor-saving processes under the present system of compensation, has become excessive and beyond the demand. The laborer and mechanic has not improved by it in the proper sense. Specialties have made him an expert in one thing, while he is much less of a mechanic in another. The effect is bad upon his mind. He needs the generalizing influence of the old hand-work, when one man could build a house or make a shoe, where the labor is now divided among twenty or thirty. His school should also be one of the arts as well as of letters, and his real domestic needs be more luxuriantly supplied than at present. The mover of the natural and mechanical products should also be educated as a producer, while the merchant should better understand by early training, the history of the creation of his wares.

The old system of apprenticeship has been done away, and the young man of the present day, in first going to the business he has chosen, needs a much more marked training of his profession at school than is now to be obtained. Hence, the proper and successful industrial education of the future should be the practical study of nature, mechanical art, and letters, thoroughly combined in all elementary schools.

## HISTORICAL RECORD.

ON February 5 there was a terrible disaster on the Vermont Central Railroad, about four miles above the White River Junction. The loss of life was great, and the horrors of the situation were heightened from fires caused by the upsetting of stoves. Some of the foremost people of New England were among the sufferers. The disaster is attributed to a broken rail: but the greatest evil was due to fire, both in the way of death and pain and personal injury.

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AN indication of the advance of thought on the temperance question is very clearly given in the following statements and statistics:—

The secretary of the Commonwealth has recently sent to the Legislature an abstract of the returns of votes on the license question in the cities and towns in 1886, with a statement of the number of licenses granted by classes and the amount received for the same. Of the 349 cities and towns of the State, 74 voted for license, 5 took no vote, no return was received from one, one voted last year as part of another town, and 268 voted against license; in 1885 there were 112 cities and towns voting for license, 6 taking no action, and 230 voting against it. The net gain for no license is 76 places,—or, in 1885, 32 per cent of the cities and towns voted for license against 21 per cent in 1886,—a no-license gain of 11 per cent. In 1885 the no-license vote was 46.7 per cent of the total.

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THE Fiftieth Annual Report of the State Board of Education contains an excellent review of the development of the Massachusetts public school system during the last half-century. In that time the population has advanced from 691,222 to 1,942,141, and the value of taxable property has risen from \$206,457,662 to \$1,847,531,422. The schools have trebled in number, and the pupils have kept pace with the schools. Fifty years ago the average attendance was in winter 53,532 less than the total number of school children in the State, and in summer the average was 70,000 less. Last year there was an average of only 54,195 of school children who did not attend the public school. This is a smaller average absence by some 15,000 or 16,000 than formerly, though the population is now three times larger than at the earlier date. The progress here is very conspicuous, and it becomes especially striking when it is considered that the accessions to our population have been in a large degree of foreign birth or parentage; and concerning them these facts furnish a good ground of hope.



No nation ever made history so rapidly as America. It also knows quite well what it is doing, and appreciates well its own work. Yet in its national capacity its action may be slow in making due provision for its coming historians. We therefore join our voice with that of others in expressing a hope that Congress will approve the resolution now before it providing for the cataloguing of American historical documents in the public and private archives of Europe. Their importance can scarcely be overstated ; it is not too much to say that this material is essential to a full understanding of our later colonial history and the establishment of our present government, or that without it our best histories could not have been written. It is, however, practically inaccessible ; little, indeed, of it has ever been made available, and it is hedged about by such restrictions that no worthy record of our country could have been written by a man not possessed of ample means or official station. The present measure, therefore, would greatly ease the burdens of history-writing and extend its possibilities.

## NECROLOGY.

CHARLES CARTER, the oldest ex-member of the Connecticut Legislature, died January 18, in Marlborough, Conn., aged ninety-six years. He represented that town in 1846.

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EDWARD LIVINGSTONE YOUMANS, late editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and regarded in Europe as the representative American savant, who died January 18, was born at Coeymans, N.Y., June 3, 1821. His parents removed, when he was a child, to Saratoga. At the age of thirteen he was attacked by ophthalmia, and for some years was totally blind. His sight was permanently injured, and he often found himself unable to read. He displayed early that love for chemistry and physics which gave color to his whole life. Professor Youmans was for forty years identified with enterprises of the Appletons, who published in 1852 his "Class Book of Chemistry," which had a great circulation, and was translated into Spanish in 1866. In 1851 he issued a chemical chart; in 1853 appeared "Alcohol and the Constitution of Man," and in 1855 the "Chemical Atlas." He published the "Handbook of Household Science" in 1857, and in 1864 the "Correlation and Conservation of Forces." In 1866 he accepted the chair of chemistry in Antioch College, and in 1867 he published the "Culture demanded by Modern Life." In 1872 he established the *Popular Science Monthly*, of which he remained editor till within a short time of his demise. Dr. Youmans was the intimate friend of Herbert Spencer and of Professors Huxley and Tyn-dall. More to him than to any other man is the popularity of their works in this country due. He introduced Mr. Spencer to the American public when the author of "Social Statics" first came here to lecture. Professor Youmans was the adviser of the Appletons in all their scientific publications, and in every way showed himself a most earnest worker for the advancement of science. His wife survives him. He leaves no children.

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MR. CHARLES T. HUBBARD died at Weston, Mass., January 18, at the age of sixty-nine. He was connected with the well-known firm of Sewall, Day & Co., cordage manufacturers, and was afterwards a director in the Sewall and Day Cordage Co., that succeeded the firm. He was also a bank and insurance director in Boston, and treasurer of the Boston Flax Mills Company, afterwards the Ludlow Manufacturing Company.

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MRS. CLARISSA D. RAYMOND died in Wilton, Conn., January 19. She would have been 105 years old next May. She was called the oldest per-

son in Connecticut. Her husband died in 1814, when she was about thirty-two years of age, and she has lived a widow's life for nearly three-quarters of a century. She leaves a number of great-great-grandchildren.

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CAPTAIN GEORGE B. HANOVER, long a resident of the North End, Boston, and for about forty years in the employ of the historic publishing firm of Crocker and Brewster, died on the 20th of January, in New York, at the age of sixty-three.

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HON. HENRY B. STANTON, one of the most eloquent of the early anti-slavery lecturers, an able lawyer, writer, and politician, a student of Lane Theological Seminary, and driven, with others, from its classes, on account of his pronounced views on the slavery question, died in the latter part of January, aged eighty-one years.

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THE REV. W. G. ELLIOTT, D.D., was buried in St. Louis, on January 27. A son of New England, he went in early manhood to that city, fifty-four years ago. He contributed in various ways to honor and ennoble it, by a life of wise and effective zeal for religion and education of the most broad and enlightened character. He exercised an unwonted power in stimulating men to goodness. He was pastor of one of the strongest churches of the Unitarian denomination, was chancellor of the Washington University, which he helped to found and establish, and was president of the St. Louis Law School; and in every relation he was highly honored. In his death, the cause of liberal Christianity in the West has lost a bright ornament and a powerful support.

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THE REV. ARTHUR SWAZEY, D.D., died February 2, at his residence in Chicago, at the age of sixty-two years. Dr. Swazey has been a prominent man in the religious circles of Chicago for twenty-five years. He was born at Bucksport, Me., June 22, 1824. His preparatory education was received in Yarmouth. At the age of sixteen he entered Bowdoin College, and graduated with high honors in 1844. He then entered the ministry, and afterward attended Bangor Theological Seminary, graduating in 1847. He then accepted the pastorate of a Congregational Church at Brighton, Mass., where he remained ten years. In 1856 he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church of Galena, Ill. The Third Presbyterian Church of Chicago called him to its pastorate in 1860, which position he retained until 1870. During his ministry the membership was largely increased, and a church debt of forty thousand dollars was paid off. He also edited the *Interior* for two years. Dr. Swazey was a man of fine scholarship, and the later years of his life were devoted to astronomy and inventions. He stood firmly by Professor Swing when that divine was prosecuted for heresy.

THE funeral of Ex-Judge Thomas Russell took place at Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth on February 11 at 3 o'clock. It was attended by Governor Ames; Railroad Commissioners Kingsley and Stevens; Chief Justice Brigham of the Superior Court; Judge Charles Allen of the Supreme Court; President Choate of the Old Colony Railroad; S. N. Aldrich, president of the Massachusetts Central; Hon. George C. Crocker of Boston; Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol of Boston; Hon. William G. Russell, brother of the deceased, and other members of the family; and by numerous persons eminent in the State. The services were conducted by Rev. Edward H. Hall, D.D., and Rev. George W. Briggs, D.D., of Cambridge. The remains were deposited in the receiving tomb at Burial Hill.



## LITERATURE AND ART.

"I AM That I Am,"<sup>1</sup> by E. A. Warriner, is a duodecimo in verse, on an abstract and metaphysical theme, an exposition of "The Idea of the Infinite," "The Idea of God," and "The Idea of Personality." The author commands our admiration for his brave effort. His success is such that only a very able or a very bold man could hope to excel him in the execution of his task.



"THE Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac," by Frank Wilkeson,<sup>2</sup> is a book written from the shady side of the military life. It criticises freely the commanding officers. Its tone is not inspiring, and on the whole, it is scarcely perhaps healthy in a patriotic aspect. But it may deserve attention, because of the standpoint it occupies of a private who never rose into the ranks.



WHATEVER may be the deficiencies of the recent work of Professor Richardson,<sup>3</sup> it seems to us that no more just view of our national writers than this has been presented, though we cannot speak as to his treatment of the poetry and fiction, which are reserved for another volume. In this one he reviews only the essayists and the historical and descriptive writers. Environment and personality being the chief forces determining the character of literary works, the different authors are naturally presented in

1 I Am That I Am: The Philosophic Basis of the Christian Faith. A metrical essay, by E. A. Warriner. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. 1887. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 167.

2 Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac, by Frank Wilkeson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. Cloth, 16mo; pp. 246. Price, \$1.00. Boston: for sale by W. B. Clarke and Carruth.

3 American Literature. Vol. I. The Development of American Thought, by Charles F. Richardson. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 8vo; pp. 535.



their relation to the peculiar conditions of their period and geographical situation. Yet the treatise does not wholly follow a historic order. Its pages give a rapid survey of what our author regards as most enduring in the literary product of the country up to the present time. The chapters are carefully planned, and are elaborated in a systematic manner. He attempts to avoid analysis, as well as expository criticism, and condemns a large display of facts; consequently he does much generalizing, but argues effectively from leading features, and abounds in summary, if not pithy, statements. He well defines American literature as "isolated inheritance, working freshly." The average reader will find many valuable ideas succinctly and conveniently stated regarding our best-known and standard authors; while in the closing chapter, treating of the "Borderland of Literature," there is much of suggestion and interest in regard to the work and influence of those who have been authors incidentally only. The style of the work is concise; and, if not greatly animated, there is a freshness of statement, and sometimes of view, which will render it entertaining. It is a book which would be valuable to the larger number of those having a taste for sound literature.

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To the student of genealogy in general, any volume on early New England people would be of value, while to the members of the several families mentioned therein it would have the addition of personal interest. In the book<sup>1</sup> before us the families bearing the names Ayer, Bartlett, Bradley, Chase, Dean, Dow, Dunster, Ellis, Fuller, Hope, Kilby, Martine, and De Les Dernier, Maverick, Mills, Montague, Pemberton, Pepperell, Poore, Prescott, Sewall and Longfellow, Spofford, Titcomb, Watmough, Willard, occupy the largest space, while numerous others are more or less fully treated. Much of curious, and even of thrilling, interest is found in the lives of individuals of the families mentioned, to such an extent as might repay perusal by the general reader.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

I AM THAT I AM: The Philosophic Basis of the Christian Faith. A Metrical Essay, by E. A. Warriner. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co. 1887. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 167. \$1.00.

THE STORY OF THE NORMANS. By Sarah Orne Jewett. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 373. \$1.50.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Paper. Issued weekly at \$5 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol I., No. 53, Wanderings in South America. Vol. II., No. 55, The Hunchback, The Love-Chase.

THE CONCEPTION OF THE INFINITE. By George S. Fullerton, A.M., B.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1887. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 131. Price, \$1.

<sup>1</sup> Early New England People. By Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Publishers. Cloth, 8vo.; pp. 293. Price, \$4.00.

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THE LATE HENRY B. ANTHONY,  
Governor of Rhode Island and United States Senator.

THE  
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE  
AND  
BAY STATE MONTHLY.

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Vol. V. No. 6.      APRIL—MAY, 1887.      Whole No. 30.

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NEW ENGLAND CITIES AND TOWNS.

XVIII.—THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

By FREDERIC N. LUTHER.

THE singularity with which the name of Providence stands out in the list of American municipalities is, in no mere fanciful sense, borne out by what may be called the individuality of its history. Founded under most exceptional circumstances, and by a man whose strongly marked personality was at once his highest worth and his greatest defect, it has retained, throughout the two hundred and fifty years of its development as village, town, and city, much of that unique character which was impressed upon it at the beginning.

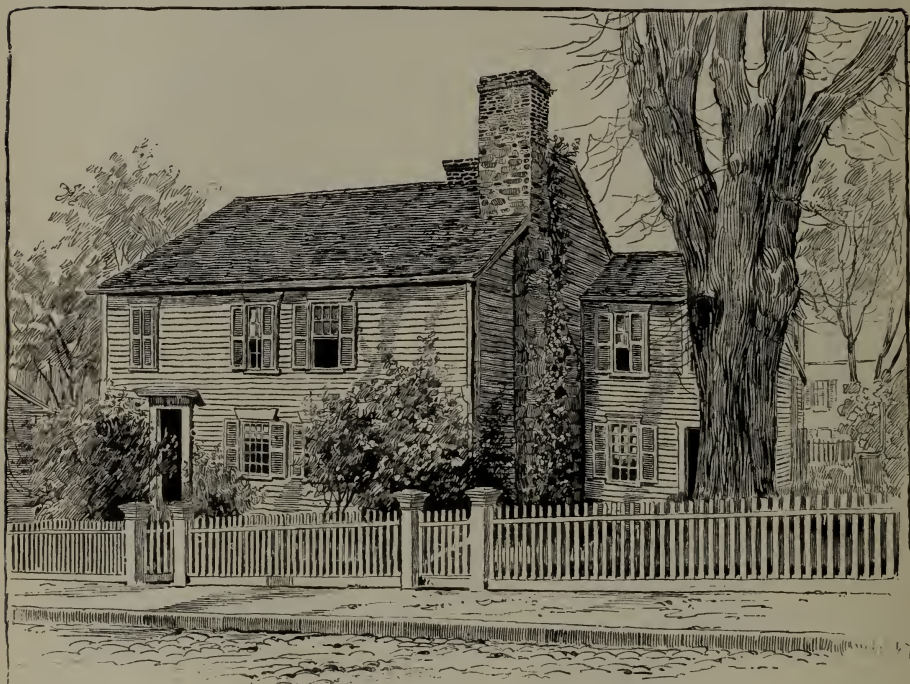


THE BETSEY WILLIAMS HOUSE.

Its history, therefore, beyond that of many American cities, is worth examination. It has not been, like Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, the scene of important events in the nation's annals; its early years were not, like those of Baltimore or New Orleans, brightened with the warm colors of romance; nor has it been, like Chicago, Minneapolis, or San Francisco, marked by the rapidity of its growth, the bustling energy of its people; but the story of its

life is at times picturesque, frequently instructive, and always unique.

The men who have shaped its development have been almost without exception marked by striking peculiarities of thought and motive; the strength of their mental fibre has been inwrought into the constitution of Providence life; and throughout each period of its evolution the intellectual has dominated the physical. It would almost seem, indeed, that in a greater degree than elsewhere, mind, thought, and invention have shaped material progress. Although,



THE ABBOTT HOUSE.

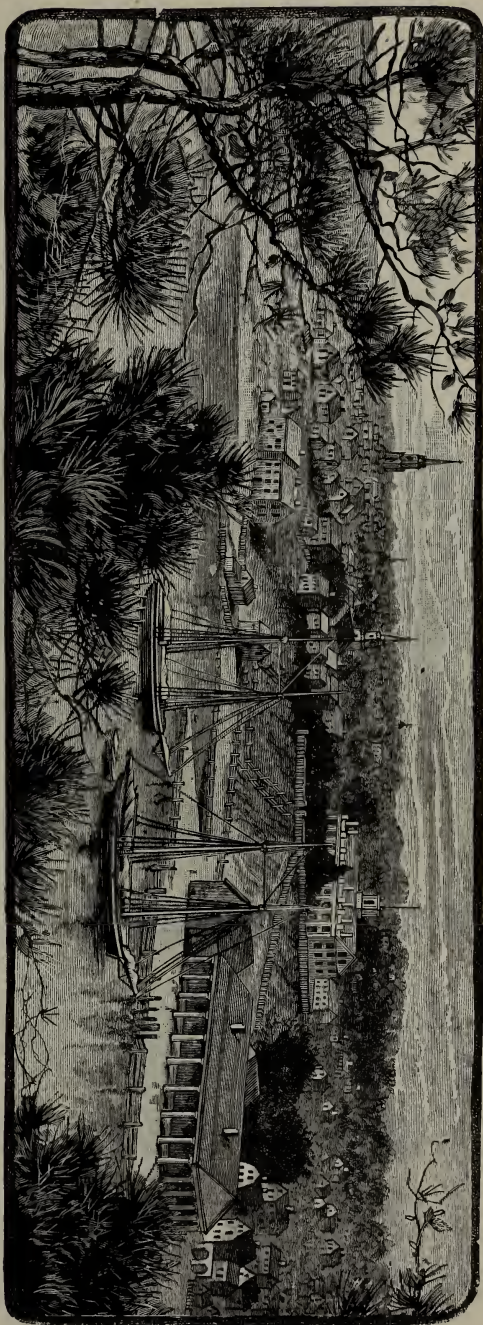
too, the people of Providence, from Roger Williams down, have shown a curious disposition to think, so to say, in tangents, nevertheless the catholicity, as well as the vigor, of its mental life is among its most striking characteristics. Its growth from a cluster of rude houses to a city second in size to but one in New England, and surpassed in wealth by none in the United States of equal population, has not been merely a material growth. Its outward physical development has been but the shell of an expanding idea.



So it happens that, for these and other reasons which may not be here referred to, the history of Providence has an individuality of its own. In aims, methods, and scope of effort it finds a parallel in no other city.

This would the more clearly appear were it the object of the present paper to trace the subtle causes and underlying forces which have made Providence what it is, or had choice been made of that method which concerns itself less with the sequence of outward events than with what the French historians call the *vie intime*. That, however, falls without the scope of the present purpose. At this time it is only proposed to give in as compact and readable a form as possible the salient points in the city's history. The ground has already been gone over again and again, but it is still difficult for the busy reader to get in a reasonable time an ade-

INDIA POINT -- ABOUT 1840.



quate conception of the totality of that history or of the regular sequence of its successive periods. To get at the bare facts and, to the ordinary mind, the most important incidents, one must burrow through a great mass of more or less uninteresting details, or wander for days in the maze of the purely personal speculations of over-curious antiquaries. It will be the present object, therefore, to give in the briefest time what the hurried but inquiring reader most needs, to present in a not wholly disconnected way events selected either for their inherent importance or their picturesque qualities, and to give them, too, not without regard for the historical perspective.



BROWN UNIVERSITY HALL. BUILT IN 1770.

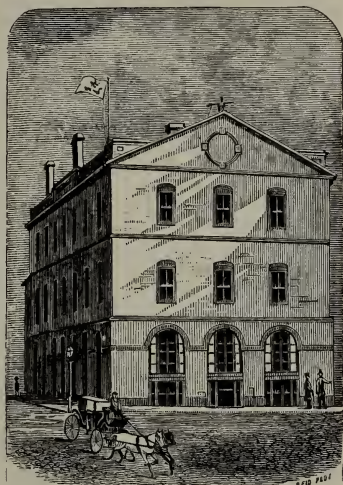
At the very outset of Providence history mooted questions are encountered which offer the temptation for much digression. The life and character of Roger Williams, for example, have been the subjects of a heated discussion which is not yet closed. Questions have been raised as to his birth, parentage, education, and early life before coming to America; and though it is claimed that the recent researches of a local antiquarian have done much to settle them, they can hardly be regarded as yet answered with complete satisfaction. Nor, indeed, are these questions as to mere dates and minor facts of much importance save as affording subjects for the



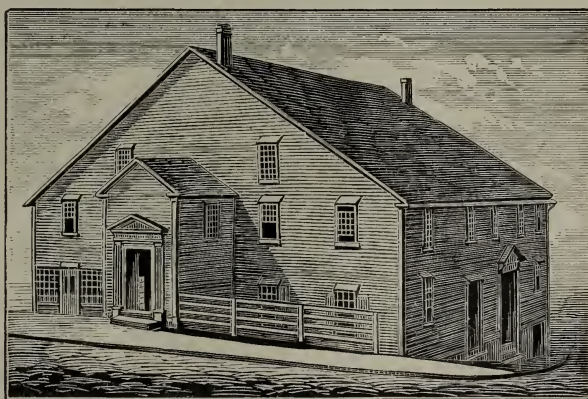
annalists to enjoy themselves in disputing about. It is enough to know that Roger Williams was a Welshman by birth, a Cambridge man by education, a clergyman of the Church of England by ordination, and subsequently a dissenter from that body by choice; that he arrived in Boston in 1631, and settled in Salem as pastor of the church there; and that finally, in 1636, he was forced to flee from the jurisdiction of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in order to avoid the execution of a threat on the part of the authorities to transport him back to England.

Here, again, arises a much contested question as to the exact causes of the difficulty between Williams and the Puritan hierarchy. In the words of the formal sentence pronounced against him, he was said to have "broached and dyvulged dyvers new and dangerous opinions against the authoritie of magistrates." But exactly what these opinions were one cannot be altogether sure. Rhode Island historians have naturally been inclined to insist that he was banished, because he had

definitely asserted that broad doctrine of the entire separation of church and state which subsequently became identified with his name. It must be said, however, in all candidness, that such was not probably the fact. It is undoubtedly true that the first faint



BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.



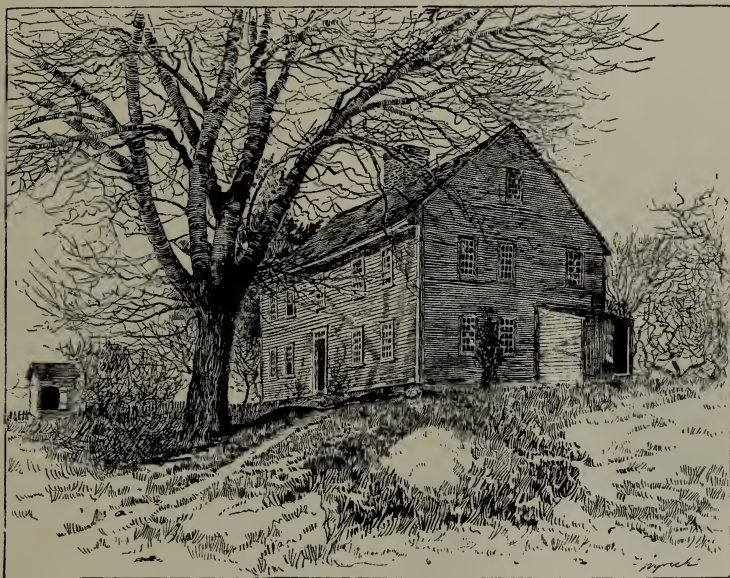
OLD TOWN HOUSE.



PROVIDENCE IN 1808.



conception of the great principle of religious liberty was already taking shape in his mind, but that its affirmation was the sole or the chief cause of his banishment could be readily disproved by the testimony of his own writings. The truth of the matter seems to be that Roger Williams was a rash, impolitic young man, over-fond of opposition and dispute, and tortured by a hundred vague new thoughts, hardly one of which had yet crystallized into a firmly held principle. He threw himself, with his eyes wide open, against one of the most compact and despotic



HOUSE BUILT BY JOSEPH, SON OF ROGER WILLIAMS, ABOUT 1680.

[Formerly standing opposite Roger Williams Park. Demolished May, 1886.]

forms of social order that the world has ever seen, and he should have counted himself fortunate that he escaped with so mild a sentence as banishment, when others, less obnoxious to the Puritan theocracy than he, were scourged and hanged.

Fleeing from Salem in January, 1636, after a toilsome and hazardous winter journey through an unfamiliar, if not a trackless country, he began late in the month of April a settlement on the east bank of the Seekonk River within the limits of the present town of East Providence. His land was obtained by a grant from Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags; and he was soon joined in his new home by his wife and family, and also by Thomas An-

gell, John Smith, Francis Wickes, William Harris, and Joshua Verin, and possibly by others. Scarcely, however, were their crops in, than a friendly intimation came from the Plymouth authorities that the new settlement was within the limits of their jurisdiction, and it was recommended that it be removed across



THE FIREMAN'S STATUE.

[North Burial Ground.]

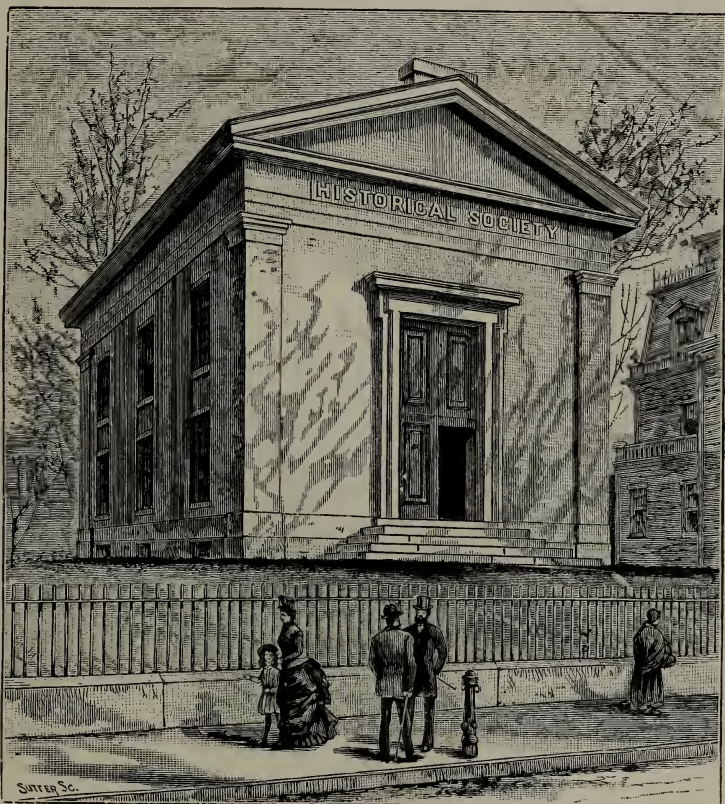
the river. Roger Williams cheerfully obeyed. Once more he set out in search of a home. There is an accepted tradition that when the canoe in which he and his five companions had embarked first touched the opposite bank, and came within the limits of what is now the city of Providence, a group of Indians greeted them with the friendly salutation, "What Cheer, Netop," and that the voyagers disembarked for a moment on the broad Slate Rock which is still pointed out by the people of Providence as the landing place of Roger Williams. It was not there, however, that the little voyage was to end. Rounding the two points to the southward which now bear the name of India and Fox, they turned again to the north, and ascended the next arm of Narragansett Bay, the stream that has since taken the name of the city that grew up on its banks, but which in earlier days

was known as the Great Salt River. A short distance up the stream, near the point where the Moshassuck and Woonasquacket rivers united in the broad cove whose much contracted self still forms a feature of Providence topography, they found a spring of water, and there they made their final landing. The exact spot was a little to the south and west of the site on North



Main Street where, in its somewhat English appearance, the venerable St. John's Episcopal Church now stands.

Here the building of the new colony was begun, and, to quote from Professor Diman's eloquent and scholarly eulogy on Roger Williams, "in grateful recognition of the guiding hand which he never doubted had led him all his way, he named the place Provi-



RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S CABINET.

dence. The dreamy, mystical, unworldly temper of Roger Williams is nowhere made more evident than in this unique designation which he selected for his infant settlement." The exact date of the foundation is a matter of doubt and dispute, but it is known to have been in the last days of June, and probably about the twenty-third or twenty-fourth of the month.

It was one of Williams's firmly held principles, which, too, sharply distinguished him from his neighbors of Plymouth and the Bay,

that he recognized the full rights of the Indians to the land they occupied. The territory, therefore, within which the new settlement was begun, had been previously obtained by a verbal grant from Canonicus and Miantonomi, sachem and co-sachem of the Narragansetts. Subsequently this grant was confirmed by a formal deed which, in a somewhat mutilated state, is still preserved among the treasured archives of Providence. The land so obtained was apportioned among the original proprietors, and soon the first



ROGER WILLIAMS MONUMENT.

[Roger Williams Park.]

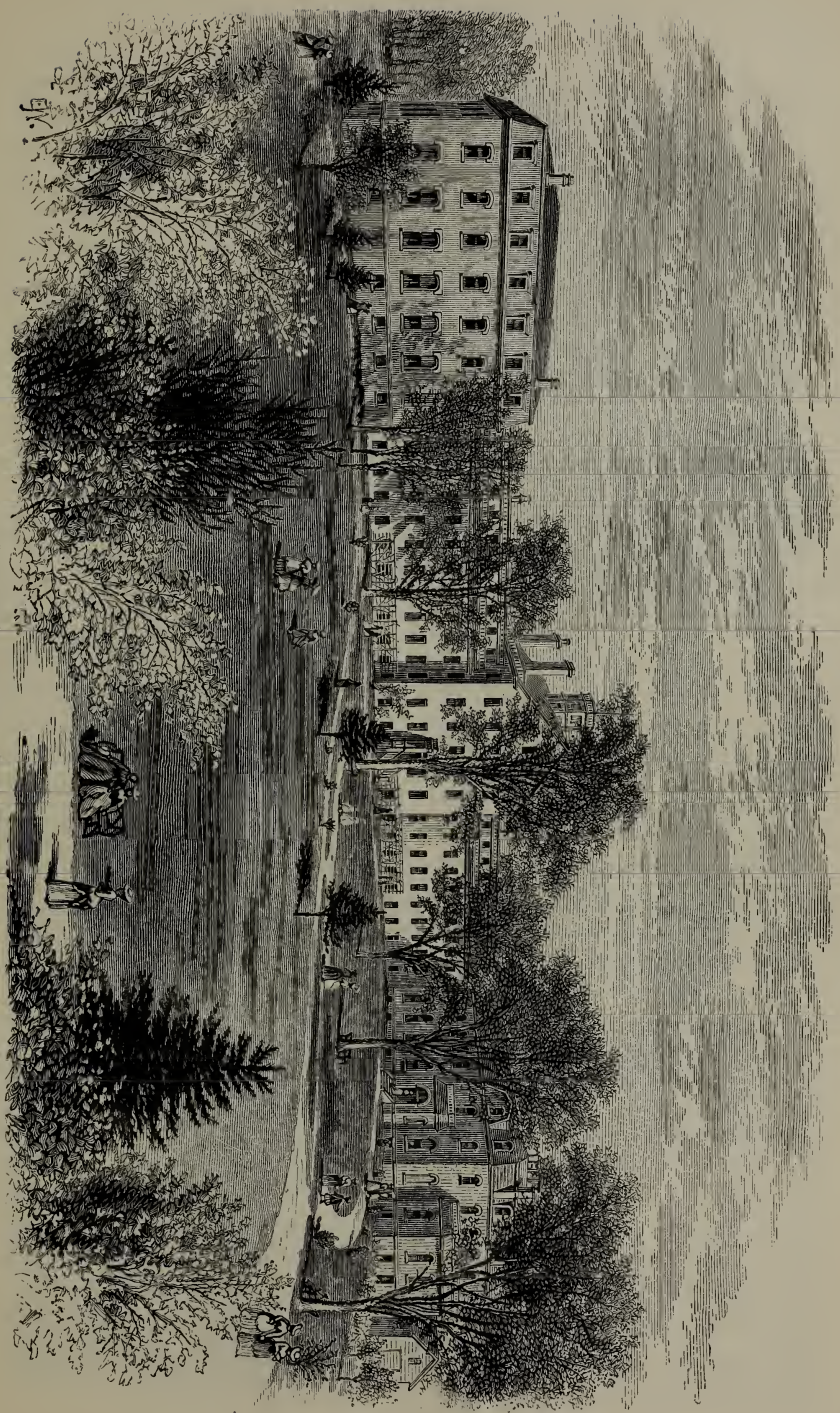
houses began to be erected along a road called "the towne street which was laid out parallel to the river bank in the general course in which North and South Main streets now run."

But by far the most important and interesting fact connected with the first settlement is the unique governmental principle on which the town based itself. The written instrument which was drawn up as

the basis of public order pledged its signers, the inhabitants of Providence, to an active and passive obedience to all orders made by the majority for the public good, but with the express provision that this obedience should be "only in civil things." Here, then, for the first time in history, a form of government was established which made a clear distinction between the temporal and the spiritual power. It was not, be it observed, the establishment of mere religious toleration. That doctrine was far from



THE FRIENDS' SCHOOL. FOUNDED 1784.





RHODE ISLAND HOSPITAL.

novel, even in the middle of the seventeenth century. It had been taught in England by Sir Thomas More; and in France, in the heat of a period of intense religious fanaticism, it had been urged with almost tearful emphasis by the great Chancellor de l'Hopital; and already in the Maryland charter it had been made an actual practice. But in that colony religious

freedom was expressly intended to apply only to those who professed Christianity; those who blasphemed God or denied the Trinity were made punishable with death. The religious freedom which Roger Williams set up was not mere toleration, but true religious liberty. He believed, to quote his own words, that "true civility and Christianity may both flourish in a state or kingdom, notwithstanding the permission of divers and contrary consciences, either of Jews or of Gentiles." Here, in its first completeness, is the great doctrine of liberty of conscience first affirmed. The town of Providence, founded on this theory, stood, therefore, from the very outset, unique among all the nations of

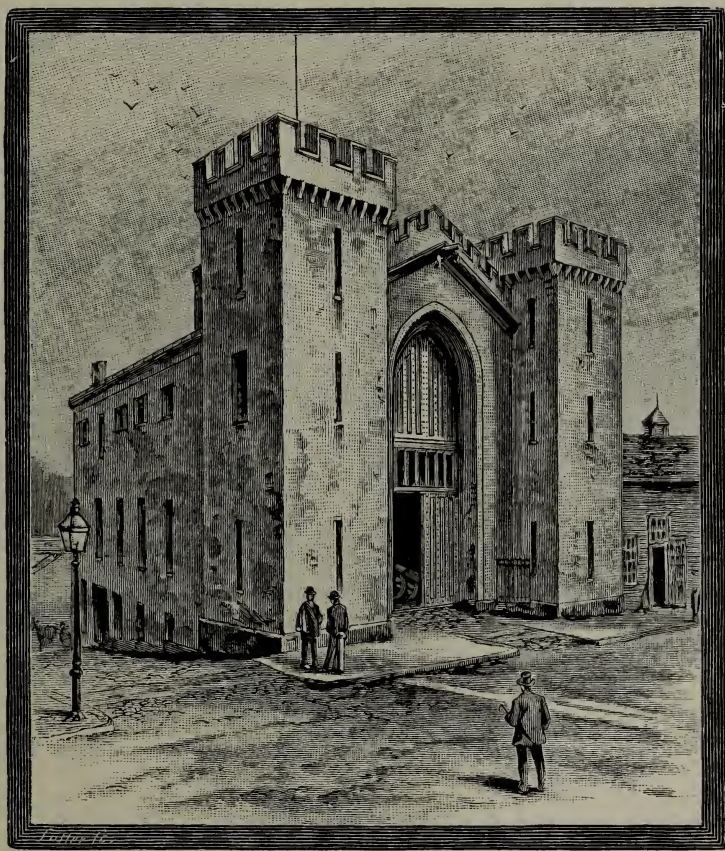


PROVIDENCE ATHENÆUM.



the earth ; and the covenant on which it was based well deserves, as the eulogist of the founder has said, a place beside the compact signed by the Pilgrims in the cabin of the *Mayflower*.

The first eight years in the history of the town contains but few things necessary to be considered. The rise of difficulties in the Massachusetts Bay Colony between the Puritan heirarchy on the



OLD ARSENAL.

one hand and the Antinomians and Baptists on the other, led to still further banishments or withdrawals, and many of the exiles sought in Providence or its vicinity an asylum for relief from persecution, thus rapidly swelling the population. The little town soon became quite distinctively a Baptist community, and in 1639, or possibly just before the close of the preceding year, the first Baptist



EXCHANGE PLACE AND UNION DEPOT.

church in America was formed, which was also the second of its order in the world, and the first of any kind in the colony. At the



same time, or thereabout, Roger Williams himself received the rite of baptism, by immersion, at the hands of Ezekiel Holyman, and, in turn, administered it to Holyman and ten others. Williams then became for a few months the leader and pastor of the new church, but after a very brief pastorate his ineradicable individuality again asserted itself, and, with two or three others, he seceded and "set up a way of seeking" which he probably followed with much pleasure, if not much profit, for the rest of his life. • The church organization which came into being under such peculiar circumstances has survived through all the phases of the history of Providence, and is now justly revered as the First Baptist Church, alike in name and in fact.

In 1640, when the population had become more numerous and varied, it was found that the pure democratic government which had first been established was no longer practicable, and a system of representative government was therefore set up by intrusting the interests of the town to five "disposers," from whom, however, there was a right of appeal to the town meeting. In the same year much trouble, even resulting eventually in riot, began to be experienced with Samuel Gorton, that interesting and much misrepresented figure in early New England history. The chief point of his contention was that Providence was deficient in not having a royal charter as the authority of its existence, and in advocating this idea he made himself obnoxious to the townsmen, and even dangerous to social order. When to this difficulty were added the facts that both Massachusetts and Plymouth were claiming jurisdiction over Providence and its vicinity, and that the Dutch of Manhattan were threatening the colony with war, it became evident that there was a real need for an English charter which all could be made to respect.

Accordingly, in 1643, Williams was sent to England to obtain the formal and chartered patronage of the ruling king. He found, however, on arrival, that in the exigencies of the political situation the management of the colonies was in the hands of a Parliamentary committee, and from it he obtained a charter of unusual liberality, which granted to the people of Providence, Portsmouth, and Newport the full power and authority of self-government. This document was received with great acclamations by the colonists in the fall of 1644. Not, however, till nearly three years later was the government organized under it, and two years after that

the freemen of Providence were incorporated into a town under the authority of the colony. From that time until 1660 this charter was the basis of the political organization. The years covered by this period, though not eventless, present nothing that calls for elaboration at this time. There were dangers from Indian wars which Roger Williams happily averted by his pacific influence; there were conflicts of authority with Coddington of Newport; but in general it was a period of quiet growth and development.\*

When Charles II. ascended the throne in June, 1660, he was prompt to declare null and void all the acts of the Long Parliament. This, of course, left Providence once more without a charter. Again Massachusetts took advantage of the uncertainties of the time to lay claim to Providence territory, and Connecticut, too, asserted jurisdiction; and again, therefore, appeal was made to the English government for protection. Through the agent of the colony, Dr. John Clarke, a new charter was obtained in 1663 from King Charles, which, while re-affirming the old privileges, was much more definite in marking the bounds of the colony and in securing the right to freedom in all matters of religion. In short, it gave to Roger Williams full power and authority to carry on the "lively experiment" he purposed. It was one of the very best charters ever given to an American colony, and for this chiefly among other reasons it was retained as the organic law of Rhode Island long after allegiance to England had been thrown off, even until the middle of the present century.

Of the events which marked the forty years succeeding the arrival of the second charter, all others are dwarfed into insignificance when compared with the terrible catastrophe of King Philip's War. There were, it is true, some local dissensions, semi-political in nature and very violent in tone; and while as yet Providence owned no vessels, it was during this period that the first evidences of a coming commerce began to appear. But controversies and enterprises alike lapsed when Philip of Mount Hope, sachem of the Wampanoags, put into actual execution his determination "not to live till he had no country." The war was declared and opened upon Plymouth Colony, not upon Providence, which remained as yet safe in the friendship of the Narragansetts which Roger Williams had from the first cemented with kindness and good deeds. The Narragansetts, however, soon became allied with the Wampanoags, and though at first the neutrality of Provi-

dence was strictly respected, when the army of the United Colonies of New England marched through the town and lured some of its citizens away as volunteers, the Indians naturally lost the power of discriminating between neutrals and combatants and forgot the ancient ties of hospitality and peace. Realizing their danger as the combatants closed in about them, the women, children, and all but about three score of the men of Providence fled from the town. The Indians, then, coming up in the last days of March, 1676, burned the town almost completely. Probably not more than five houses were left standing, two of these being the garrisoned houses in which the men who remained in the town were quartered. These garrisons were not attacked, presumably in consequence of the friendship of the Indians toward Roger Williams who was known to be in one of them. The town records, after being partly burned, were saved by being thrown into the mill-pond, and ever after, in the apt words of Staples, the town's annalist, bore "plenary evidence of the twofold dangers they escaped, and the twofold injury they suffered."

The blow thus dealt to the little town was exceptionally severe, but its recuperative powers proved equal to the emergency. By August the work of rebuilding was well under way. Larger houses, more conveniently arranged, replaced the simple structures which had been burned, and from the date of this disaster, too, there was a tendency to enlarge the town toward the south and west instead of northward, as had previously been the custom. The work of reconstruction seems to have given a general impulse to enterprise. New streets were laid out; a regular ferry established over the Seekonk on the site of the present Red Bridge, to accommodate travel to Boston and Plymouth; and in 1679 the first wharf and warehouse were built.

In the political disturbances of this period, Providence shared the difficulties and disadvantages of the rest of New England. From the accession of James II. and the change of colonial policy consequent upon it, the charter was practically in suspension; and Providence, even beyond most other towns chafed under the restraints of Joseph Dudley's provisional government, and Sir Edmund Andros's personal rule. It does not appear, however, that the town was made to suffer any exceptional hardship; but the native independence of its people, and their warm love of local self-government could ill bear the overlordship of an alien. So soon,



therefore, as the news came, in 1689, that James had been overthrown and Andros imprisoned in Boston, the freemen were quick to resume the old charter government, and to ask and obtain from England a confirmation of its power and authority.

By the opening of the eighteenth century, as is shown by the town's proportion of taxation, it had entirely recovered from the impoverishment of the Indian War, and was beginning to enter upon that career of growth as a maritime and commercial centre, which was to be the next phase of its development. Prior to 1700, Providence had been entirely in the chrysalis state. Heated religious discussion, disputes over boundaries and jurisdiction, and experiments in governmental policy had mainly occupied the attention of its inhabitants. For the rest, they were largely engaged in agriculture. The town at that time stretched out broadly over the northern part of what is now Rhode Island, and very nearly coincided with the present limits of Providence County. In the farm-houses scattered over this territory was a population of about eight hundred, while in the limits of the present city were about seven hundred more. Of these latter, too, many carried on farms in the outlying districts.

This condition of affairs, however, was inevitably to be changed. The people could not always remain blind to the opportunities offered by an excellent harbor. The period, then, beginning with 1700, and ending with the opening of the Revolutionary epoch, was pre-eminently the era of commerce. Wharf after wharf was speedily built along the east shore of what is now the Providence River, and storehouses were erected upon them, abutting on the old town street, which, corresponding with the present South Main Street, was even then beginning to be a bustling thoroughfare. Pardon Tillinghast, who built the first wharf in the town, was perhaps the earliest of this new class of merchants, and Gideon Crawford is another name that ranks close after him. The vessels they employed were built at various points along the river and bay, and consisted of sloops and schooners not exceeding sixty tons burden. They were largely engaged in the West India trade, carrying out the ordinary colonial exports, as, for example, lumber, beef, pork, dairy products, Indian corn, etc., and bringing back sugar, molasses, ginger, indigo, and, above all, rum. There was also considerable business done in the slave trade. English goods,



too, both woolen and linen, were imported not directly but through the English, French, or Spanish colonies.

Although the maritime phase of Providence history extended, in its later development, somewhat beyond the period now under consideration, it may be better for the sake of clearness to group together at this point the main facts in the rise and fall of its commerce, before taking up the part the town bore in the Revolutionary struggle. The summary must necessarily be brief. It may be said, then, that prior to the Revolution the commerce of Providence was unusually large as compared with other colonial towns. Its people, after 1700, were mostly sailors, shipbuilders, and merchants. The Revolution, of course, was a serious blow to maritime enterprise. Yet as long after its close as 1790 it was stated in the United States Congress that there were more ships belonging in Providence than in New York. Her vessels were known in almost every port in the world; and one of them, the *George Washington*, is said to have been the first to carry the national flag of the new American Union into the ports of China. Among the more prominent names identified with the building up and maintenance of Providence commerce were the houses of Brown & Ives, Samuel Butler & Sons, Edward Carrington, the Nightingales, and the Russells. Almost without exception these men laid the foundation of large fortunes in their maritime ventures; and, in fact, it may even be said that very much of the present wealth of Providence is the result of the judicious investment of capital which originally accrued from the West India trade. But from the first decade of the present century the commercial supremacy of Providence began to decline, although it was not till 1841 that the last Indiaman arrived and cleared at this port. The causes of the decline are not difficult to see. In the natural course of things the foreign commerce of the United States became concentrated at a few ports, like Boston and New York, because at these points there was developed a more direct and speedier railroad communication with the West. The trade of other ports which were not made the termini of the great trunk lines necessarily waned to nothing; and to-day there is not a single ship wholly owned in Providence.

But while foreign trade lasted it brought wealth, prosperity, and growth to the town. By the opening of the Revolutionary epoch the result was plainly apparent in the material changes which had

come over it. Since the beginning of the century the population had increased more than fourfold. The town had grown to the westward, the first bridge had been thrown across the river, on the site where ever since, in the vernacular of Providence, "the bridge" has stood, and on the west side of the river busy streets were occupying the old marshes and pastures. A stage line to Boston had been just established; packet lines were running to Newport and New York; regular postal communication had been established; and schools and churches, the first theatre and the first public library, marked the rising intelligence and taste of the townsmen. In 1762 the first printing-office was opened, and was quickly followed by the first newspaper, the forerunner of about one hundred and fifty different periodicals, which have from time to time appeared with a Providence imprint. In all the homes of the town, at the outbreak of the Revolution, one could have found the evidences of comfort and prosperity, and, in not a few, the signs of wealth and luxury. All this material progress was the direct outgrowth of half a century of commerce and trading.

Upon a community engaged in such pursuits the exactions of England in the form of taxes and stringent maritime laws fell with especial severity. It was but natural, therefore, that the feeling of rebellion should early manifest itself in the town of Providence, and maintain its strength throughout the long struggle. Indeed, the first armed contest between the American and British forces took place almost within the limits of Providence, and the attacking party was composed of Providence men. In 1772 the British government had stationed a vessel called the *Gaspee* in Narragansett Bay in order to enforce the revenue laws. Not only the purpose for which she was there, but the arrogant manner, too, in which she performed it, made her especially obnoxious. It happened that, in chasing a Providence schooner, the *Gaspee* grounded a few miles below the city on the point which has since borne the name of the vessel. The tide was falling, and it was known that she could not get off until after midnight. Here was the opportunity which Providence people were longing for. A crier passed hastily through the streets, calling on all friends of liberty to meet at Sabin's Tavern. After consultation, enough men were found, ready for any expedition, to man eight long-boats. The little fleet was commanded by Abraham Whipple, subsequently a captain in the Continental navy. The grounded vessel was silently

approached in the darkness, surprised and boarded, her men captured and put on shore, and the hated schooner burned to the water's edge. The British commander, Lieutenant Duddington, was wounded in the attack. The boarding party then returned to the city, and though the British authorities offered a large reward for their apprehension, it was found impossible to get the name of a single participant until long after Providence had passed from British jurisdiction.

In other ways, too, the townsmen gave proof of their patriotism and independence before the war actually began, as, for example, when in March, 1775, they assembled in the market-place and made a bonfire of their tea, pledging themselves to use no more of it until the obnoxious tax should be removed. When it became evident that open hostilities were inevitable, the town ordered breastworks to be thrown up between Field's and Sassafras Points and a battery to be erected on Fox Hill. Arms were prepared, powder secured, and the militia placed in readiness for instant marching. On the second day, therefore, after the attack at Lexington, one thousand men had left Providence for Boston, and more were ready to follow. It is needless to follow the slow progress of the war in detail. The fortunes of the contest never brought the opposing armies very near to Providence; her fortifications of defence were never attacked. But through it all she kept up her preparations and furnished her full share of men and means. Her troops fought bravely and effectively on many a field, and when at last Yorktown fell, the first company to enter the captured city was a Providence company, commanded by Captain Stephen Olney.

But no sooner had the war closed than Providence found itself confronted with two new difficulties. In the first place, in common with the rest of Rhode Island, the town was afflicted with an unusually poor form of paper money, and it had depreciated to such an extent as seriously to interfere with business stability. The effort to get rid of this incubus and to restore the unflated values to their proper state gave rise to some very curious phenomena in economics and jurisprudence, and, especially as resulting in the famous case of *Trevett v. Weeden*, is of surpassing interest to economists and publicists. But there is nothing about it of popular interest. In the second place, much hostility of opinion arose between Providence and the country towns. The inhab-



itants of the latter, engaged still in agriculture, had retained and intensified their rock-ribbed conservatism, while the people of Providence, having been brought into contact with the quicker movements of commercial life, had become more enterprising and progressive. On these lines a country party and a town party sprung up in the State, and each held the other in great contempt. It was the existence of these two parties which prevented Rhode Island from sharing in the framing of the United States Constitution and made the State the last of the original thirteen to accept it as the law of the land. The town people were almost from the first in favor of ratifying the document, but the country people, from ignorance, prejudice, and jealousy, were opposed. The controversy was long and bitter, and once came near to bloodshed; but ultimately sound sense triumphed, and in 1790 Providence dragged the rest of Rhode Island into the American Union.

Meanwhile a marked change had begun to come over the business life of the town. As has been seen, Providence remained, in greater or less degree, a maritime centre, far down into the present century. But already in the early years of the new nation a tendency set in toward an era of manufacturing. The war had destroyed many of the town's finest vessels, and, for the moment at least, foreign trade was seriously impaired. In this crisis the people proved their native wisdom, sagacity, and versatility, by turning from the broad bay to the narrow, tumbling streams and utilizing these for industrial purposes. Ever since 1783 attempts had been made in Providence to spin cotton and wool by power. Little, however, of practical value was accomplished until Samuel Slater came into the vicinity, bringing from England a thorough practical knowledge of the Arkwright spinning machinery. At first the development of local manufacturing enterprises was slow, but the movement was immensely quickened by the War of 1812, which made still more clear the desirability of developing home industries. From that time up to the present day new forms of manufacturing have been every year added to the resources of the town and city, until now no municipality of its size has so varied a list of industries. Since the middle of the present century at least, Providence has ceased to be a commercial port, and become entirely a manufacturing community.

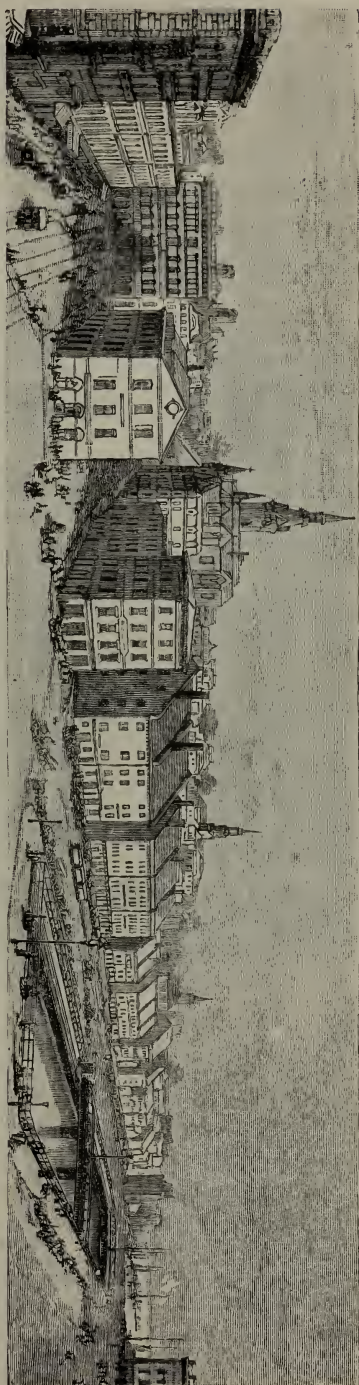
Of the events which marked the town's growth during the first



third of this century, few are of any general interest. Physically, the most notable changes were made on the west side of the river. Westminster, Weybosset, and Broad streets were well built up even at the opening of this period, and soon the cross-streets began to multiply and teem with life, as gradually the centre of the town's business moved westward. A public school system was established in 1800, and by that time, also, Brown University had been long enough established in Providence to be of some indirect service to the people. In 1805 the streets were for the first time authoritatively named; in 1810 the public whipping-post was removed from the market-place; and in 1815 a terrific September gale raised the waters of the river twelve feet above the spring tide-mark, drove ships through buildings, carried away bridges, overturned churches and dwellings, and, in the aggregate, caused an immense amount of damage. But this disaster was not without its compensations. It opened the way for new and broader streets, and was made the occasion of erecting more substantial and elegant structures. In 1828 the Blackstone canal to Worcester was opened, and

MARKET SQUARE AND SOUTH WATER STREET.

Showing Board of Trade and What Cheer Buildings, and the County Court-House.



thereafter maintained in unprofitable existence until ruined by the railroad; and in the same year one of the most unique landmarks of the present city was completed—the old Arcade, a curious granite structure with a central court lighted from above and flanked by three tiers of stores, the upper two being also furnished with galleries. It is a building somewhat suggestive of the foreign in its appearance, and never fails to strike the stranger's eye.



HIGH SCHOOL.

Meanwhile, in this period of quiet growth, the necessity for transforming the town into a city began to be apparent. The change was undoubtedly precipitated by a serious riot in 1831, which originated with some sailors spending a night ashore, but ultimately developed into such proportions as to last three days and necessitate calling out the militia. This incident was deemed sufficient proof of the weakness of the town government to administer the affairs of so large a community; and after due deliberation, the freemen voted to accept from the General Assembly a charter for the incorporation of the city of Providence. Accord-



ingly, on the first Monday in June, 1832, the new city government was organized, with Samuel W. Bridgham as the first mayor.

The remaining history of the city may be passed over very briefly. In very few respects does it present events of unusual importance, and a mere chronology would be profitless and uninteresting. With the organization of the city government began also the era of railroad development. The Boston and Providence line was the first to be completed, and this was followed at not wide intervals by the others. With regard to the agitation for



THE ARCADE.

an enlarged suffrage and a new constitution in place of the old charter which had served so long, and with regard, also, to that instructive and heroic little rebellion, the Dorr War, which resulted from that agitation, it can only be said that Providence was the scene of some of the chief events of that stirring time; for it is really a matter that pertains to the history of the State, not the city. It may be added, however, that, as is usually the case, time has proved that it was the rebels who were right in principle, if rash in action.

In the matter of growth, progress was steady, and still in the line of manufactures. To the cotton and woollen mills of the preceding period were added machine shops, foundries, and jewelry manufactories. Once or twice, as in 1856, financial crises temporarily checked the accumulation of wealth. But in general there was constant and steady progress in all classes of society.

On the share which Providence bore in the war to preserve the Union, it is unnecessary to enlarge. Her record was a noble one, but not essentially other than that of hundreds of northern cities. Her troops were quick to reach the front, and throughout the long



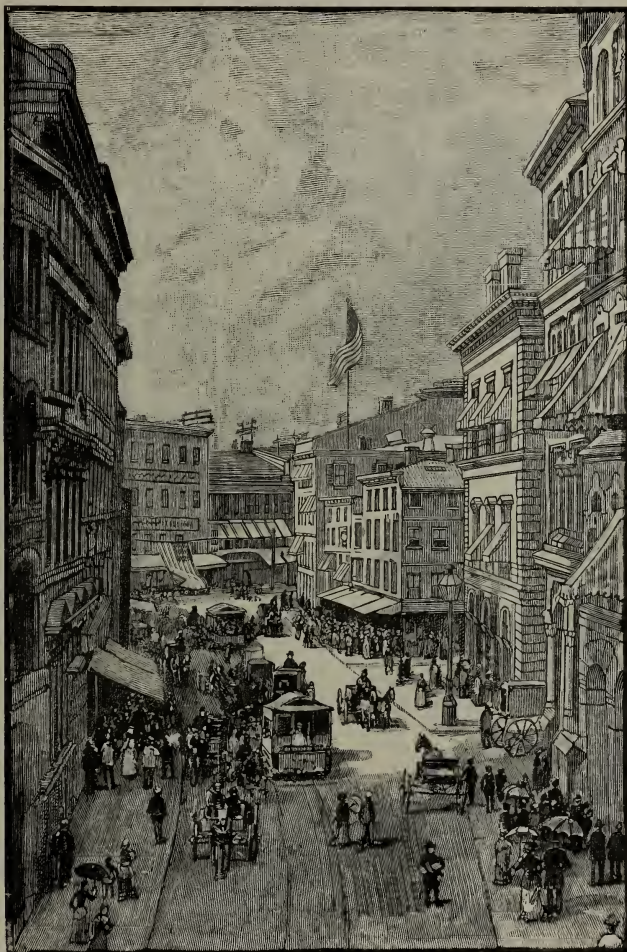
STATE HOUSE.

contest they were, as individuals and as regiments, conspicuous for gallantry and intelligent work on many critical fields. Although this four years' struggle could but diminish the productive capacity of the city, yet from 1860 to 1865 the population increased from 50,666 to 54,595, and the valuation from \$58,000,000 to \$80,000,000.

So soon as the war was over, there came an energetic renewal of industrial effort, and new enterprises were everywhere projected. As a result the period which has elapsed since 1865 has been a period of most rapid growth in wealth and population. The latter has considerably more than doubled, and the city's valuation shows



a proportionately large increase. It has been, too, the era of modern improvements in municipal affairs. Better and larger schoolhouses have been built; public water, with an attendant sewerage system, introduced; a public park, given to the city by a lineal descendant

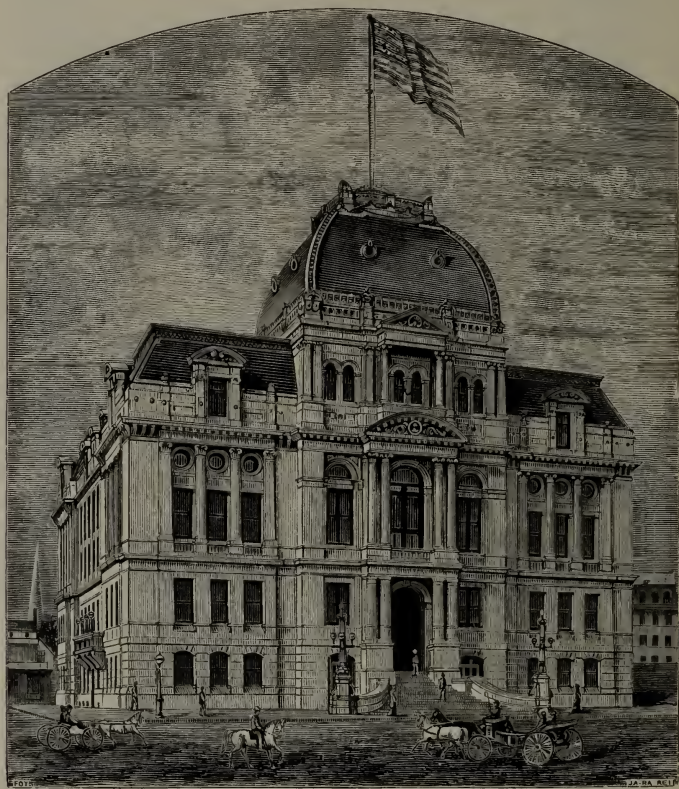


WEYBOSSET STREET,

Looking toward Westminster, with Custom House and Post Office Building on the right.

of Roger Williams, has been accepted and improved; a new City Hall and a modern high school building have been erected; and a public library founded. In area, too, the city has been growing. Several square miles have been taken back from the towns which

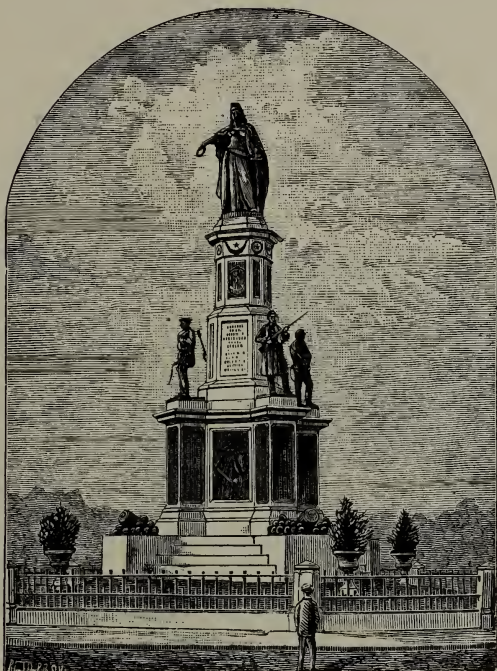
were themselves carved out of the original territory of the town of Providence ; and the six wards with which the city began in 1832 have grown to ten. Of the men who have shaped and guided this exceptional era of progress, many might be deservedly named. But the one who has been the most thoroughly identified with recent phases of Providence history — the late Thomas A. Doyle — is elsewhere in this magazine separately discussed.



CITY HALL.

As for the future of the city, nothing but a degenerate public spirit can make it less bright than the past. Well started in the race, with an infinity of industrial resources, with a geographical position that gives the combined advantages of a railroad centre and a maritime port, and with a long and honorable past to serve as a standard and as stimulus to continued activity, it only needs

vigilance, ambition, and public spirit on the part of her individual citizens to keep her where she has so far always been, in wealth, intelligence, and sagacity among the foremost of American municipalities.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

[NOTE. — It has proved impracticable to complete a popular and comprehensive historical and descriptive account of the city of Providence in a single issue of this magazine, — therefore an additional article, and of a more descriptive character, will appear in an early number. This will be copiously and beautifully illustrated, and will treat of the more recent history of the city, and will include valuable accounts of the great industrial, commercial, and educational interests, as well as descriptions of the numerous interesting places and structures of the city and its environs.]



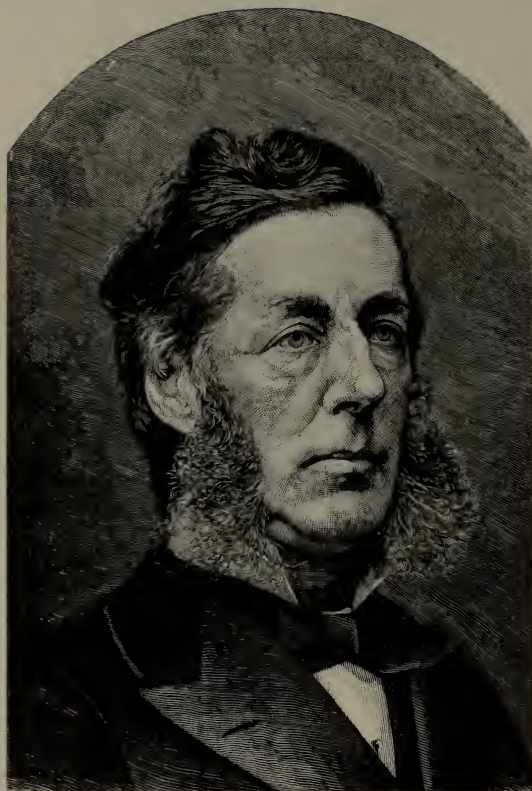
## THOMAS A. DOYLE,

LATE MAYOR OF PROVIDENCE.

By REUBEN A. GUILD, LL.D., LIBRARIAN OF BROWN UNIVERSITY.

THOMAS ARTHUR DOYLE, for eighteen years the active and efficient mayor of Providence, was born in the city which he governed so long, on the 15th of March, 1827. Seven children

constituted the family at the paternal home, of whom two daughters are now living. One of the daughters, Sarah E. Doyle, has long been known as an accomplished educator of youth, being the principal teacher in the ladies' department of the High School.

THE LATE MAYOR DOYLE.<sup>1</sup>

The subject of this sketch showed in his boyhood a remarkably quick and self-reliant disposition. Losing his father at an early age, he was stimulated to exertions for self-culture and success through the influence of an excellent mother, whom he tenderly

loved, and upon whom he lavished the utmost attention and care. In his childhood and youth he enjoyed the advantages of the pub-

<sup>1</sup> It is believed that the best portrait of Mr. Doyle extant was painted by Charles Walter Stetson. It hangs in Masonic Hall, Providence, R. I. — Ed.



lic schools, graduating at the Elm Street Grammar School. At the age of fourteen he entered the counting-room of Benjamin Cozzens, on South Water Street, where he remained as clerk over six years. Mr. Cozzens, who had been a lawyer, was then an enterprising manufacturer and calico printer, running the Crompton Print Works. From this place Mr. Doyle, then a young man of twenty, entered the counting-room of Jacob Dunnell & Co., where he remained as chief clerk for five years. Upon the organization of the Grocers and Producers' Bank, in 1853, he was elected cashier, which office he held two years. He afterwards became stockbroker and auctioneer for real estate.

Mr. Doyle's municipal career commenced in 1848, when at the age of twenty-one he was elected ward clerk for the sixth ward. This position he held for four years, or until he moved back into his native ward. From that time on, a period of nearly forty years, he continued, almost without interruption, to hold office under the city government, serving his constituents in his varied capacities as legislator, member of the school committee, and executive officer, with rare zeal and efficiency. In 1852 he was elected a member of the common council from the fifth ward. To this office he was re-elected from year to year until 1857, with the exception of a single year (1855), when he declined a nomination. He was chairman of various important committees, and from 1854 to 1855 he was president of the common council. In 1855 he was chairman of the board of assessors. For twenty years and upwards he was a most active and efficient member of the school committee, being at the time of his first service the youngest member of the board.

In June, 1864, Mr. Doyle was duly inaugurated as mayor of Providence. This office he continued to hold from year to year, with a single exception (1869), until January, 1881, when he declined further service. He was thus mayor fifteen years and seven months, — an instance, it is believed, of long-continued office without a parallel in the history of municipal government — at least in New England. To this period he afterwards added two years and five months, thus making a total of eighteen years of service as the executive head of Providence. During his successive administrations the city more than doubled in wealth and population, and many improvements were made through his influence and suggestions. The police were uniformed and drilled, until they became a

model for all similar bodies; water was introduced, and an excellent system of pipes and sewerage was adopted and carried out, under the skilful oversight of Engineer Shedd; Roger Williams Park was donated to the city, and improved; many public buildings, including the High School and City Hall, were erected, and the spirit of progress was infused into every department of the city government.

The following tribute from the Boston Advertiser, to Mr. Doyle, on his retiring from office at the close of 1880, may very properly be introduced here, as a part of this sketch:—

“Mr. Thomas A. Doyle to-day ceases to be mayor of Providence. He has been mayor for over fifteen years, and his career has been interrupted but once. This is the more remarkable, as the second city of New England is unique in the self-asserting individuality of its citizens, and the head of its ever-shifting partisanships. Mr. Doyle himself has the individuality of a true Rhode Islander, he has the courage of his opinions, his opinions are decided, he has never been afraid to express them; and there are probably few voters who have not at one time or another opposed him. In uniform succession he has been opposed by every journal published in Providence, and as a rule this opposition has been merciless, if not bitter and unreasonable. He has been opposed at one time by Democrats, then by Republicans, then by the Independents, then by the chief tax-payers, then by every department of the city government, and always by a hopeful minority. His relations to the city council have usually been those of hearty disagreement on almost everything. The veto messages written by Mayor Doyle would fill a stout volume. He has rarely had the support of conservative financiers, and he has never attempted a personal policy or a policy of conciliation. While expressing cordial dislike for all sorts of men, corporations, and interests, he has ever been ready to give every citizen full information on all city matters, and does not seem to have known what wire-pulling, secret arrangements, and quiet understandings meant. He has been frank, upright, and straightforward to the last degree;—so much so that any man could at any time learn what the mayor wanted or opposed. Rarely has a mayor resisted popular measures more frankly, or advocated unpopular policies more courageously. That his career is not free from mistakes and blunders, goes without saying. But he knows the city more thoroughly than

does any corporation; he chose to decline a re-election, for reasons satisfactory to himself; and he quits office with the proud record that Providence is one of the best governed of all American cities."

Mayor Doyle was noted for his zeal in the cause of freemasonry, believing it to be, in the words of the distinguished writer, Dr. Oliver, "the handmaid and helper of Christianity," and the oldest and best of all human institutions. He was made a Master Mason in St. John's Lodge, Providence, Oct. 28, 1857; and in December, 1859, he was elected Master, serving in that capacity two years. In September, 1859, he was appointed Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Deacon William C. Barker. At the ensuing election he was elected to that office, which he held for three years, when he declined a fourth re-election. In May, 1865, he was elected Grand Master of Masons in Rhode Island, which office he held, by successive annual elections, for seven years. On May 5, 1859, he received the degree of Royal Arch in Providence Chapter; and in November, 1862, he was elected its High Priest, — serving four years. The Grand Chapter of Rhode Island elected him Grand High Priest, March 14, 1865. Over this body he presided seven years, when he declined further service. He was a Knight Templar in Calvary Commandery, in which body he served both as Prelate and Commander. He afterwards became a member of St. John's Commandery. He served as Grand Prelate, Grand Captain-General, and Grand Generalissimo of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He also received the thirty-third degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, of which he was Deputy for Rhode Island.

In April, 1881, Mr. Doyle was elected senator to represent Providence in the General Assembly. In January, 1884, he was again inaugurated as mayor; and this office he continued to hold until his death.

Returning from a ride on Saturday afternoon, June 5, 1886, Mayor Doyle was stricken down with apoplexy, — retaining imperfect consciousness until the Wednesday following, when he expired. The sad event was communicated to the citizens by the tolling of the bells. The City Hall was draped in mourning, and on Saturday the remains were placed in this building, where they were seen by thousands of mourning friends. His funeral, which was on

Monday the 14th, was the largest ever held in Providence. The universal expression of the people, without distinction of party, rank, or sect, was that an honest, upright, and efficient officer had departed this life.

Mr. Doyle was for many years, and until his death, a consistent member of the Unitarian Church, and a firm believer in the doctrine of good works. He died a poor man; and yet few persons blessed with wealth give more liberally to the poor and to every good cause, than did the deceased. He married, Oct. 21, 1869, Almyra Sprague, daughter of Amasa and Fanny Sprague, and sister of Ex-Senator William Sprague. They had no children.

Citizens and friends have subscribed about ten thousand dollars for a monument to his memory, and the city council has appropriated two thousand dollars for the pedestal. The plans are now in hands of the artist. His best monument, however, is his record of long and faithful service.



## THE PRICE OF POWER.

By CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

COME, laurelled soldiers, statesmen, seers and sages,  
And tell us of your glorious victories ;  
O King of Babylon ! to-day where is  
Thy majesty ? Thy countless slaves and pages,  
Thy banquet halls and gardens ? Wealth engages  
Our simple eye with dazzling treasures, —  
And yet uncouth Chaldean memories  
Of crouching beasts come down the path of ages.  
And you, who made Rome's heart grow faint with fear !  
Beneath Busento's waves your tomb was made,  
Deep in its oozy bed ; your kingly bier  
At midnight there the doomed slave-sextons laid, —  
Death softened by no honest sigh or tear —  
'Twere better had that soul at birth been stayed.



ISMS.

V.—OLD THEOLOGY HEALING.

By EDWARD J. ARENS.<sup>1</sup>

THE great questions of the day, which concern all, but which are of special interest to philosophers and students, are, What is God? In what relation does the universe and man stand to the Creator, and what duty does man owe his Creator?

While seeking for spiritual truths we should not fail to credit unto man the material knowledge which belongs to him; neither should we forget that this same knowledge, though held in esteem by him, is foolishness with God, and that by it we cannot expect to obtain an understanding of God, of our relation to him, and of the conditions of our existence with him.

Eternal truth is, and ever has been, contrary to the material understanding, and therefore not in harmony with such as have their treasures in material knowledge. In its followers this truth has been wronged and traduced through all ages. Though there are many seekers after truth, very few recognize it when it appears. Once again is this truth presented to the people, bearing its own demonstration. Will it be welcome? It is again presented in theory, but, as yet, only partially demonstrated in practice as compared with the works of Jesus and his disciples.

Our very anxiety lest we may be deceived is oftentimes a barrier between us and truth. Thus man's wisdom in material things hinders him, instead of helping him, to the eternal truth. Spiritual truths have been expected to emanate from a soul filled with material wisdom. Great minds have been agitating the important questions of the day, and to them we have looked for infallible testimony, but, alas! we have sought in vain; and now we find it hard to accept it from humbler sources.

Despite the many disappointments, there are those who still anticipate that the religions of to-day will in some mysterious way evolve the truth and show a scientific basis for their affirmations. Their condition is much the same as the invalid's, in whom,

<sup>1</sup> Chancellor of the University of the Science of Spirit; Boston, Mass.

through all failures, the hope still lives that somewhere, sometime, the remedy for his malady will be discovered in matter.

The word *religion* is from the Latin *religio*, meaning *to bind back*. The chain must be connected before we can use it. It is not sufficient that some links be formed—they must match and be united. With varying opinions and disconnected ideas we can accomplish but little. “In union there is strength”; and, unless demonstration is produced in support of opinions and theories, there can be no union in thought. We ought at once to realize that where demonstration is lacking the opinions and theories are at fault, and quickly seek to correct the error. In all other truths we readily perceive the necessity for a common basis or starting-point, — what is termed an *admission*, — but we think none needed in *eternal* truth. In this, each one starts with his own idea of a God, and grafts the teaching of his day to that poor root; and he, in turn, gives root and branch to his offspring.

Thus, so-called knowledge of God and his creation is acquired and imparted. The opinions will not admit of demonstration, consequently the idea that demonstration or proof is unnecessary is added to the faulty structure.

Eternal truth, like mathematics, is demonstrable though invisible. Religious instructors promise us liberty through their instructions, but they are themselves under bondage to the material law; and thus with their own hands bound, cannot loose our chains. If we are unselfish in our desire for truth, and earnest enough to test all opinions before either accepting or discarding them, we shall not long err. Prejudice, which is but another word for selfishness, prevents many really well-meaning people from coming to the truth. Becoming prejudiced in favor of certain views through association, many are prevented from investigating and from realizing the truth when it is presented to them.

The real meaning of the word *religion* has been lost sight of, and it seems that we have really misapplied the word instead of defining it. What is termed religion now is the opinions of man regarding God, his creation, and man's duty to God. And as even the most learned expounders of religion to-day say that God is unknowable, their teaching is of something of which they are in reality ignorant.

Were these opinions on any other subject, all would unhesitatingly agree that they were worthless. Why, then, are they

not worthless on this most important subject? Opinions continually change as man's nature and needs change, and while we pin our faith to opinions without proof we shall reach no haven of rest.

When all ideas relative to God and the universe have a common basis, as do all ideas in the understanding of any other exact science, such as mathematics, for instance, we shall have a scientific basis for theology. We shall then, however, no longer term it religion, unless we do so in the realization of the original meaning of the word. The instructions imparted by Jesus bound his disciples back to God,—the God from whom they had ignorantly wandered,—bound them back, not alone in words, but in works, as no other teaching had or could have done. It enabled them to demonstrate the power of God, and to worship him in spirit (understanding) and in truth, or, in other words, to do his will. Their works were the manifestation of the spiritual understanding or faith that was within them. With a scientific basis for theology, or an eternal rule to work from, we shall have a conviction within ourselves that is indisputable, and shall be able to show cause for our faith.

Because of the misapplication of the word *theology* many liberal thinkers who have advanced beyond the average thought, object to it. This is but another case of prejudice. The fact that the word has been applied to man's *opinions* regarding spirit and the created universe does not alter the true meaning of the word. It is the science of God (Spirit), and in that sense alone we use it. Creeds are often or always accepted without proof or demonstration. Old theology exactly reverses this order. It deals not with opinions and theories, but with sound knowledge of eternal, demonstrable truth. Atheism finds no need for God, since it makes the material world eternal. Pantheism makes the universe and man a portion of God,—thus limiting God and destroying man's personality. Holding God to be the only reality, and all other things, including the life of man and matter, to be myths, is blasphemy and annihilation of the universe, since it extinguishes God's work and robs him of his children.

Again, the ideas of the immanence and emanence of God relative to the universe, so prevalent among theologians both in past and present time, must give way to a more demonstrable theory. Holding to the immanence and emanence of God

relative to the universe, and at the same time holding the idea that there is a real quality in the universe which is not Spirit, or which is other than God, is contradictory. If that something which is other than God is real, it would take some space, and thus God would be limited and could not be "All in All."

God transcends the universe and created it. It is therefore impossible that he could himself constitute a part of it; otherwise he was created, and was, furthermore, his own Creator. Such an idea, or chain of ideas, is contrary to logic and ridiculous in the extreme.

The existence of a universe separate from, created by, and no portion of God's quality, must be acknowledged. Motion in matter must have a cause, as does every other effect, and it must have been produced to fulfil a design or purpose.

The Cause or Creator must necessarily transcend the Creation, and must create according to his wisdom or design. Thus it is utterly impossible that the changeable creation can be a part of the substance and quality of the unchangeable Creator, or that the Creator or any portion thereof can be in his own creation. Neither the Creator nor his thought or wisdom can be in his work, but the work can be a reflection or manifestation of his thought or wisdom; that is, it can be in the precise image of it in outline, but of a different or opposite quality from the Creator.

Another statement equally erroneous is that matter and its force, or life, can never be known apart. If the life, or force, through which we have consciousness can never exist without matter, when we die, we must, as conscious beings, be annihilated. But since the created life is the cause of the existence and outlines of matter, it must have existed before matter, and must have an existence independent of matter. Equally erroneous is the idea that all which we recognize is mind or thought. There must be a thinker to embody the thoughts, and also to realize the existence of matter. Again, the teaching that matter is but the sum of material qualities, which qualities are states of consciousness, is also unscientific. Consciousness is a quality of the soul, and is spiritual. States of consciousness, or, in other words, conditions of the soul, vary according to the knowledge, or wisdom, which the soul possesses. For instance, sensation of pain is a state of consciousness, or a condition of the soul. Pain, however, is not mat-



ter. States of consciousness may be manifested in or through matter, but can in no case be the matter itself.

Still others claim that man is the idea of God — the conception of eternal Mind, that this idea was co-existent and co-eternal with Mind, etc., etc. God and his thought or idea are one in quality and inseparable; they are the one eternal Substance. God without thought, or idea, would be a dead substance. If this idea is man, then man must always have existed, and could therefore never have been created. He must be of the same quality and substance as God. This would make him incapable of sin and a part of God's substance; in other words, would make him God. Such a view would preclude the possibility of multiplication, unless it be claimed that God is imperfect and changeable. It would also contradict the biblical record of creation, and make Jesus' mission — that of redeeming souls from evil and bringing them unto the knowledge of the truth — a farce only.

Difficulties have been experienced in arranging theories that should honor both the Creator and his creation. One or the other has always suffered at the hands of theorists. The difficulties have never been satisfactorily cleared away by any of the so-called Christian fathers, or their followers; and no theory has yet been advanced by them that did not rear obstacles in one direction while removing them in another. It is surprising that so much that is glaringly inconsistent, irreligious, and irreverent is tolerated in this nineteenth century, but it becomes appalling when it is allowed to be taught in the name of Divine Science, and as concurrent with the teachings of Jesus and the apostles.

Old Theology teaches,

That sickness is as real to a man as his existence in a material body, — that it is a stubborn, lamentable, miserable fact; but that it can be wholly destroyed through man's understanding of Spirit and its creation;

That the soul is the life of man;

That there are two kinds of life; *i.e.*, the uncreated Spirit Life (God), and the created Spiritual Life (God's Creation);

That there is a personal man, and that the body has the same outline as the soul, and that the soul has the outline and form of a thought of God, and is therefore unchangeable in outline;

That the thought of God is of the same substance, and as unchangeable as God, and is co-existent and co-eternal with him,

and cannot therefore multiply or change,—that it is no part of soul or body ;

That God is perfect, and that nothing can be added to or taken away from him ;

That each soul can become a perfect reflection or manifestation of a thought of God, but must always retain a distinct entity in form, outline, and quality, — that man can never be a portion of God's substance ;

That there are men and women born into this world, — that their souls are the offspring of the soul created by God, and that they may become the children of God ;

That all material things are a product or coarser fabric of a spiritual life which they cover. The matter can be dissolved, but that which produced it, *i.e.*, the spiritual life, is the work of God, and is therefore real ;

That the idea that man has a life or soul separate from God agrees with Jesus' teaching — and it was to save this life or soul that he came ;

That immortal truth is harmony, incapable of discord ; but soul — the created, conscious life — is capable of being either harmonious or discordant ;

That error is a product of the soul, and is produced through the senses of the soul in materiality ;

That Jesus taught his students Theology, — the knowledge of God ; and they healed according to their realization of it.

In many of the leading papers there have been, from time to time, articles relating to the art of healing the sick without medicine. This art has been given various names, and there are about as many different theories as there are different names. We have no hesitation in saying that the Science of Spirit, or Old Theology, will compare favorably with all other theories ; that it will, in fact, take precedence of all others in the minds of educated people. The title, Old Theology, was deemed most appropriate to it, as being the doctrine taught and practised by Jesus and the apostles. Our inability to heal instantaneously, as they are recorded to have done, is attributable to our deficiency in the realization of the doctrine. While we claim that our theory of healing is applicable to all diseases, we do not claim to possess sufficient understanding in it at the present time to heal all diseases instantaneously, neither would we now guarantee to cure certain diseases, such as cancer

or consumption in the last stages. Of one thing, however, we are confident; *i.e.*, that we can do more good in all cases of illness than can be done with any other known theory, or with *Materia Medica*.



## THE FIRST LOVE.

By GEORGE CANNING HILL.

A NEAT muslin dress, — a cottage straw, with pretty lilac ribbons, — and a tranquil, dreamy July afternoon in the country, will strangely work their witchery in a youthful heart that is sensitive to impressions from every side. It is more than a question if a person ever yet honestly told the story of his First Love; he does not look to be believed, and he does expect to be laughed at for his confession. Still, everybody loves, or tries to and professes to. Let people sneer in their infidel way as they will, they are glad enough in due time to pay their own vows and make their own confessions, nor are they particular to keep it so close a secret, either. As Dryden says, we

“ . . . all are fools *and* lovers, first or last.”

To the boyish heart, just swelling with the influences of dawning manhood, nothing ever comes to stir it with such a thrill of rapture as this indescribable experience of the First Love. The boy feels his love to be a great deal more than a sentiment or a superficial passion; neither sentiment nor passion was ever like it before, and are not likely to be again. The heated heart accepts it for a species of inspiration then. It is like a dream, creating the world all over again, and making even common men and women appear in the most poetic attitudes and costumes. Yet it is a living dream, wherein dwell a rounded hope and an all-sufficing faith. It is, in truth, a conception already embodied; a reality all grace and beauty; a breath with warmth in it; and a distinct and delicious voice, though very low indeed.

No such tumult swells in the heart again, though the man gets on to snowy fourscore. No more such sweet surprises, as the young heart makes its new discoveries in the fairy realm it has just entered. No second free and unconstrained confidences like these, proffered half silently in the summer moonlights, in shadows en-

meshed by the leaves for that purpose alone, down the sequestered lengths of grassy lanes, along the banks of slow-swimming streams, or while riding together over strips of roads inwalled with ruddy apple-blossoms. What is to be compared with these fresh summer morning drives across the green country, the breath of the new day as sweet as an infant's, and exhilarating airs pulsing so gently against the cheeks and fanning the temples? Who fairer than she who sits now at your side? Where was so charming a landscape ever spread before? And the evening loiterings under the old elms, that have dropped silent blessings on many and many a pair of young lovers before, while they sprinkled spiritual moonlight over the walk below, — do they not prompt those happy occasions when the tongue is unloosed, and eloquently speaks what it is dumb to utter in the blaze of broad day?

Looking backward over the years, these days seem more like a dream than they did when actually passing. Now rises the sad reflection that no such episode as this offers again in the longest life that follows after; that never again will the heart, enlarged and hardened with its experience, flutter with such a positive painfulness of delight at the approach of the object adored; that it will not go forward again with such a rich and impulsive bound; and that the kindled vision will not swim with so many delicious images of happiness and love. You do not expect ever to behold again a face one-half so lovely as *that* face; no figure approaching that figure in transcendent grace; no other speech so rich, so musical, so flowing as her sweet and unaffected speech beside you; no beauty so completely robed in the gauzy folds of its own weaving, or so heightened with the native blush of its own innocence.

It is charming above all things, too, that in this season of the first and early love all outward nature gladly takes on the prevailing expression of the newly awakened heart. Objects all around that were bald and common before, are alive with meaning and eloquence now. The very path she walks, to and fro, with you, becomes forthwith enchanted ground; you shall go over it years hence, and these younger experiences will come up freshly again, and start tears of delighted recognition to your eyes. She carelessly plucks a red rose that looks over the garden wall, — and, ever after, no flower is so fragrant or fresh as the rose with the scarlet heart. The dallying south wind draws in through the leaves, — and, from that hour, the south is the favored wind forever.



But the First should be an *early* love. A man may know the delights of love later in life, of course, but by that time it has lost much of its fragrant freshness and absolute beauty. Then all things in the world are become more or less relative, and scarcely considered of and for themselves alone. As one gets farther on, contact with men has twisted in coarse strands of a selfish prudence with the golden threads of one's younger life, and been at work knotting permanently together those simple and sincere feelings of youth with calculations of profit, of ambition, and, mayhap, of — a match. The abandonment and free impulse which is a genuine belonging of youth, with youth likewise has departed. That fine sensibility to outlying influences, which are begotten of every passing hour, has been almost wholly fretted away by the realities of a harder manhood. Generosity, too, is deadened, not having been kept active all along till now; and the illusive spirit of romance, a greater than a Prospero enchanter in the hey-day of existence, has utterly escaped and is forever gone. The Man *cannot* first love as the Youth loves; and simply *because* he cannot.

What young lover was ever able to describe the pleasure which he could not utter at the time, in loitering through shadowy gardens and across green fields, where all visible things do but offer themselves as interpreters? No fear of being misapprehended there. The fault is wholly in one's self if he be not then understood. Every object but utters the exact language which the passionate and tumultuous heart would fain speak. Each aspect of dumb Nature proposes a fresh betrayal of the story that will not be hid. The fluttering joy, that refuses to let the soul be still, pours itself forth then in overpowering volume, and baptizes all created things with its sacred flood. The eyes behold, but they see through a wholly new medium of vision. There are no sharp angles to be looked for and felt now: they are every one clipped and rounded off. There are no shadows, as foils for the world's lights; this new sunlight of the soul has dissipated them all, like early September rime. Nowhere now are realities rough; they wear a look so delightfully undulating that they seem as easy to be sailed over as the rolling waves; the whole world, in fact, wears but the hue of the happy, happy heart.

It cannot well be related, and, if it could, it would not be believed, what a subsequent new bliss dawns over the landscape of the young life, when the lover has been indeed assured that he

does not sue in vain. One's own experience is sufficient for him there; and if he should chance to have had *no* experience of the sort, — Heaven help his poverty of soul! It is hardly possible to imagine a being happier than the lover who has been accepted; not necessarily according to the set formulas, but assured — as he not unfrequently is in language that cannot be framed — that the dear faith he has dared to cherish has begun, at length, to germinate beside the faith — holier, possibly, than his — of another. Of all allotted earthly joys, there is not one *so* whole and complete as this. There is no wealth worth the quest that so richly abounds and multiplies.

An early marriage may be improvident, now and then, in the world's over-wise view, but the men who marry young are not always worthless as citizens. On this point Shakespeare and Dr. Franklin may be permitted to put in testimony. We know that marrying early in life never yet wrecked a man's character, however astringent its action may have been upon his income; while instances lamentably abound where much earlier unions would have been sure to save all. This, however, concerns only thrift: two human beings *may* have been formed to love one another, though they both could not earn enough to "make the pot boil" even for a single day. It is well enough to look ahead; but "care killed a cat" once, and a cat, we know, has more lives than love.

The man who has known an early First Love is a more or less inspired person all his days. He has somewhat — it looks like a star to him, or a light far brighter than any of the known lights of the firmament — to fix his view through the lowering skies and scowling tempests that are sure to come afterward. He is always the more of a man for having thus loved; he would have been less without this mysterious development of his nature. Here is something to hold him steady on his course; let him be oblivious of all else, he cannot be untrue to that. He recurs to it constantly in his thought; keeps living that particular passage of his life over again; talks of it to others in a strain of eloquence he is unaware of; dreams over it by day as well as by night; unconsciously shapes his life more or less by it; and betrays its silent influence over him in the whole course and temper of his action. In this, if in nothing else, he finds his purpose and aim; this becomes his mentor and salvation; and through this he is inspired as nothing else in life has been able to breathe into his soul.

What, indeed, are we without memories? and what single memory is there like this of our youth? the farther back it dates, the softer the halo in which it swims. We must needs couple it with the very flower and blossom of our days, or it does not work with such magic on the heart. It must wear the blush and down of life's morning on its cheek, or it gains but a frail hold upon the nature. Even the most prosaic of men love to glide back in thought to the happy period when they were given to romance; and the most absorbed of business devotees are fond of filling up the gaps of their leisure with recollections of the time when their aims were vagabond, and their hearts susceptible, and they lived for nothing beyond the hour, and so lived healthily.

There are plenty without such memories; but the secret unrest of their spirits betrays the want they can never expect exactly to supply. Many and many such dream vainly of "what might have been," and vainly envy him whose lustrous eye and contagious smile attest, in his particular case, the perpetual joy of recalling that which *has been*. Far apart as these and those days may be, the emotions which were then much too passionate and tumultuous to define he is still able to analyze and thoroughly enjoy. He can watch the courses of their steady influence all along his life. He can put his hand in his bosom, and feel the beating of a heart which in its youth and freshness was enriched with a blessed and ever-blessing joy.

Alas! alas! that this little period of human life is rounded up so soon! that when its silken threads *are* drawn tightly together at last, and the single twist is severed by the fateful shears with their remorseless clip, so little of the exuberant richness of youth is left to rill down through rocky trials and perplexities into the broader meadows of manhood and active exertion!

We none of us know what is in store for us, it is true; but we cannot be defrauded of *what has been*. The Past we may not utterly give over. What is beautiful—what is good—what is simple and fresh and true in that, is ours to enrich the remainder of our lives. We try to look into the future; and even with hope and faith brightening all like an illuminated record, we still sigh in secret over the recollection of a dear joy which will never, never come back to us again.

The old homestead, with every object about it, is newly hallowed by the pledges of the early love. The low porch, thatched and

frilled with the ancient woodbine; the familiar garden walks; the single great elm before the windows on the turfy carpet; the pretty patch of woodland, but a stone's throw away; the little roaring river hard by, vexed with its eddies and whirlpools; the rustic seats under the trees, the orchard, a fairy wilderness of blossoms in May, — each comes in, in its proper turn, to add form and expression to the newly born experience, to give it environment and fixedness of locality, and to domesticate and perpetuate it in the heart by the simple force of its surroundings. The young love that breaks out into life in the midst of external objects like these, in the sweet contentment of rurality, among the leaves and flowers, and musical sounds of winds and birds and waters, cannot but be deep, cannot but be broad, cannot but be a perennial fountain, to overflow and keep green the life around it forever.

Let none of us set ourselves up to despise these "small things." They are the very things which are fullest of lasting meaning. If there be little Love in life, then the life itself is inevitably little and shallow. The earlier, therefore, this inspiring and nourishing passion is awakened within us, the sooner are all the hidden forces of the being started into harmonious activity. It is marvellous indeed, what a measureless flow of living energy gushes forth the moment this magic staff of Love touches the solid rock of the sealed-up nature. For love, men can work always and never feel tired. For love, they can undergo privations joyfully, and cross trackless wastes of trial without a thought of repining or fear. This is the true inspiration, — this the genuine madness by which they come to find themselves out.

He who loves not, cannot be said as yet to live; and he who has not loved in the flush and glory of his youth, when sense and sentiment were sending their full tides alternately through all the channels of his being, has been shorn of that marginal verdure to his life here for which he may bid the highest prices afterward in the world's market, and always bid in vain.



## APRIL ON THE FARM.

By ALFRED HENRY PETERS.

SCARCE sure of Winter's death,  
Whose malice still the north exposure feels,  
The timid South Wind, with its quickening breath,  
Soft through the valley steals.

Eager from stable door,  
The lowing herd out from the pent yard pass,  
With gladsome haste ; the nearest fields explore,  
And crop the twinkling grass.

In long procession strung,  
The wary crows their vernal flight pursue,  
Or riotous assembly hold among  
Lone woods remote from mew.

Where ripened last year's maize,  
Round oblong strip, diminishing in size,  
The plowman, shunning where the frost delays,  
His rusty plowshare tries.

A subtile spirit, rife,  
O'er all the waking earth doth brood ;  
Nor may man, beast, or plant, or aught with life,  
Resist it though they would.

I climb the neighboring hill,  
To watch the vapor from the moist earth rise ;  
And by its wreath o'er rivulet and rill  
Their courses recognize.

Inconstant month ! the year  
On thee bestows her most capricious part, —  
Among thy sisters, fitful, insincere —  
A wayward child thou art.

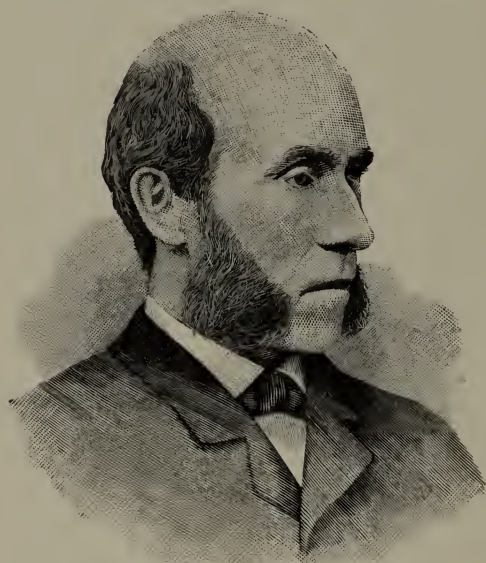
Thine, April, is our lot, —  
Whose tranquil air and sunshine of to-day —  
Whether to-morrow's storm be worth or not,  
It puzzleth me to say.

## NEW ENGLAND EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

VIII.—THE MAINE STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE AND  
THE MECHANIC ARTS.

By PRESIDENT M. C. FERNALD.

THE history of the Maine State College can be regarded as in no sense peculiar. It makes claim to no distinction above that of other institutions of its class.



MERRITT C. FERNALD.

Like most of them, it has experienced the wonted mutations of fortune or condition, has known dark days and bright days, and, like them also, it has maintained, through all its vicissitudes, its obligations unimpaired, and kept steadfast faith in the future.

Coming into existence in virtue of the Act of Congress of 1862, pertaining to land-grant colleges, it has derived its principal endowment from the sale of the land to which, under this act, it was entitled.

Unfortunately for its financial status, this land, amounting for the State of Maine to 210,000 acres, was put on the market when prices for land unlocated were simply nominal. In 1866, by authority of the State legislature, all the land, except 16,200 acres, was sold by the Governor, Hon. Samuel Cony, and his Executive Council, for about fifty-three cents per acre. In 1870 the remaining 16,200 acres were sold by Governor Chamberlain for eighty-

NOTE. — The editors have taken the liberty of inserting the portrait of Mr. Fernald in his article.

four cents per acre. The amount received from the sale of land (\$118,300) is invested in State of Maine bonds bearing interest at the rate of six per centum. To this fund \$13,000 of accumulated interest have been added, making the total interest-bearing fund \$131,300.

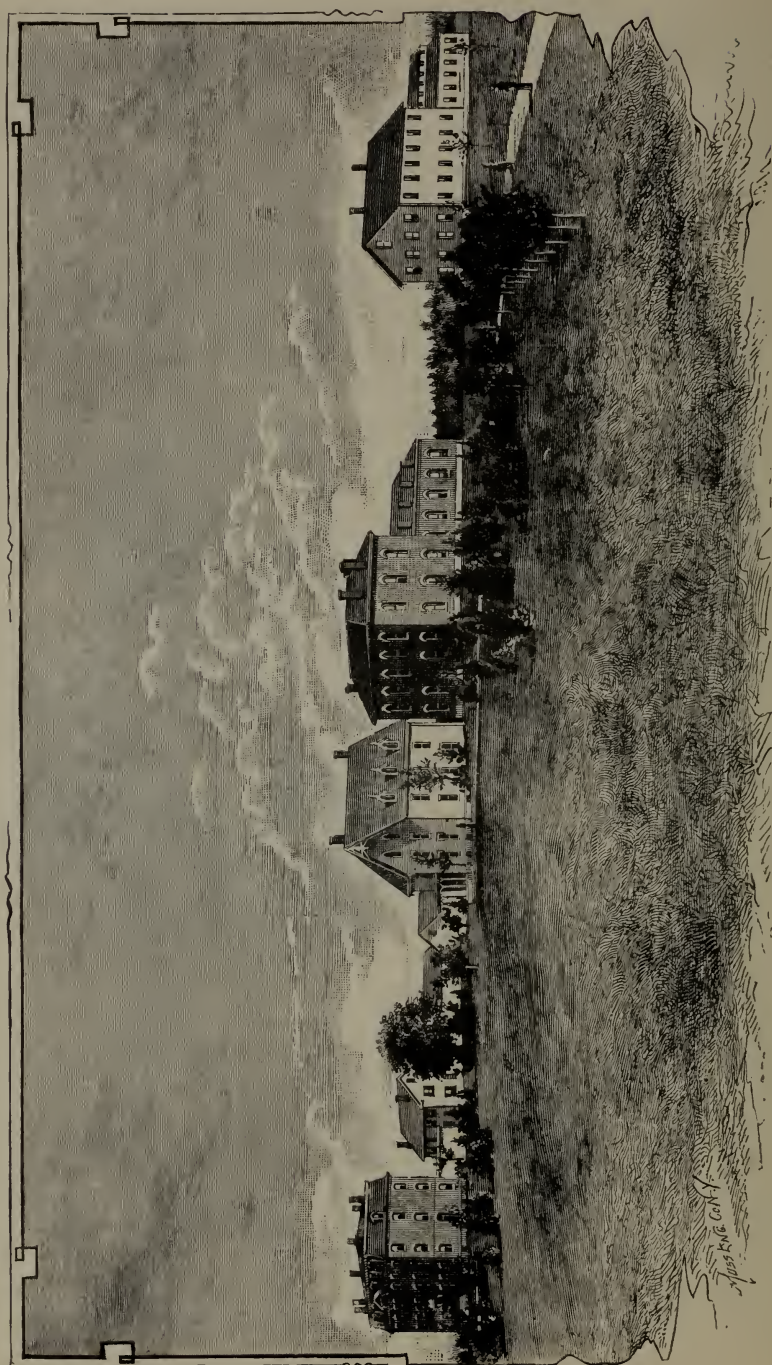
By will of the late ex-Governor Abner Coburn, of Skowhegan, Maine, provision is made for the increase of the endowment fund by \$100,000,—a munificent gift, which will not only furnish a valuable addition to the resources of the College, but will constitute a permanent testimonial to Governor Coburn's intelligent and philanthropic interest in the cause of industrial education.

The site of the College is an attractive one. The farm on which it is located borders on the Stillwater River, one mile from the pleasant village of Orono and nine miles from the thriving city of Bangor. It embraces 376 acres of land, affording a variety of soil for experimental purposes. This farm,—originally consisting of two farms, now united into one,—costing \$11,000, was given to the State by the towns of Orono and Oldtown.

It may not be generally known even by the people of Maine, that the College is located on an island,—not that on which the Penobscot tribe of Indians has its home, but the one on which the village of Oldtown, three miles distant, is also situated,—an island enclosed between the Penobscot River and the Stillwater River, which, flowing from the Penobscot above Oldtown and returning to it at Orono, is both a branch and a tributary of it. The Maine Central Railroad, passing within one mile of the College, renders it easily accessible from all parts of the State.

When the writer came to Orono in August, 1868, there were on the College premises two sets of farm buildings and what is now termed "White Hall," which was the only building for class purposes and for the dormitory of the new institution. The grounds in front and around this hall were rough and ungraded, and bore little resemblance to the present beautiful campus. White Hall is a three-storied wooden structure, semi-gothic in style, its upper story devoted to rooms for students and its lower stories to class-rooms and to rooms for the departments of Civil Engineering and Natural History. The other principal buildings are the Chemical Laboratory and Birch Hall. The former was completed in 1870, the latter in 1871. The Laboratory (modelled after the Chemical Laboratory of Brown University, Providence,





Shop.

MAINE STATE COLLEGE. PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.  
Chemical Laboratory.

White Hall.

Brick Hall and Boarding House.



R. I.), is a two-storied brick building, with an ell of one story used for a working laboratory. The whole building is admirably adapted to the needs of the chemical department. In it may also be found physical apparatus, a mineralogical cabinet, and one room devoted to library purposes. A part of the ell, separated by partition from the main portion, constitutes the analytical room of the State Experiment Station.

Birch Hall is a four-storied building containing forty-eight rooms, and is used as a dormitory. In the rear of this hall, and connected with it by a corridor, is the boarding-house, a two-storied wooden building, in which is the college dining-hall.

Among the principal buildings, the new shop should also be included. This is a plain wooden structure, erected in 1883, and furnishes a home for the mechanical department. The main building is  $56 \times 36$  feet, two stories in height, and contains on the first floor, machine-room, filing-room, engine-room, wash-room, and tool-room; on the second floor, wood-working-room, drawing-room, and recitation-room; the ell,  $56 \times 24$  feet, one story in height, with monitor roof, containing a forge-room and foundry-room. In the development of the system of shop instruction, filing, forging, and wood-working, including wood-turning, are now taught.

Besides the buildings which have been noticed, there are on the college grounds, the president's house, three professors' houses, one society hall, and a commodious set of farm buildings, comprising a house, three barns, and other out-buildings.

The value of the college property in buildings is \$125,000; value of library, \$7,000; of apparatus, \$15,000; of farm, tools, stock, carriages, and furniture, \$18,000; making a total of \$165,000. This sum, with the endowment fund, including the prospective addition from the estate of the late ex-Governor Coburn, makes the entire moneyed interest of the institution approximately \$400,000. Although this amount is not large when compared with the ample resources of many like institutions in more populous and wealthier States, it is large enough, when we consider all the circumstances of its growth to its present magnitude, to incite all friends of the college to renewed efforts in its behalf, large enough to furnish a fair foundation on which to build a superstructure of no mean proportions in the future.

The bounty of the State to the College is shown by the following record of legislative appropriations for its aid:—

1867 . . . \$20,000	1874 . . . \$12,500	1881 <sup>1</sup> . . . \$3,500
1868 . . . 10,000	1875 . . . 10,500	1883 . . . 13,000
1870 . . . 50,000	1876 . . . 8,000	1885 . . . 12,400
1871 . . . 6,000	1877 . . . 15,218	1887 . . . 34,600
1872 . . . 18,000	1878 . . . 6,500	
1873 . . . 24,000	1880 . . . 3,000	Total . . . \$247,218

The early appropriations were largely devoted to the construction of three of the principal buildings. In fact, the larger part of the entire appropriations by the State, excepting that of 1887 (which is unexpended) has gone into buildings, all of which are on the college grounds and in good condition, and into apparatus and other equipments designed to render the work of instruction efficient and valuable. For supplementing the proceeds of the endowment fund and the receipts from tuition, the drafts made upon the State appropriations in payment of salaries and other general expenses have averaged but little above three thousand dollars a year.

In her fostering care for all of her institutions, Maine, compared with many of her sister States, can be said to have been only fairly generous, not lavish, in expenditure upon her State college. She manifests, however, a constant and abiding interest in its welfare, and, with continued and increasing prosperity, may confidently be relied upon to provide other buildings as they shall be needed, and to furnish the means of further strengthening and developing all the growing departments of the college.

In this connection, reference should be made also to the bounty of individuals. Before the college was opened to students, citizens of Bangor gave to it \$12,000; and since the admission of students in 1868, it has been each year the recipient, in one form or another, of individual favor and bounty. Ex-Governor Coburn, whose munificence has already been cited, was especially helpful by the bestowal of timely gifts, and thus frequently tided a department over a hard place, or came to the assistance of the college when in extremity.

It is not, however, the endowment, not the buildings, — indispensable as they are, — not the bounty of the State or of individuals, nor all of these combined, that determine the life and character of an institution. Without some or all of these aids, it is true, the institution may not exist; but with them all, it may prove a failure, and all its work may come to naught.

<sup>1</sup> Since 1881 legislative sessions have been biennial.

For its real life, it is much more dependent upon the energy and spirit of those who administer its affairs, upon the fidelity and genius of those who fill offices of instruction; upon the purpose and quality of those who seek instruction and guidance; and, especially, upon the harmonious working together of all these elements, inasmuch as they are the potent factors in an institution's permanent upbuilding and success.

In this last regard, the Maine State College has been exceptionally fortunate. Its growth, therefore, although less vigorous and ample than its friends could desire, has been an entirely healthy growth; and its promise and outlook are regarded as in a high degree encouraging.

The first class, numbering twelve students, was admitted Sept. 14, 1868. Samuel Johnson, A.M., had been chosen Farm Superintendent and Instructor in Agriculture, and the writer of this article, Professor of Mathematics. With this small force of faculty and pupils the College entered upon the first term of its organized existence, — Mr. Johnson attending to the duties of the farm and to instruction in farm processes, and the writer to the duties of the class-room. In the service of instruction, one of the memorable events of the first year was a course of lectures on physiology, by the late Dr. Calvin Cutter, of Massachusetts. At the beginning of the second year, Stephen F. Peckham, A.M., of Rhode Island, a graduate of Brown University, was added to the Faculty in the capacity of professor of Chemistry. A little later, Mr. John Swift, a graduate of the Agricultural College of Michigan, came as instructor in Botany and Horticulture.

In the formative period of the College before the several departments were filled with permanent officers, lecturers were called in as occasions arose to give instruction on special topics. Additions were thus frequently made to the force of instruction, so that by the close of the year 1870 no less than eleven different persons were connected, in one capacity or another, with the Faculty, as shown by the catalogue issued with the college report for that year. The catalogue bears date, January, 1871. From it the following list of instructors is copied: — *Faculty*: Merritt C. Fernald, A.M., Acting President and Professor of Mathematics and Physics; Samuel Johnson, A.M., Farm Superintendent and Instructor in Agriculture; Stephen F. Peckham, A.M., Professor of Chemistry; John Swift, B.S., Instructor in Botany and Horticulture; Mrs.

Mary L. Fernald, Instructor in French and German; Calvin Cutter, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene; Corydon B. Lakin (Principal of Commercial College, Bangor), Instructor in Bookkeeping and Commercial Forms; X. A. Willard, A.M., Lecturer on Dairy Farming; A. S. Packard, Jr., M.D., Lecturer on Useful and Injurious Insects; James J. H. Gregory, A.M., Lecturer on Market Farming and Gardening; Prof. E. S. Morse, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Zoölogy. Military instruction (required by the Endowment Act) had been given by Capt. Henry E. Sellers, of Bangor.

Hitherto, the College could not be regarded as resting on a secure basis, inasmuch as the title to the college grounds, and the buildings upon them, had been in controversy. The deed conveying to the State the farms presented by the towns of Orono and Oldtown, as a site for the College, contained a reversion clause, by which under certain conditions the property might be lost to the State. This clause was not satisfactory to the Legislature, and, early in 1869, in granting an appropriation of \$28,000 to the College, the vote was accompanied by a provision that the reversion clause should be so changed that the title to the property should be valid in the State.

The required change was not made in 1869; the money appropriated could not be drawn, but reverted to the State Treasury. Early in 1870 the sum of \$28,000 was appropriated by the Legislature, with \$22,000 additional, making the total appropriation \$50,000, but conditioned upon the same change of deed as was required the previous year. Before the close of 1870 the necessary change of title had been effected, the money had been drawn, and the work of construction of needed buildings was rapidly going forward. By the end of the third college year (*i.e.*, August, 1871) the Chemical Laboratory had been completed, the large dormitory, Birch Hall, had been constructed, and the boarding-house, with its commodious dining-hall, was ready for the reception of students.

The three years from 1868 to 1871 constituted the most trying period in the history of this institution. At their close, questions of title and of permanency of the institution, which had been so embarrassing to Trustees and Faculty, were now, happily, questions of the past. A new and more auspicious era seemed to be dawning upon the struggling College. At this point in its history the writer, who, chosen to a pro-



fessorship, had served also as Acting President during the three years under notice, requested relief from the extra duties. This relief was granted, and a reorganization of the Faculty effected; so that at the beginning of the next college year it was constituted as shown below:—

Rev. Charles F. Allen,<sup>1</sup> A.M., President and Professor of English Literature, Mental and Moral Science; Merritt C. Fernald, A.M., Professor of Mathematics and Physics; Robert L. Packard, A.M., Professor of Chemistry, French, and German; William A. Pike, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering; Charles H. Fernald, A.M., Professor of Natural History; Joseph R. Farrington, Farm Superintendent; X. A. Willard, A.M., Lecturer on Dairy Farming; James J. H. Gregory, A.M., Lecturer on Market Farming and Gardening; Captain James Deane, Military Instructor; John Perley, Instructor in Bookkeeping and Commercial Forms.

The settled condition of the affairs of the College was followed by a considerable increase in the number of students, the highest figures in this regard being attained in 1874-5, when the number catalogued was 121. Rev. Dr. Allen brought to the College generous culture of mind and heart and an earnest purpose to strengthen and elevate all its departments. His presidency, extending from August, 1871, to the close of the year 1878, was one of general prosperity to the College. In March, 1879, the writer was chosen as successor to Dr. Allen, and has held the position to which he was then elected since that date.

From the beginning of President Allen's administration in 1871 to the present time, the changes in the Faculty have been gradual, and yet this period of sixteen years has sufficed to furnish new men at the head of every department of the College, as shown by comparing the composition of the Faculty in 1871 with that at date as follows: Merritt C. Fernald, A.M., Ph. D., President and Professor of Physics and Mental and Moral Science; Alfred B. Aubert, B.S., Professor of Chemistry, and Secretary of the Faculty; Frank L. Harvey,<sup>2</sup> B.S., Professor of Natural History; George H. Hamlin, C.E., Professor of Civil Engineering; Allen E. Rogers, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages, Logic, and Political Economy, and Librarian; Walter Balentine, M.S., Pro-

<sup>1</sup> The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. Mr. Allen by two institutions in 1872.

<sup>2</sup> Successor to Professor C. H. Fernald, who ably filled the chair of Natural History, from September, 1871, to July, 1886.

fessor of Agriculture ; Walter Flint,<sup>1</sup> M.E., Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, and Registrar ; James N. Hart, B.C.E., Instructor in Mathematics and Drawing ; Lieut. Charles L. Phillips, 4th U. S. Artillery, Professor of Military Science and Tactics ; Howard S. Webb, Instructor in Shop Work ; Gilbert M. Crowell, Farm Superintendent.

The College has been fortunate in the *fidelity* and *permanency* of its Trustees, if the latter term may be applied to a body of men subject to change by annual appointment as terms of office expire. Hon. Lyndon Oak, of Garland, now president of the Board, has been a member of it continuously since 1867 ; and from his thorough acquaintance with the entire history of the College and his sound and practical judgment, his services to it have been and are invaluable. Hon. William P. Wingate of Bangor, who for several years was president of the Board, served the College faithfully as a trustee from 1867 to 1884, when he was precluded from re-appointment by a statute limitation of age. Hon. Abner Coburn, of Skowhegan, was president of the Board for twelve years, from 1867 to 1879.

Did space allow, it would be a grateful labor to make record of the names and services of the other members of the Board, past and present, and to bear testimony to the zeal and efficiency with which they have discharged the duties of the important post confided to them. It should be stated that the original Board consisted of sixteen members, one for each county in the State, and that as early as 1867 they all resigned to give place to a smaller Board, consisting of seven members, appointed by the Governor. Subsequently, the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture became by law a member of the Board, *ex officio* ; and four years ago the Alumni were authorized by law to name one of their number for appointment in the Board. Thus, at the present time, the Board consists of nine members, — seven appointed by the Governor, each for a term of seven years ; one a member in virtue of his office ; and one named for appointment by the Alumni, the term of whose office is three years.

The number of graduates is 238, including 219 men and 19 women. The number of students who have pursued special or partial courses, extending through periods varying from one term

<sup>1</sup> Successor to Professor C. H. Benjamin, in charge of the department of Mechanical Engineering, from August, 1880, to January, 1887.

to three and a half years, averaging one and a half years for each, is 263. These numbers do not include the 112 students now in attendance upon the institution. It thus appears that 613 students have enjoyed or are now enjoying the benefits of the courses of instruction offered by this College.

The regular courses are five in number, viz. : Agriculture, Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Chemistry, and Science and Literature ; each requiring four years for its completion. The courses in Agriculture, Chemistry, and Science and Literature lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science ; the course in Civil Engineering to the degree of Bachelor of Civil Engineering ; and the course in Mechanical Engineering to the degree of Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering. Three years after graduation, on proof of professional work or study, and on presentation of a satisfactory thesis, the second or higher degree can be obtained.

Tuition was free until 1881, when a moderate tuition of thirty dollars a year was imposed, as required by a law of the State enacted in 1879. The College lost no students then in attendance in consequence of the enforcement of the statute ; but the number of admissions to the several classes since 1881 has been clearly less than it would have been under free tuition. This number is now increasing from year to year, and, in a short time, it may reasonably be expected that the effect of this requirement upon the number of students will scarcely be perceptible. A more serious question, which bids fair, soon, to confront the officers of the College, is that of space for the accommodation of those seeking admission to its classes.

Expenses are moderate. Board in the College dining-hall is two dollars and sixty cents per week, for thirty-six weeks in the year. The heating of rooms, principally by steam, costs about twenty dollars a year for each room. For mechanical students, the course of instruction in the vise shop costs ten dollars ; in the forge shop, nine dollars ; and in the wood shop, four dollars. Students in the Chemical Laboratory pay for injury to apparatus, for glass-ware broken, and for chemicals used. The charges indicated, together with pay for books and incidental items, make the needful term expenses at the college approximately two hundred dollars a year. At military drill students wear a uniform which may be and is also generally worn at the class-room exercises.

The long vacation is in the winter, affording an opportunity for

students to teach—an opportunity of which fully sixty per cent avail themselves each year. The two terms of the year are so arranged that the short vacation includes the month of July, when many students find remunerative employment in the haying field. It thus comes about that many students pay the larger part of their expenses from earnings while in college. Compensation is made for ordinary work by students, on the farm and about the college buildings, but the amount from this source is and must be small, inasmuch as nearly all the labor in the field, in the shop, in the laboratory, and in the drawing rooms is educational, and therefore without direct pecuniary compensation.

The extent to which the Alumni have engaged in the substantial industries, and their excellent standing wherever known, are regarded as occasions of just pride by all friends of the College. Of the 222 graduates prior to 1886, 210 are now living. The following table gives their occupation and the relative percentage in each calling:—

	Number.	Per-centage.		Number.	Per-centage.
Farmers . . . . .	18	9	Lawyers . . . . .	11	5
Specialists in Agriculture <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	11	5	Clergymen . . . . .	2	1
U. S. Signal Service . . . . .	4	2	Editors . . . . .	3	1
Civil Engineers . . . . .	38	18	Commercial Business, . . . . .	14	7
Mechanical Engineers, . . . . .	22	11	Teachers <sup>2</sup> . . . . .	30	14
Manufacturers . . . . .	15	7	Miscellaneous and Un-		
Druggists . . . . .	6	3	known . . . . .	30	14
Physicians . . . . .	6	3			
			Totals . . . . .	210	100

From the foregoing table it appears that only nine per cent of the graduates are engaged in the so-called professions, and that ninety-one per cent are engaged in varied and largely practical industries. Fourteen per cent are engaged either in farming or in some of the higher forms of service in agriculture, twenty-nine per cent in civil and mechanical engineering, and seven per cent in manufactures; making fifty per cent in these four very important vocations of industrial life. Of the sixty classed in the table, under the head of "Teachers" and "Miscellaneous and Unknown," many will find their permanent places in some of the other occupations named.

<sup>1</sup> Including one Professor of Agriculture, one Director of Agricultural Experiment Station, five Assistants in Agricultural Experiment Stations, one Editor Agricultural Paper, two Veterinary Surgeons, one Botanist in U. S. Department of Agriculture.

<sup>2</sup> Among the teachers are two college professors.



The farm connected with the College furnishes lessons in the best methods of agricultural practice, and is designed to be so conducted as to be an educational appliance of the institution, especially for students in the Agricultural Course. At present most of the experiments conducted upon it are under the direction of the State Agricultural Experiment Station, located at the College.

In government, a system of co-operation has been maintained for the past twelve or more years, by which a measure of responsibility for good order and upright conduct has been lodged with the students themselves. They have respected the trust, and the system has proved valuable.

It is pleasant to be able to state that the relations existing between the College and the town in which it is located are of the most cordial character. It is pleasant also to have reason to believe, from unmistakable indications and positive assurances, that, in proportion as its aims, its methods and their results are understood, its work is appreciated; and that thus, in widening circles, sentiment is constantly forming in its favor. Its future is full of promise.

The legislation of the past winter — both State and National — has been highly propitious for the College. The sum of \$25,000 recently appropriated by the State, for a building of Natural History and Agriculture, insures greater prominence for at least two of its important departments. The passage of the Hatch Bill by Congress (approved March 2, 1887) assures for this in common with the other land-grant colleges the sum of \$15,000 per annum for experimental purposes.

Its proper future development, however, requires much yet to be done. As the years go by, other buildings will be needed, and larger endowment funds. As has been the case in the past, so in the future there will be needed the generous bounty of individuals and the fostering care of the State. On the part of those filling offices of instruction, there will be needed still an abiding spirit of consecration to its high interests; and likewise the continued devotion of trustees, Alumni, and all its other friends. Thus sustained, it may be expected to justify in fullest measure, the wisdom of its establishment, and to confer unnumbered benefits upon the sons and daughters of the State whose name it bears.

## AN EASTER OFFERING.

[IN MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER.]

BY ARTHUR ELWELL JENKS.

THE minor chords of human life,  
All strange unrest of worldly strife,  
    The clarion call to duty, and  
The crosses that we meekly bear  
In silent patience everywhere,  
    Are mercies of the Hidden Hand !

God knows it all — our wills to be  
Far better than we are ; to see  
    His guidance as we journey still.  
I know the discipline of grief  
Is for our good ; that sweet relief  
    Comes with allegiance to His will.

The chilly winds of March are gone —  
The shrill pipe of the Winter morn  
    Is broken in the clasp of Spring !  
And he whose heart is tuned to praise,  
Shall gather from these April days,  
    The fruit of Nature's offering.

In homes where love has known a tear,  
Within the passing of a year,  
    Peace yields her boon ; and hearts tho' sad,  
At thought of dear ones gone before —  
Tired pilgrims of an earthly shore —  
    In Easter's holy day are glad !

Fair birthtime of the spirit's cheer !  
Our risen Lord is standing near,  
    With healing in his kindly eye ;  
The thorny way grows bright at last ;  
Gethsemane's dark night has past —  
    Hail, morn of Immortality !

## OLD MAN BOWEN.

## RAILROAD-BUILDING AND LOVE-MAKING.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

IN a certain western town there lived a number of years ago a remarkably eccentric character, known by the very appropriate name of Old Man Bowen. He was a man of perhaps sixty years or more of age, well-preserved, and of a hardy nature. His face was marred by tightly drawn wrinkles, which crossed and re-crossed his sallow visage in a multiplicity of forms; and his large, horny hands bore strong evidences of considerable exposure to rough weather. Although of an age when most men feel their vital forces declining and their step growing more languid day by day, Old Man Bowen was in the very height of his physical and mental strength, and his step was just as quick and elastic as his well-drawn arguments were clear and forceful. No youth of that rural district showed more sprightliness in his daily avocation, nor attempted more violent exertions, than did Old Man Bowen, with his gray locks and emaciated form. Nothing seemed too great for him to undertake, and, when he related some of his youthful experiences to the crowd of villagers, something little short of reverence was inspired within their breasts for the little man before them.

In his earlier days Old Man Bowen had been a local Methodist preacher, administering to the spiritual wants of five different churches, which he visited in regular order at least once a fortnight. These churches were a long distance apart, in a wild and unsettled district, and it required no small amount of physical exertion and endurance on the part of the local preacher to make his circuit in accordance with his long-established practice. He frequently made the journey over the wild, rocky mountain roads on foot, carrying with him a small hand-bag, which contained his Bible, singing-books, and a few cakes; and a large, knotty stick, which served as a walking-cane and a weapon of defence. These solitary walks were greatly enjoyed by him, and, while swinging gayly along the zig-zag paths which wound around the bases of the

mountains, and through deep, shady forests, he pondered deeply over the vast problems of theology — eliminating from his own fertile brain strange inferences regarding the origin of good and evil, and the eternal damnation which awaited the wilful transgressor. Frequently he would stop in his walk, and begin to exhort his fellow-sinners to repent, — his audience being the stately forest trees and the gray rocks, — and then, overcome by his own emotions, he would prostrate himself on the ground and pray fervently. His prayer finished, he would relieve his pent-up soul by singing a hymn or two with the same animation that he showed in his preaching and praying.

Among his eccentric beliefs, Old Man Bowen had one that was fairly ground into his soul, and which gradually proved to make his life miserable. He lived in the firm conviction that Satan was making special efforts to tempt him into the ways of the evil, and that in time he must fall a prey to his Satanic majesty's diabolical plannings. His only escape, he felt, was in constant prayer and work, and so enthusiastically did he perform this duty that he had little time to give to thought about the probabilities of his ultimate failure and downfall. He preached the Gospel fervently ; exhorted the wild western farmers and miners to repentance, and joyed over the conversion of a single individual with weeping and laughing. But during his journeys from one church to another his old fear would haunt him, and he became so concerned about his own soul's welfare that his feelings would find expression in the wild forest praying and singing. From these fierce experience meetings he would come forth with flashing eyes and renewed strength, confident that he had again obtained the victory over his relentless enemy. He would then relate to his astonished hearers an account of his conflict, and exhort them ever to be on their guard against yielding to the Evil One without a long, hard struggle beforehand for the mastery.

After preaching to his five churches every fortnight for ten years, Old Man Bowen found it urgent upon him to resign his position, and to administer to the spiritual needs of one church only — that of his native village. He did not need the extra allowance which the other four churches gave him, as he was comfortably situated from a worldly point of view, and he was content to live a more quiet and home-like life. He had an only daughter, on whom he lavished all the affections of his



emotional soul, and who in turn reciprocated his tender regard. Lina was now approaching her eighteenth birthday, and she was as beautiful as her fair-haired, blue-eyed mother had been when she was laid beneath the sod sixteen years before. She had received all the educational advantages which the small town of Corinth could afford, and her natural aptitude for learning greatly facilitated her in her studies. When she finally finished her educational course she was duly installed in her father's home as housekeeper, and the way that she managed the household affairs soon showed that she was master of that particular art. The old preacher and his beautiful young daughter lived together in this way for two years, enjoying each other's society only as a motherless child and a widowed father can, and their mutual love served to establish perfect harmony in their quiet lives.

But Old Man Bowen was not a man to continue long in this uneventful and monotonous course. He had strong prejudices and eccentricities, and, now that he was robbed of that excitement which he received in visiting his several churches and preaching among his fellow-men, he soon became restless and uneasy. He preached fervently every Sunday to his small congregation; but his week days passed heavily. He could not bring his troubles to his young daughter, whom he loved even more than his strange hobbies. When in her presence he would suppress his outbursts of strong emotion, which were rising to his lips, and try to appear calm and tender. His old fear regarding the fate of his own soul returned with redoubled force, and he felt it urgent upon himself to have some confidant to whom he could pour forth his pent-up feelings, such as he had been in the habit of doing when journeying through the woods or over the mountains. One day he was chopping wood in the shed near his house when he suddenly dropped his axe and began to preach as of old—not to the trees and gray rocks, but to the inanimate chopping-block. He poured out all of his troubles in eloquent words; prayed that he might succeed in overcoming his temptation; contradicted imaginary sentences of the senseless object, and wound up by saying that he knew that he would yet commit some great crime and become the prey of the Evil One.

From that day forward the old chopping-block in the back

shed became Old Man Bowen's audience, and his joys and sorrows were alike confided to its secrecy.

About this time the inhabitants of Corinth were elated by the news that a project was on foot to carry a railroad through the place. A railroad was a thing unknown to this western village, and many of the gray-headed inhabitants had never seen one, although they were fully persuaded that it was of immense advantage to any village, much less to a thriving farming place like Corinth. A few were opposed to any innovation, and they shook their heads gravely when the news arrived that a party of surveyors were already on their way to the village to make surveys for the road. They doubted its utility, and distrusted the men who had charge of it, and on the whole proved themselves as conservative as possible. Old Man Bowen opposed it; but not in a mild way, as some of the others. What he opposed, he opposed with his whole soul and heart. He denounced the scheme as a fraud, and a bold attempt to rob the settlers of their land. From the pulpit he thundered forth his execration upon the heads of the members of the railroad company, and prayed Heaven that the awful doom of eternal damnation might be visited upon the first ones that entered the village for the purpose of carrying out the scheme. He vowed in public that not a foot of his land should be taken to build the road on, and fervently exhorted his friends to make a like vow. When he returned home after this public denunciation, he sought the solitude of his woodshed, and renewed his exhortations to his silent friend.

"Ye know it's not right to hev it cum here, an' don't ye say 'tis," he reasoned with the block of wood. "It's the work of the Devil, thet's bringin' it here, an' I must stop it. He's tryin' to get the best of me all the time, an' now he's a-sendin' this 'ere nuisance. He's strong an' full of life, an' I'm gettin' old and feeble. But I won't give in yet. No, I'll fight him yet. I've got the good book with me, an' thet will support me. Won't it? Don't contradict me, fur I say thet railroad won't cum here. D'ye hear? I won't let it cum here. It's the insterment of the Devil, but I'm the insterment of the Lord, an' he's stronger than the Evil One. I've fit the Lord's enemies for nigh onto forty years, an' I'll fight them yet. Thet railroad won't cum here."

The usual process of singing and praying was then indulged in, and the old preacher retired to his house to meet Lina, his daughter,

and tell her that he had encountered the Evil One again, and came off victorious. He told her the story of the railroad scheme, and impressed it upon her plastic mind that it was a great calamity to the village to have the iron horse snorting through its quiet streets, and a great sin to permit the construction of the road.

All of Old Man Bowen's former prejudices sank into comparative insignificance alongside of this one. He brooded over the matter night and day, and always concluded with the forcible words, "It won't cum here!" Considerable excitement was raised in the village over his strong opposition, and a number of the wavering ones sided with him, and seconded every utterance he made. Two parties seemed to have sprung up, and their heated discussions over the railroad question were carried nearly to the point of the knife. Foremost among them was Old Man Bowen, who constantly fanned the excitement into flames and kept the wound open.

But despite all of his protestations, the company of surveyors arrived in the village one bright afternoon, and took out their instruments to begin work. Robert Kenton, a handsome young man of twenty-seven, was the overseer of the company, and he was immediately made acquainted with the old preacher's prejudices. He laughed heartily over the matter, and at once disarmed the villagers of all suspicions about any scheme to rob them of their land. His frank good-nature won their hearts, and they went away declaring him a "good 'un."

Robert Kenton was from the city, where congenial friends and innumerable amusements prevented time from lagging on his hands when not engaged in his business, and it was only natural that he found Corinth a very dull place after a week's stay. He loved the woods and mountains, and this partly compensated for the loss of the society of his city companions. Day after day he would roam through the great forest aisles, or climb the steep side of the mountains, enjoying with an artist's eye the rare pictures of scenery to be seen on every side. The mountain streams were searched by him for trout, and the sharp report of his rifle frequently re-echoed through the deep valleys and mountain gorges, as he winged a duck or brought a rabbit to a sudden halt, when scurrying through the underbrush. These lonely hunting-trips were greatly enjoyed by him, and he wrote vivid accounts of them to his friends at home.

One day he was returning from a long journey through the

woods when he happened to emerge from the forest close to the home of Old Man Bowen. Strangely enough these two had not met yet, although both were acquainted with each other from the village talk. Kenton smiled to himself as he reached the old man's fence and remembered the stories told about his eccentric habits. Placing one hand on the top rail of the rude fence, he leaped lightly up on it, and began to survey the premises from his elevated seat. Everything was quiet about the house, and not a sign of a human being could be detected in the vicinity. Kenton's thoughts gradually roamed from the old preacher and his home to the kind friends which he had left behind him, and he conjured up scenes of other lands where he had spent his early boyhood days. He was engaged in this sort of reverie, with his chin resting on his hands and his rifle leaning against the fence, when the sharp report of a firearm caused him to start hastily around; as he did so he felt a sharp pain in his right shoulder, and then everything grew suddenly dark. He tottered from his perch on the fence, and fell on a heap of leaves below. From a small wound in his shoulder the blood began to trickle gently down and form a pool near a bunch of blooming violets. The crimson liquid stained the delicate flowers beyond recognition, and then soaked into the roots. A chirping thrush flew from a neighboring tree, and dropped a green leaf on the white, upturned face, and then gave a sharp whistle as if to say that it had acknowledged the presence of death and paid its last tribute to the departed hero.

But the bird's sudden flight was owing to a movement in the high bushes near the fence, and the next moment a huge Newfoundland dog rushed forth from the enclosure, wagging his tail with pleasure. When he reached the unconscious form of Kenton he stopped, ran his nose over his body in an inquisitive manner, smelt of the still flowing blood, and then turned around with a quick, sharp bark. This seemed to be the signal to call somebody's attention to what he had discovered, and in response to it the cracking of the twigs and bushes near by announced that the call was heard.

"Where are you, Carlo? What have you found now? Come here."

The beautiful form of Lina Bowen emerged from the woods, as she uttered these words, and as her eyes fell upon the prostrate form of Kenton and the crimson pool of blood, she gave a little



scream of terror. But she was a brave girl, and not one inclined to give way to unnecessary terrors, and so, after her first feeling of fear had vented itself, she approached the young man and began examining his wound. With her small white hands she bound up the arm with her handkerchief. Then, with the agility of a mountain hare, she hurried away for assistance.

Two burly miners met her coming through the forests, and, in respect to her beauty and sex, they removed their broad-brimmed hats, and said in one voice: "Mornin', Miss; anythin' up? We be at yer savice, if ye need us."

"Yes, come quick. A dear friend of mine has been hurt, and I want you to help me carry him into the house," replied the young woman, as she led the strangers along the path to where the accident happened.

Kenton was like a child in the brawny arms of the two miners, and they carried him as tenderly as if he had been one, while Lina directed them in her calm, even tones. Old Man Bowen's house was the nearest one, and to this Lina led the way, running ahead to unfasten the door and make preparations for receiving the wounded man. The spare room, where her mother had so often slept in earlier days, was opened by her, and the clean, white bed padded and brushed up for Kenton. Lina seemed everywhere at once; now giving directions to the men, now smoothing out the pillow, and now cooling the feverish brow of the unconscious man with some brook water. She was nurse, doctor and hostess. She ordered the men around like children, until the doctor arrived and began to probe for the bullet. Then she retired into another room, not being strong enough to witness the painful operation.

The stifled air of the house seemed to suffocate her, and she threw her small straw hat on her curling hair and wandered out in the back yard. As she did so she heard the sound of a human voice coming from the woodshed. Curious to know who was there, she directed her steps towards the small outhouse, and peered in through the half-open door.

There sat her father upon a bench facing the chopping-block. His sallow, wrinkled face was clasped between his hands, his elbows, meantime, resting upon his knees. At his feet lay an old-fashioned rifle. He was talking in animated tones, but Lina could discover no other person in the shed.

"I warned 'em," he muttered aloud. "I warned 'em thet the railroad couldn't cum here. They wouldn't listen, an' now thet insterment of the Devil is shot. He desarved it. I'd do it agin. I warned him; I warned him. He's a thief, an' wants to rob us of the land, but he won't do it. The railroad won't cum." Then the old man paused for a moment, and seemed lost in deep meditation. Lina, meanwhile, could scarcely believe her ears. This was the first intimation she had received of her father's crime, and she swayed like a leaf, as she clung desperately to the side of the shed.

"But I've done it; yes, I've done it," again murmured her father, without removing his hands from his face. "The Devil's tempted me, and I've fallen. I've been a-preachin' the Bible nigh onto forty years, an' now I've sinned myself. I knew I'd do it; I knew I'd do it. It was nateral, an' I felt it in my bones. Don't ye contradict me, nuther." He straightened up and glared savagely at the chopping-block, and nearly frightened his daughter into fainting by his energetic manner. "I know what the Good Book says, an' don't you say I don't. 'Thou shalt not kill'; that's what it says. I know's well as you do thet it says thet. But the Devil says kill, and I've done his work fur him. The good Lord can't tolerate me longer; he's let me fall. Don't ye talk back to me, fur I know's well as ye do what's right an' what's wrong. Ain't he a-stayin' in my house, an' ain't Lina carin' fur him. Ain't thet a-doin' onto others as ye'd have them do onto ye?"

This outburst of eloquence was followed by a flood of weeping, and the old preacher seemed completely overcome by his emotions. Lina could stand the scene no longer, but turning she hurried towards the house, just as her father broke out into one of his favorite hymns. His voice was strong and clear, and she heard every word of the hymn, but her heart was dumb with horror and mystification.

It must be remembered that Lina had never before witnessed her father in one of his strange moods, and she was entirely ignorant of the course of sermons and prayer-meetings that had been going on in the woodshed. She knew that her father had many eccentric habits, but these she attributed to his old age rather than to any other cause. But the scene that she had just witnessed shocked her sensitive nature beyond expression, and when she entered the room where Kenton was, her face was even whiter

than that of her patient. The doctor had extracted the bullet, and the young man was listening to the tales of the old miners about the tenderness of Lina, to whom he owed his life. The appearance of the girl in the door-way caused the two honest toilers of the mine to step back, and say to Kenton, as they did so, —

“Thar she be now.”

Kenton turned his eyes toward the door, and rested them for a moment upon the vision of loveliness before him. Lina was robed in a neat white dress, which set off her well-rounded figure to advantage. Her pale, frightened face contrasted beautifully with her dark, flowing hair, which she had arranged in a knot on the side of her small, shapely head. Her hands were clasped tightly together over her bosom, and seemed to be pressing back some pain.

For a moment Kenton remained speechless at this sight, and, not until a warm blush began to steal over the pale face of his hostess, did he recover himself, and acknowledge the presence of the young girl.

“Is this my benefactress?” he asked with a quiet smile, as he looked her steadily in the eyes. “My friends here have just been telling me about your heroism and kindness. I certainly owe you more than I can ever repay, but I trust that in time I may be able to cancel part of the debt. Meanwhile, let me thank you for your actions and attention to me. They will be appreciated, I trust, as they deserve.”

Lina blushed more than ever at this, and after a few words of politeness, she busied herself in arranging the room to conceal the agitation which his words had caused. Accustomed to seeing but few male friends in her father’s house, except the rough old miners of the village, she was naturally somewhat shy and reserved in the presence of her young and handsome patient. His keen, piercing black eyes followed her so attentively as she moved about the room that she became more than ever confused and disconcerted.

“I suppose that I can be removed to a hotel safely this afternoon,” finally inquired Kenton, addressing himself to the doctor, who was still busy bandaging his shoulder.

“Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it,” replied that little man as he securely tied the cord around the young man’s arm. “You can’t

move out of this bed for at least a week. You're all broken up from the loss of blood."

"But, my dear doctor, I'm a stranger to these good people, and I do not want to impose upon their kindness. I must seek some other place," said Kenton in an embarrassed tone.

"I take no excuse, sir. You must stay here, and have a nurse," emphasized the doctor. "Miss Bowen here won't object to your stayin' neither. Will you, Miss Bowen?"

Lina was only too ready to second the doctor's suggestion, and to help him carry his point in opposition to Kenton's.

"He certainly *must* stay here," she replied in a quick tone of command, which seemed particularly fascinating to Kenton, coming from such a shy and modest young maiden, and he replied in mock humility, —

"Well, as my nurse commands it, I suppose I shall have to obey. I am a tractable child, and won't grumble."

The doctor called twice a day, and prescribed various treatments for the sick man, all of which Lina carried out to the letter. She watched the sometimes delirious patient with the solicitude of a loving sister. Old Man Bowen had grown wonderfully calm and quiet since the advent of the stranger in his house, but he seldom spoke to his daughter in regard to him, except to inquire about his condition. Lina, too, seemed to avoid all conversation about the sick man, and so a week passed away quietly and rapidly.

But early one morning, Old Man Bowen was surprised to find that the young surveyor was able to walk about, and that his daughter was accompanying him in a short ramble through the woods.

What conversations had taken place in the sick-room during this quiet week Old Man Bowen was as ignorant of as his big dog Carlo. But when he saw the two roaming through the mountain woods, she close by his side as if ready to support him should he need her help, and he looking so tenderly down at her small, lithe-form, something like a pang of jealousy shot through the old man's heart, and he halted suddenly in his walk, and raising his head towards heaven, muttered aloud, "He's the insterment of the Devil." Then he resumed his walk, and began to revolve within his mind the great problems of human destiny and the result of railroads on peaceful villages.

Kenton, as soon as it was safe, took leave of Lina and her father,



and returned to his old boarding-place. He had been in Old Man Bowen's house for two weeks, and he was under deep obligations to both the master of the house and his brave little daughter. Lina blushed prettily as the young surveyor told her that their friendship must not drop there, but that she must allow him to call on her very often. She could not conceal the eagerness in her blue eyes, as she shyly gave him permission, although she was striving hard to appear indifferent.

During Kenton's sickness his fellow-surveyors had gone on with their work, and by the time he got out again they had progressed considerably with the line. The chief of the company only incited them on to harder work, and by the time the leaves of the forest began to change their color in the autumn the work was nearly completed. Kenton would soon have to leave the place and go further on along the line. He had not told Lina of this as yet, although she was perfectly aware of it. Her father had frequently told her that the cars would soon be running through the place, but "they wouldn't cum while he lived."

"They be the work of the Devil," he said to her one day, when he seemed particularly moody and set in his opinions. "They'll cum a-rushin' through here Sundays an' every day, an' screamin' away 'nough to drive ye crazy. Thet man thet ye've been a-nursin' is the insterment of the Devil, I tell ye, an' ye must get rid of him. Lina, ye must not love him, fur ye can't hev him. He ain't fur ye. Ef ye desart yer father, ye ain't a good child. Don't ye understand? He can't live alone; he'll go an' roam in the woods, ef ye leave him. Child, are ye a-goin' to marry him?"

The impetuosity of the old man startled Lina as much as his words. She had never thought of the question of marrying, and the suddenness with which her father broached the subject fairly startled her.

"Why, father, what do you mean by talking in that way? Mr. Kenton is nothing but a friend to me," she replied, after a short pause, "and you shouldn't talk of him in that light. He is going away soon, and then he won't bother you longer."

Old Man Bowen seemed relieved by these words of his only child, and he kissed her affectionately before he left the house.

That afternoon Lina was sitting near the front window of the house with some lace-work in her hands, which she occasionally worked at; but most of her time was spent in gazing vacantly at

the distant woods. Her face was paler than usual, and a tired, weary look shone from her blue eyes. Her thoughts which were far away were suddenly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Robert Kenton, who stepped familiarly up to her side and took a vacant seat. She started visibly at his entrance, and moved her chair a few inches back.

"You frighten one by coming in so unexpectedly, Mr. Kenton!" she said in a half-angry tone.

"Why, am I such a frightful figure?" he asked, jestingly. Then, in a more serious tone, "You look unwell, to-day, Lina. Has anything occurred?"

"No, not that I am aware of," she replied quickly, taking up her lace-work from her lap again. "I feel as well as ever."

A pause of several seconds followed this sentence, during which time Lina worked nervously at her lace, and Kenton watched her slightly flushed face with admiration.

"Lina," finally remarked the young surveyor, "we have nearly finished our work on the railroad in this vicinity, and we shall have to make our headquarters in Franklin soon."

"When will you leave?" inquired the girl, looking up at her companion's face with a sweet smile.

"Very soon," replied Kenton, slowly. "This week, probably."

"So soon!" In spite of her attempts to appear disinterested Lina's color soon disappeared from her cheeks and left them pale as marble as she uttered this exclamation. Kenton was not slow to take advantage of her momentary confusion, and quickly responded:—

"Yes, Lina, this week; but does my going have any interest to you? Do you care, Lina?"

This question was untimed, and the flush that deepened on the cheeks of the young girl was more the result of wounded pride than anything else.

"Of course, I have an interest in your going, as I would have in that of any other friend," she replied coldly. "It would be foolish for me to have any deeper interest in your departure."

"Lina, you misunderstand me. Listen: from the first day that I met you, when you saved my life and brought me back to health, I have loved you. I have tried to make you love me in turn since then, and I have thought much of this day when I should tell you of my love. I have waited and hoped patiently, trusting that in

time you could respond to my feelings. Has all of my trust been in vain. Lina, can you love me?"

"Mr. Kenton," replied the girl, as she rose from her chair and seemed to brace herself for a supreme effort, "I was not prepared for this. I thought that we were friends only. You must not speak of this subject again. I can never be to you what you want."

"You do not love me, then?" bitterly exclaimed the young surveyor, as he looked gloomily at his companion. "We must part then as friends only, Lina."

"Yes, Mr. Kenton. My duty is to care for my father, who is getting old and feeble. He needs my constant attention, and I could not think of leaving him. You have my warmest sympathy and best wishes for success. You will soon forget me."

In truth, Lina Bowen loved Robert Kenton even more than she cared to admit to herself, and when she dismissed him with these few words she was surprised at her own strength and calmness. Had she prepared herself beforehand for such an interview she would have probably broken down under the ordeal, but coming so unexpectedly upon her she was hardly conscious of the importance of what she was saying. It was not until after the form of the young man had disappeared from her view down the mountain road that she realized her position, and then she broke forth into a fit of silent weeping, But she felt that she had performed her duty, and this lent her new strength. Her father's words of the morning still rang in her ears, and she determined to remain by his side as long as he lived. His eccentricities and prejudices had increased with his age, and he had not refrained from unburdening his heart to his daughter, and relating to her his feelings and emotions.

The appearance of the steel rails running through Corinth, over which the cars would soon be rolling, was to him a constant source of irritation. He still preached to his congregation against the road, and warned them against "the insterment of the Devil"; but his words and efforts were alike ineffectual. The work of progress could not be stopped, and the eccentric preacher found that the law had condemned his own land to the use of the railroad, and the iron rails passed within forty feet of his old home. As the time approached for the first train to run over the new road, Old Man Bowen became more moody in his actions, and his sallow

face took on a deeper hue. His hands clutched each other nervously when he spoke about the scheme of "thet man Kenton to rob the poor people of their land," notwithstanding the fact that he had been well paid for that portion of his farm taken by the railroad company. Lina heard the man whom she loved disparaged nearly every day by her old father, but she never made a murmur or uttered a word in his defence.

Kenton took his dismissal sorely at heart. He renewed his exertions in forwarding the interest of the company in whose employ he was engaged, and after a month's sojourn in Franklin he moved still further on, and did not return to Corinth until the end of the line was reached, and his work in that section of the country finished; then in company with his fellow-surveyors he took the first train that ran over the road to Corinth. It was a great day for the citizens along the line of the road, and they hailed the appearance of the first train with rejoicings and feastings. In Corinth the excitement was as great as in any of the other villages, and nearly the whole town turned out to meet the train, as it steamed up to the new station.

Kenton dismounted, and quickly looked around at his old friends, but his eyes failed to discover the form of Lina or her father. He inquired after Old Man Bowen and his daughter, but the only reply he could get from the villagers was a shrug of the shoulder, and an "I guess he's shet himself up in the house. He's takin' it putty hard."

Unable to leave the place forever without saying a farewell word to the one he loved, Kenton walked slowly up to the home of Old Man Bowen. The appearance of the house and place was the same as ever, but no sign of life about it could be discovered. A feeling of dread came over the heart of the young man, as he noted the stillness of the place, and he wondered if anything had happened. He passed slowly around the house, trying to pluck up courage to enter. Reaching the back of the house his attention was attracted by the sound of some one weeping. It seemed to come from the woodshed but a short distance from him, and, without waiting to locate the sounds more accurately, he hurried to the small building, and looked in through the half-opened door.

The sight which met his gaze caused him to stand motionless for a moment. On the cold ground lay Old Man Bowen with one arm thrown lovingly over the old chopping-block, and his head



resting affectionately by its side. He had preached his last sermon to his inanimate audience, and his often repeated declaration, that the railroad would not come while he lived, was at last realized. He was cold in death. By his side Lina was kneeling, holding one of his cold hands in her own, and trying to feel his pulse beat. The tears were coursing down her pale cheeks, and occasionally a moan escaped from her lips.

Kenton's appearance in the doorway caused her to look up, and, seeing her old friend near her again, she cried out eagerly :—

“Oh, is he dead! Come quick, feel of his pulse!”

This was not necessary for the quick eye of the surveyor. Death was only too plainly written on the sallow features of the old man, but he complied with the girl's request, and told her as gravely as possible the terrible news.

“Lina, do not give way to your sorrow,” he said affectionately, as she burst forth into renewed weeping. “I shall stand by you as long as you need a friend. Your father couldn't have lived much longer. He was getting old.”

“I know it, Mr. Kenton; but it is so sudden,” she sobbed, “and it has left me an orphan and alone.”

“No, not alone,” was the quick reply, as he passed an arm around her waist. “Let me be your friend and protector.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The last remains of Old Man Bowen found a resting-place close by the railroad, against which he had so energetically preached and labored. The nodding plumes of the old pines now sigh woe-fully over the place, when the shrill scream of the iron engine echoes over the mountain side; and the dismal cry of the loon from the distant lakes recalls vague remembrances of other days.

The old homestead has long since passed into other hands, and the famous woodshed has been superseded by a more imposing building. The modest tomb alone remains to tell the story of the eccentric old man, who labored so many years among these mountains for the spiritual good of his fellow-men.

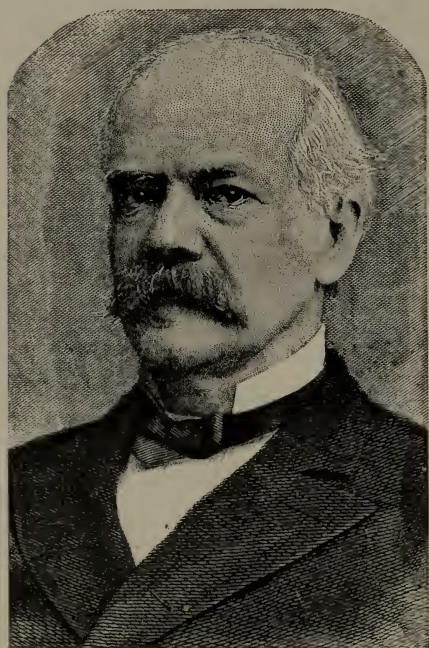
Kenton and Lina now live in an eastern city, where they often tell the story of their early years to their children. Life has been for them not all joy and success, but that happy mixture of grief and happiness, without which no life is complete.

## THE NEW ENGLAND PRESS.

## I.—THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL AND SENATOR ANTHONY.

BY REV. S. L. CALDWELL, D. D.

THE newspaper is one of the new engines of modern life, whose power has been wonderfully developed within the period covered by the existence of this particular journal. This development has



THE LATE GEORGE W. DANIELSON.

been very much in the increase of material appliances. Improved machinery has augmented the power of production. Increased facility of communication has multiplied material for use. The power-press, the telegraph, the larger and swifter mail, have simply changed the newspaper from a child into a man, and a man of marvellous gifts.

The progress from the press used by Benjamin Franklin at Newport, to print *The Gazette* in 1732, to the six-cylinder press which to-day turns out between evening and morning a product which seventy-five years ago would have required a whole week, is immense.

And yet it is only part of similar progress in the other agencies which make the newspaper such a tremendous force. The larger, more complex, more productive the machine, the more it takes to feed it.

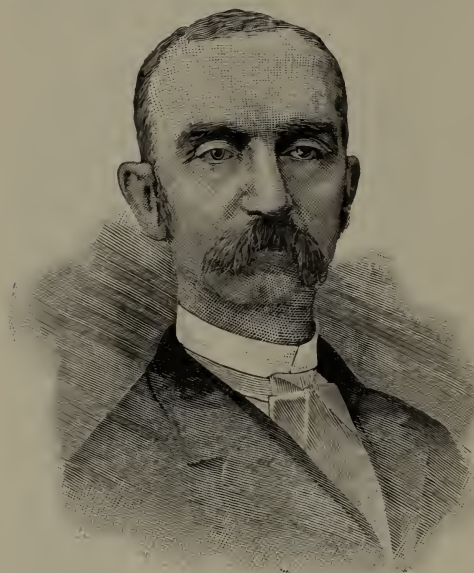
Behind the press is the power which uses it. Knowledge, ideas, spiritual forces, not types, paper, machinery, are the power of the newspaper. The writer is greater than the printer, and simply uses him as his instrument. And yet, the larger and mightier

press requires a mightier power to wield it. As it increases its product, with more readers and more frequent issues, the more hands must supply it with material. The journal which ministers to a large constituency, which supplies information, and stimulates inquiry, and forms opinion, and reflects it while it forms it, like a ship, has many hands on deck, at the helm and the engine, while the captain below studies the charts and marks the course. There is the editor still,—but almost if not quite impersonal,—who fifty years ago did all the writing, if not part of the printing, but who now perhaps does little, if any, of either. And yet the best journals have some controlling mind, some capable and superior force to make them what they are. For a long term of years Henry B. Anthony was the force behind this representative newspaper to make it what it was,—and so far as the past makes the future, to make it what it is.

The Providence Journal made its first appearance the third of January, 1820, and was issued twice a week, becoming also a daily, on July 1, 1821. Its origin was connected more or less closely with a great change which had been coming over the industry of Rhode Island. From a commercial it was to become a manufacturing State. The waters and shores of Narragansett Bay favored maritime pursuits. But commerce had declined, and capital, with wise forecast of its opportunities, turned from the bay to the river, till every stream in the State was turning the wheels of its mills. The capital of Providence passed almost entirely into manufactures. The Journal was in some sense—perhaps in its chief purpose—an organ of these new interests, and from the beginning has been the advocate of their enlargement and protection. With the growth of population and wealth, the Journal has grown. At its beginning, in 1820, the town had less than twelve thousand inhabitants; it has now over ten times as many, while the population of the Providence Plantations, which include Northern Rhode Island, has multiplied nearly sixfold. At first it was issued twice in a week; but now in addition to its semi-weekly issue, it sends out one edition weekly, an edition every morning seven days in a week, and an edition every evening on six days of a week. It has an average daily circulation of thirty-five thousand. It is considered to be a valuable property, yielding a handsome revenue to its proprietors. Other journals have risen, declined, and died, but this has held on its advancing course, and now, after nearly

seventy years, is as strong as ever, and easily stands at the head of Rhode Island journalism. With a pronounced political character, always Republican, it has a wide range, and touches all departments of life. In size, variety, ability, it competes with metropolitan journals. Beyond any other paper it supplies Rhode Island with its newspaper reading. And withal it has been quite distinctly a representative of the spirit and institutions of Rhode Island, and of whatever is peculiar in this peculiar State.

And this stamp it received very much from the hand of Henry B. Anthony, who was a genuine son of Rhode Island. His ances-



ALFRED M. WILLIAMS.

[Editor Providence Journal.]

tors on both sides had been in the State almost from the first. His father was a Quaker, and he always clung to his birth-right in the spirit, if not in the letter. His father was a manufacturer, and he always identified himself with the system and the political policy which had done so much for his native State. He was liberal in his opinions, and conservative in his instincts. Educated in its university, he cherished the traditions, the individuality and independence of its common people.

He supported the guarded suffrage of his State, while voting to give the ballot to every enfranchised slave. He delighted to defend the principles, the history, the honor of Rhode Island before all the world. And it so happened that he was hardly well seated in his editorial chair before the political convulsion came which shook Rhode Island almost to revolution.

In 1838, when twenty-three years of age, Mr. Anthony took charge of the Journal. In 1842 came the crisis in which it was to be decided whether the government, whose roots ran back into the colonial charter granted by Charles II., should maintain its legiti-



macy against a popular and violent movement for its destruction. In this conflict the Journal bravely took its part, and its young editor showed the good temper of his sword. It was his early opportunity, and in it he won his spurs as a journalist, and, indeed, his title to political promotion, when the time should come. That time came when, in 1849, he was elected governor of the State, holding the office for two years, and in 1858, when he was sent to the Senate of the United States, and in five successive elections was continued at that eminent post for the remainder of his life.

In the forty-seven years from his accession to the Journal to the end of his days, he held his proprietorship in it, and till he went to the Senate, an active and undivided editorship.<sup>1</sup> He had the happy faculty of enlisting other pens, and its pages in all these years have been enriched by the best writers in the city and the State. But all through he controlled its policy with a sagacity and a vigor worthy the political eminence he acquired, and for a score of years met its daily demands with an ability which was almost

<sup>1</sup> For a time after his accession to the Senate, he had the active assistance in editorial work of Mr. James B. Angell, then professor of the modern languages in Brown University. In 1860 Mr. Angell resigned his professorship and became the responsible editor, continuing his service till September, 1866, when he became president of the University of Vermont. Mr. Angell is now president of the University of Michigan. In 1880 he went to Peking as American Minister, to negotiate a treaty with the Chinese Empire. On the first of January, 1863, Mr. George W. Danielson purchased an interest in the paper, and had special charge of the department of local intelligence. When Professor Angell resigned, in September, 1866, Mr. Danielson took full charge until his decease, March 25, 1884. Both of these gentlemen sustained the high character of the Journal, and had Mr. Anthony's confidence and counsel throughout. Under Mr. Danielson's management, its scope and its circulation was considerably enlarged. He at once started an evening edition, called "The Evening Bulletin," with a daily issue amounting frequently to nearly thirty thousand copies. In both editorial and business management he showed remarkable capacity. At Mr. Danielson's decease, Mr. Alfred M. Williams, who had been for some time on the editorial staff, became editor, and has well sustained the traditional policy and ability of the paper. The Journal is now owned by an incorporated company, with Mr. Richard S. Howland as business manager, and its circulation has constantly increased.

[Mr. Williams is a native of Taunton, and was about forty years of age when the conduct of the Journal passed into his hands. He early entered Brown University, but left before the full completion of his term, enlisting in the Federal army during the civil war, as a private. 'He there received promotion, and also entered journalism through writing letters from the seat of war. In the fall of 1865, he was sent by the New York Tribune, as its correspondent to Ireland during the Fenian difficulties of that time. On landing, he was arrested and imprisoned as a suspected head-centre of the Fenians. After his release, he reported the trials of the Fenian leaders, with other interesting matter connected with the subject, and altogether spent about a year in Ireland and other European cities. Following this, he became editorial writer and managing editor of the Taunton Gazette, and in 1869 and 1870 represented the city in the Massachusetts legislature, being elected the second time unanimously. In 1870, he went West and started a paper of his own in Neosho, Mo., one of the border towns near the Indian Territory. . . . At this time he occasionally visited the neighboring Indians, where he was warmly received by the chiefs, for the reason that his paper was the only one on the border that resisted the encroachments of the white people upon their lands. Repeated attacks of malarial fever forced him to seek another climate, when he came to Providence, — where, as previously stated, he in 1875, became connected with the Providence Journal. The force and directness of Mr. Williams' editorials has not infrequently called attention to the Journal in a very marked manner, in the past few years; and their literary merit has also been much commented on. In purely literary work, Mr. Williams has contributed a valuable addition to literature in his 'Poets and Poetry of Ireland,' with its historical and critical essays and notes, brought out by J. R. Osgood & Co., in 1881, and to which the English and American Press give unstinted praise.' — EDITOR.]

genius. He was equal to the argument of a column's length which a subject often required. In exposition or in controversy he did not stop till he was through, and everybody said "enough." But his power was in paragraphs, in something like Tennyson's "swallow flights of song." One swing of his blade would pierce a sophism or behead a falsehood. He did not dilute his wit. He did not spread his satire into thinness. He had the first merit of style,—that he never wrote an unintelligible sentence, that he drove his nails straight and up to the head. His clearness was not sterility. His style was rich as it was lucid. In controversy he was not bitter or malignant. But he had a keen eye for every weak point in the other side, and could shoot satire as with a Martini rifle.

Personally, Mr. Anthony was of the best temper, and took a friendly interest in other people. He was genial without softness, and courteous without affectation,—and this appeared in his paper. He knew how to hold up his side, but he did it with good nature. He knew the just and proper limits of political polemics. He did not spare persons, even eminent ones, but he did not descend to coarse and vulgar personality. He put his stiletto into political and financial heresies so quietly and so keenly that they dropped dead before they knew what was the matter. The bludgeon was not his weapon. He was not a butcher. Sometimes there was an almost poetic grace in his reminiscences and memorials of friends, in his description of public characters, and in his treatment of local events or needs. And his humor was genial as his wit was sharp and brilliant. He had a fondness for books, and an aptness for literary work, which, uncrowded by political necessities, might have given him distinction in another line.

In a word, Mr. Anthony knew what a good newspaper is, and how to make it. Had the twenty-five years which he gave to senatorial service been devoted exclusively to his profession, he might have won quite as much distinction and influence in his little room in the Journal office, as in the great chamber at Washington. A great editor in his way is quite equal to a great senator; certainly superior to a small one.

An intelligent, high-minded, liberal, catholic journal, the friend of truth and public virtue, the enemy of shallowness, deceit, injustice, corruption, which says the right thing at the right moment, and every morning says something worth reading, and worth consid-

ering, if not believing, — a journal which not only has the news and advertisements, but which has convictions and knows how to utter them, which exists for the public good as well as for the profit of its owners, “unawed by influence and unbribed by gain,” is a power for good in any city, and becomes a sort of institution in the State. If it has a conscience, and understands its responsibilities, and uses its power for public and honest ends, the people will remember with honor its editor when he is gone, and support it less for its own sake than for their own.



## THE HEART.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF P. K. ROSEGGER.]

BY LAURA GARLAND CARR.

THE heart is a harp, a harp with two strings ;  
One dances in joy, one quivers in woe ;  
And one or the other eternally rings,  
As Fate's fingers over them sweep to and fro ;  
To-day 'tis a wedding-march light as the air ;  
To-morrow, a dirge wails its notes of despair.

## THE THREE ARISTOCRACIES.

BY FORSYTH DE FRONSAC.

EVEN after the possession of wealth had given a determinate value to rank in Europe, and had bestowed a rank itself upon its possessors, there were found pretensions which had been derived from the remote period when nations were but armed camps, continually on the march, journeying southward towards the golden promises of the dissolving empire of the Romans. In that early time of martial endeavor there were no permanent possessions, and bravery and skill in arms and soldierly loyalty alone conferred eminent station. This station was that of an antrustian, or aid-de-camp, to the warlike king; and the antrustian's duty was to carry out the orders of his chief, to share his fortune, to protect him from danger, and even to die for him, if necessary. The king, in choosing these antrustians, was careful, for his own sake, to select only the bravest, most able, and most loyal; and it was upon the prominent display and action of these qualities that the earliest aristocracy was founded.

Posterity preserved the traditions and names of its antrustianic ancestry as its proudest boast, and set up their idealized lives in its heart as the standard from which never to depart. This feeling, derived from the sentiment of such qualities, strengthened itself by retrospection and self-introspection, and fostered what may be called the Pride and the Aristocracy of Sentiment.

When the spirit of rest permitted the accumulations of industry, and public robbery that throve upon these to assume alluring splendor, engirt by battlements and armored bands for their retention by force, and further confirmed in their impersonated belongings by prerogatives of administration derived as a gift from needy royalty itself,—then did those who were so fortunately equipped claim a peerage prescriptiveness, which they had the force and address to retain for their class. The ancient statutes of France describe the nobility of that realm at a period but little removed from the Middle Ages, as rich men; and the appellations of Spanish nobles was also *ricos hombres*. It was the same when the



manorial grants in England and Germany conveyed ennobling attributes upon the grantees. Yet, during this time, the authors on the ancient classes of Europe declare that there were those who held aristocratic pretensions which were not founded upon wealth, but upon the sentiment of their antrustianic descent. But the prerogative of possessions erected the scaffolding of another class, which has become more prominent with the increase of national wealth and whose standard has partially effaced from mind the memory of the virtues of its predecessor,—and this class is the aristocracy of finance.

Side by side in that Europe which was formed from the remains of the Roman Empire, with the antrustianic aristocracy and with the feudal, arose a class of men, at first in the Church, but afterwards as semi-secular clerks and scribes, who gained eminence at court by acting as interpreters of the civil law, which the influence of the accepted religion caused to be received as the law of modern Europe. As kings and emperors and other potentates hastened to have their precarious rights of rulership confirmed by the Papal consecration, they were forced to acknowledge all those laws by which the Church held its own proper possessions, as the laws of their own acquisitions and those of their subjects. It became, therefore, a means of obtaining consideration at court, and from thence, office and position in the nations, to have a thorough knowledge of the laws and history of the transactions, legal and scientific, of past times. Men who entered this undertaking of learning were not those who sought by virtue of their bravery and impetuosity and love of gallant display the tourney and the camp; nor were they those who possessed the faculty of abasing every other attribute of their personality in the pursuit and accumulation of wealth; but they were of a sort not religious enough for the Church, yet acquisitive of money and diligent in searching manuscripts and books, lovers of intrigue and plotters, now for this party and now for that,—whose heart had become all mind, and whose souls were subservient to the various shiftings of logic. This class was known in France, because of their dress, as gentlemen of the robe, and in every country they founded the aristocracy of learning.

These three aristocracies were not and are not peculiar to Europe, but abound wherever humanity obtains an abiding-place. Beneath these three classes in every state are the common people,

who are neither one thing nor the other. Whichever one of these aristocracies shall be chief depends upon the constitution of the state in which they exist and the disposition of the people who have charge of affairs. In Europe, the military orders of knighthood make certain the dominance of the antrustianic qualities in society, where the possessors take precedence of all other ranks of men. In America, the denial of distinction to these qualities leaves the bone of contention for the rich and the learned, who dominate society, some in one place and some in another.

That these are accurate and complete divisions may be comprehended from the following acknowledgment: That a man may belong to the first aristocracy, — that of sentiment, — be brave, loyal, magnanimous, gentle, and honorable, and not belong to either of the two others; that a man may possess the requisites of the aristocracy of finance, — houses, lands, moneys, — without having either sentiment or learning; that a man may have the faculty for, and may acquire, learning, and be deficient in sentiment and poor of purse. It is true that some fortunate individual may belong to all three categories, but he is to be classed according to that which marks him most distinctly.

It is further to be reckoned as true, that of these three classes, that of sentiment alone is the inheriting class. Sentiment is within the individual, and causes him to be able to feel an inspiration. He aspires to be the personification of those qualities which are the delightful feelings of his heart and soul. Learning cannot be transmitted in this manner, except only the faculty which is developed by study. Riches being accessories, external to the individual, may belong to good or bad people indifferently, so long as they make the standard of social excellence, and the class which is designated by their possession can scarcely be acknowledged, except under the head of animated merchandise.

The first class of men, therefore, being different by natural superiority from all others, has been spoken of as holding the sense of this superiority genealogically, by commemorating the memory of the deeds of mighty ancestors as a means of constantly reviving in their own hearts that sentiment which prompts them to be a similar link in the chain of generation. This class was powerful enough in Europe, when all things were founded upon the peaceable possessions of lands and powers — “when the strong preyed upon the weak and defenceless” — to institute the Order of Chiv-

alry. This order was founded entirely upon the antrustianic sentiment in the individual, but at the same time, it was (though not in every case) an imperative requirement that the candidate should belong, genealogically, to the same class. By a learned author on the French Noblesse, it has been said, in relation to the feudal tourney, that none could enter unless of noble origin, which was afterwards qualified so as to require that the individual who participated in the prerogatives of this sort should be of honorable character, and without reproach. The first regulation, says the authority, was traced by the pen of the Noble; the second was engraved by the sword of the Knight. This goes to prove how true it is that the antrustianic chivalry required the like character in its members, but that Nobility (which was sometimes, nay, often, the gift of favor, bestowed either to recompense some act of servility, or in exchange for money, or for some subtle and tortuous interpretation of the law for the benefit of the sovereign power) was not antrustianic in its foundation or wholly so in its character, and not infrequently was even of low origin, so that it has been said in France that "the king can make a noble, but not a gentleman."

This term, gentleman (*gentlehomme de race*), used in this connection, has a meaning both genealogical and individual, and includes the visible emanation of those qualities in the deeds of manhood which are the symbolic distinctions of his race in previous like opportunities for expression.

These three aristocracies have become merged in the nobility of Europe; in whose various divisions titles have been conferred for eminence within their own limits. Yet, even in spite of this partial mergence, the military orders and professions have given to them a preference in European courts, that neither wealth nor learning can contest with any hope of successful issue.

In modern times, and especially in America, there is to be observed a growing indefiniteness in regard to the delineation of the higher and more hardly to be discerned aristocracy of sentiment. It is a very easy matter to discover who is rich, and who is learned; but the more delicate, deep, yet partially hidden attributes of a great soul (which are more truly the foundations of distinction, because organic and transmissible) are entirely overlooked, as if there were no such things, and as if they were not vastly unequal in different persons.

A few years ago, in relation to characteristics of aristocracy in

Europe, it was said that the Italian nobility was the most magnificent because founded upon wealth ; the French, the most illustrious, because established upon deeds ; the German, the proudest, because attached to visible emblems of descent ; the English, the haughtiest, since to it belonged the prerogatives of legislation and magistracy peculiar to the form of the government of Great Britain.

In America there is no nobility, because such is forbidden by the peculiar sentiment in the majority of the people, who have so declared themselves in the Constitution. But there are elements of aristocracies, such as must ever exist wherever there are collections of men to be found. And here it may be well to remark definitely that the term "ennoblement," used in reference to social rank, is the official recognition of aristocracy ; and that while a government may refuse to recognize an aristocracy, it cannot by any means entirely eradicate its germs.

During the age of chivalry, the aristocracy of sentiment abounded. The names of those families that were chief then in France, Spain, and England are well known. During the Renaissance, learning had an influence greater than at any other time. The names of its chief families are also borne in memory. At the present time wealth confers the greatest prerogatives upon its possessors, — whose names are familiar to those who read the stock exchange. It will be perceived that the names of the great feudal and knightly families of Europe — the Douglasses, Stuarts, Bruces, Howards, Fitzgeralds, Herberts, Seymours, Navarres, Montmorencis, Coucis, de Courcys, de la Tours, Bourbons — are but an imposing background, later on, to the newer names of Bacon, Shelbourne, Cavendish, Russell, Coke, Lyttleton, Gibbon, Guizot, and Taine. But even as a background, the rich and splendid qualities of their generous chivalry shed an effulgence upon those who occupy at the time of the Renaissance and onward the foreground of the historic position ; they yet hold the ladder, and those coming after were glad to lean upon the records and legends of the old noblesse. But as time increased towards the immediate neighborhood of the nineteenth century, the surviving names of a great literature of the Renaissance began to grow dim in life, began to be more fixed to the publications of an epoch whose authorship was felt to be inimical to the new ; for that authorship had a grand style, peculiar to the richness of its phi-



losophical and historical learning, and a lofty sentiment and poetization derived from intimate connection, in the majority of cases, by direct consanguineous descent from the antrustians of the chivalric epoch. What, indeed, began and now are more rapidly taking the places of the great names of chivalry and of the Renaissance are the patronomics of those who have attained position by riches.

If patience is taken to examine the directories of any large city in America, it will become apparent to one conversant with the style and belongings of society in this country, based as it now is upon wealth, that neither the Howards, Herberts, Fitz Geraldts, and their namesakes of the feudal epoch, nor the Raleighs, Sidneys, Bacons, Newtons, and Cavendishes, of the age of the Renaissance, hold the highest position, but that the Astors, Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds, Sages, Smiths, Carpenters, Shoemakers, and that ilk are firmly seated there. The age, therefore, is at once beheld to be controlled by a class of men entirely different in every particular from the two preceding classes, and utterly distinct in origin, as the etymology of their names attests.

In the larger cities of America, where diversified employments seek those channels of remuneration which, experience shows, offer the most satisfying returns, it is proven how distinct are the wealthy and the learned. In the theatres of Boston, which is a type of all cities in the Northern States of America, the play-bills of a theatre like the Windsor, which has a cheap admittance and is patronized by those who can afford to pay but little, exhibit Shakespearian tragedies and Lyttonian melodramas, while the bills of the more expensive and fashionable theatres show light farces and comedies. Did the wealthy class possess the taste for the deeper and more scholarly productions for the stage, the more fashionable theatres would produce plays from classic authors more abundantly than cheaper-priced theatres like the Windsor. Moreover, instead of the wealthy class using their surplus funds for the assistance of the learned, they bestow them upon undaunted mendacity, upon church missions, or the heathen, upon pet cats, dogs and parrots, while such men as Professor Vaughn, who died of starvation in Cincinnati, Edgar Allan Poe, who was driven to desperation by poverty and lack of appreciation, and Sidney Lanier, whose premature decease was the result of hardship and neglect, are some few

of the many instances of where learning and talent find place, and how the rich appreciate them.

In a review of the lives of great military leaders, it appears that, although the spoils of war were repeatedly in their hands, they did not themselves retain them as riches, but used them as means of extending their power, by expenditure. Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon, although they conquered the world, were poor except in what they could command in others. Certain families, also poor in purse, have owed their position and name to their sword. Their members had a knightly effluence that was and is entirely lacking to those who are only the wealthy and the learned.

Few of the great scholars of the world have had more than a mean subsistence. By the learned is here meant, not the literary genius (which is more often the reverse, or passive, side of the aristocracy of sentiment, from which it springs contemplatively), but mere great scholarship and erudition, such as can exist without the aid of that sentiment that comes from the qualities of chivalry and is manifested in the literary productions of men of military families. Of these are Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Ossian, Cæsar, Napoleon, Napier, Jomini, indeed, almost all of those exalted names connected with the period of the Renaissance, but not with the exact and abstract sciences, unless of that of mind, which has to do with sentiment.

According to natural divisions of people in America, the aristocracy of learning has its place more in New England, because that part of the continent was settled by those who questioned the dogmas of belief. These, with their followers, who were naturally subservient to them, made no place for sentiment in their colonies; and sentiment never has had an understanding or a structure there.

The aristocracy of finance holds New York as the capital, because it is the greatest commercial emporium of the country, and society is there founded, not upon the qualities of the soul, which animate men's actions and create a sentiment in their hearts, but upon wealth. Even in New England it should not be forgotten, although boastful of the pretensions of its learning, so powerful is the influence of wealth that it there also has an equal voice and a more durable reign.

But in Virginia there yet exists, though in a withered and crippled condition (having borne the blast of misfortune and the

stroke of calamity), what remains of the aristocracy of sentiment in America. Virginia was settled by those who fought as cavaliers, for court and king and family honor. It is in the last name that the entire sentiment is enclosed — the antrustianic sentiment that was at the basis of the ancient chivalry. In Virginia, to this day, although her proudest families are bereft of their possessions, and their sons and daughters not so thoroughly educated as in the days of former affluence, nothing — not even the power of wealth — can take precedence of their ancient grandeur, so long as their sons and daughters feel within them the spirit of their antrustian sires. They preserve almost intact in their hearts this ancient prayer of chivalry: “*Exaucez, Seigneur, notre prière, et daignez benir cette épée que votre serviteur désire ceindre, afin qu’il puisse être le défenseur et le recours . . . des veuves, des orphelins et de tous les serviteurs de Dieu : faites, Seigneur, qu’il soit la terreur et l’effroi des mechants et des impies par Jesus Christ Notre Seigneur.*”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “Hear Lord, our prayer, and deign to bless this sword that thy servant desires to bind upon him, to the end that he shall be able to be the defender and the recourse of widows, orphans and all the servants of God; grant, Lord, that he be the fear and fright of the wicked and impious, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.” — Cohen’s *Noblesse Francaise*, p. 231. “The principles of chivalry were the exalting and purifying of the hearts’ sentiments by love.” *Id.* p. 242.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

GERMANY and France, and with them all Europe, are still at the utmost tension of eagerness in a deadly and warlike competition and mutual measurement, to see which shall first dare to fly at the other's throat. Had the Germans not been so excessively exacting in demanding the cession of Alsace-Lorraine at the close of the last war, they might have perhaps lived since in serene peace, and more cheaply, and the good effect would have been felt the world over. Greed must always pay dearly for its gratification, and even "its strength is labor and sorrow."

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THE British contest concerning Irish Home Rule drags its slow length along, and the end is not yet. It seems to be growing clear that the Tories cannot manage the case, and will have ere long to relegate their power to Gladstone and his fellow-workers. On the other hand, it is probable that the "Grand Old Man" has drawn up a plan which is in some points open to objection on the part of the largest and most liberal patriotism. Some things which Chamberlaine says are evidently good and wise. The Irish parliament should surely not be on a par with the parliament imperial, but be subordinated to it, except in purely local matters, in some such a way as our State legislatures are related to the Federal legislature. Gladstone cannot succeed without the co-operation of all his fellow-Liberals, and that he cannot secure without considerable modification of his plan. If it should then be imperfect, it would be like all other reforms, which can come only by piecemeal, because the law of evolution usually operates by infinitesimals.

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THE death of HENRY WARD BEECHER, on the 8th of March, furnishes a true event in these our bustling, busy, commercial times. It made all men pause and give way to a season of much-needed reflection. The unlooked-for departure of such a man from the scene of his prolonged and wonderful activities has created a void which no other single individual of this day and generation, and not even many men together, can hope to fill. Yet lamentations for his loss seem contradictory to all professions of esteem and admiration for him living. In no right sense may we surrender ourselves to deep regret at his final departure from our midst, and still be consistently grateful for the transcendent gift of his glorious service to the world he helped to make better worth living in.

By birth and inheritance he was a preacher. By the steady and marvelous expansion of his inborn powers he became a great popular moralist,



an advocate of the poor and oppressed, a broad philanthropist, an apostle of the gospel of humanity. Unceasing practice developed the oratorical faculty in him to a degree that made him a powerful magnet for the hearts and minds of his countrymen. He spoke on all subjects that gravitated to the burning centre of his tireless sympathies. The cause of the slave, the woes of intemperance, the sufferings of the poor and needy, the sacrifices of heroic men and women, the discouragements of the downtrodden, and the inherent rights of all, were the themes of his masterful speech for half a century of years, on every one of which he uttered the familiar truths which the common practices of life unhappily overbear and conceal. Sincerity thrilled through every fibre of his capacious nature. The substance of his eloquence was its earnestness. He spoke as one having authority, for the sufficient reason that he believed. He seemed inspired because he was true.

This is no place either to attempt an analysis of his many-sided nature or to set forth the differentiation which the vast growth of his character and powers made inevitable from his theological beginnings. He was a firm believer in the evolution of religion, as of all things else in life and nature; and hence he regarded it as a thing to be expected that old creeds should give way to new and larger conceptions, forced upon the human consciousness by the steady expansion and ripening of knowledge. But over and above all he represented in his marvellous faculty of utterance the boundlessness of the divine love and its illimitable power to elevate, unify, and inspire mankind. This was the great theme to which he devoted his thought, his sympathy, and his eloquence. It was the alembic in whose constant heat were fused all the individual questions and issues of the passing time. Politics, sociology, religion, philanthropy, long-lived injustice, — all were melted down to pure metal in this one sufficient crucible.

No man could have done on his sorely beset country's behalf what he did in making those memorable speeches to hostile Englishmen in the very crisis of the war for the Union. No one could more effectively have lifted up the hopes of the vanquished South again than he did at the close of the war on the very spot of its origin. His voice has been heard in every good cause for much more than the life of a generation. Such a man could not go unscathed by criticism, which at a certain period of his life took the form of violent assault. It is not for us to be his judges. He went through all with an unruffled temper and an unbroken spirit, and the public deliverances afterward of his thought and experience seemed but the richer and deeper and sweeter for the unexampled ordeal. At last he has become but a memory to us all, though a living memory always. What he has spoken to his fellow-men with such earnestness and vigor, what he has preached from the sacred pulpit with such pathetic power, will continue to work unceasingly in the heart and thought of this age of transition from

the material to the spiritual, until other times shall come, and other men with them, to lift humanity to the level of still higher hopes.

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RAILROADS are by no means to enjoy a monopoly of interstate or even across-state commerce. The days of canal digging are far from being over. The waterways of Europe, Old England included, are much more of a traffic reliance than they were in the past. And the same is coming true in this country again. We are not expecting to see ancient enterprises like the old Blackstone, the Merrimac, and the Northampton canals restored to active service, but it lies wholly within the probabilities that the Great Lakes on the north are to be directly connected with the Atlantic and the Gulf, thus utilizing natural and artificial channels of water communication, and converting the interior of our extended territory of populous States into a second Chinese Empire. There need be only the ordinary and normal competition between railroads and canals so far as transportation claims go. Both will be found necessary in the future development of the country, and each will prove to be the supplement of the other. So we incline to think the day for canals has dawned again.

Two canals are already projected across the narrow isthmus that separates the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, one of which is in process of digging. Right at the gate of Boston Harbor another one has been laid out, to circumvent Cape Cod by cutting across the intervening sand spit. The whole matter is just at present before the Massachusetts Legislature, for the purpose of deciding who shall be permitted to undertake it. The State, having already given the project its indorsement, is holding the privilege of letting it out to others as it would hold a public trust. There are three parties bidding strenuously for the work, each of which solicits the gift of a charter. The main question, however, for the State to decide is, who stands ready and able, with plans and actual money, to carry out the undertaking? It has become an unexpectedly interesting matter to the general public, and will grow more interesting as the projected enterprise advances to completion. As a sailor might say, water has not yet done all it is capable of doing for navigation.

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RAILROAD horrors abound this season, and especially in New England. That which occurred near Boston, on the Providence road, on the 14th of March, was by all odds the most appalling of any yet recorded in the whole country. The White River catastrophe in Vermont was regarded the most frightful recorded in the history of this section, rivalling even the Ashtabula disaster of a few years ago, but this more recent one within half a dozen miles of Boston surpasses even that. A collapsing bridge, and a plunging train laden with passengers on their way to their daily work in the city, are the two factors in the frightful tragedy; and two dozen or

more killed outright, with a hundred wounded, forms the melancholy result. The real cause of the accident will be duly discovered by the railroad commissioners of Massachusetts, and the responsibility fixed where it rightly belongs. Words are unequal to the expression of the feelings of dismay into which this entire community was thrown on receiving the tidings of so dreadful a disaster. Nothing that is utterable can convey a sense of the shock to which all sensibilities were subjected.

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No month in all the year forces us to pronounce a prettier name than April. Last year, as not a few will remember, it was the pleasantest one known for a full quarter of a century, bringing all the budding hopes of spring in a single gathered sheaf. Children who wander in country lanes and the neighboring woods know that it brings back the soft south winds and the slanting showers of rain, the cheery bluebird and the blithe robin, and starts the catkins and birch-tassels along the courses of the brooks in the meadows. City versifiers only travesty the real delights which April brings by their insensate efforts to picture the inconsistent and improbable; but the dwellers in the country cannot be deceived as to the truthfulness of the advancing promises of the new and welcome spring. In this month of April lies the potency of the opening year. The world begins to awake from its annual slumber; the marvels of vegetative life again give signs of their reappearance; the birds herald their coming with melodious greetings; the sunrisings and sunsets take on a fresh significance; the very frogs in the marshes trill notes of plaintive monotony in testimony of a common joy.

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FROM every part of New England, this nursery of hardy men and irrepressible women, the returns continue to come in corroborating the standing statement that longevity is becoming more and more the normal condition of its population. Old people are all the time reported in the daily papers who have achieved from ninety to one hundred years, and even upwards; so that encouragement is beginning to be felt that after another generation or two has crossed the stage, the old-fashioned and long-forgotten respect for years will once more be shown by those who have not yet achieved them. Homilies on the delights of old age are generally more attractive reading for the maturing young than for those who are already aging; yet there is many a picture of chimney-corner and side-porch tranquillity which, if it could only be seen without any consciousness on the part of its aged figures, would almost make young pulses bound more swiftly in impatience for its realization. The multiplying proofs of lengthening lives all around us fully reconcile us to every alleged drawback for which our climate and soil are held responsible.

WHILE grim experience is teaching its practical lessons to the Knights of Labor in all parts of the country, it is plain enough to see that the Strike as an organic institution, set up professedly in the interests of labor, is rapidly falling into disrepute, doubtless not long hence to lapse into complete desuetude. The horse railroad men in Boston have declared their purposeless strike "off," and are diligently seeking reinstatement in their former places. And the same is true in the entire list of strikes in the lines of industrial employment. One by one they are giving in to the inevitable, an ill-considered experiment with silent forces whose law no man and no body of men need hope to direct or control. If the final result shall be to cement a new bond of union between employers and employed, it will be well for both sides; in any event, for the time being, each will have gained new conceptions of their relative situation, and become better prepared for a radical recasting of the form and terms of their future co-partnership.

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THE case of Dr. McGlynn hangs fire. He has recovered his health, but does not go to Rome. His friends have loudly protested against Romish interference in political matters. Dr. McGlynn has hurt himself and his cause by the almost violence with which he has uttered himself on the land question; and Henry George has alienated many friends by defending mob violence in preventing the free employment of those who attempt to fill the places of the strikers. This is mob despotism, than which nothing could be worse.

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IN the course of an interview recently held with the venerable and truly wise Mark Hopkins, ex-president of Williams College, he stated his ideal of a college to be "an institution in which a young man, during the critical period of transition from boyhood to manhood, may have an opportunity to do for himself the best he can do; and likewise one that shall do for every such young man the best that can be done for him." He said that a sound body, a disciplined mind, a liberal education, and a right character ought to be the results of a four years' course in college. As an institution designed for the precise purpose of giving these, just these and nothing more, the American college is the growth of American soil, and therefore deserved to be maintained. The venerable teacher refused to regard the college as a reformatory. Nor, it is plainly to be inferred, does he incline to assent to its disappearance in a university. His conception of a college is rather that which fits in very many respects the purpose of the gymnasium in Germany, with high moral training superadded.

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THE scope of life has broadened, and the fields are multiplied and diverse whereon the "antrustianic" qualities are displayed. Not alone amid



the clash of arms are courage, fidelity, magnanimity, called into action, but the conflicts of social and civil life afford them occasion and yield them honor. The political, commercial and social fields offer frequent and critical tests of heroism. While it may properly be a matter of satisfaction to look back over an honored line to the time when its noble traits first became eminent, it is chiefly because of the personal manifestation of them that any individual of that line gains esteem.



## HISTORICAL RECORD.

GENERAL WASHINGTON met by appointment the Count de Rochambeau in Hartford, Conn., in 1780, for the purpose of thoroughly preparing for what ultimately proved to be the final campaign of the Revolution. These two generals met to discuss the joint plan of proceeding. General Jeremiah Wadsworth, who was a distinguished officer under Washington, had his residence in Hartford, and his house was one of the finest specimens of the peculiar architecture which we know as the colonial. The house stood where the present Wadsworth Athenæum stands, and it was beneath its roof that Washington and Rochambeau had their meeting. Nearly fifty years ago the house was removed to another place, and for years has been but a dreary old tenement in a state of neglect. Few persons knew that it had sheltered some of the most famous men of the Revolution, and that within its walls the final plans of French co-operation with the Continental army were agreed upon. The historic house was recently sold, and will be demolished to make room for a modern residence. What a pity so little room is left for the houses needed by our increasing population.

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LAST month we had to record the violence of recent earthquakes. This month besides earthquakes, volcanoes also demand attention, which is the same destructive power in another form. In the South Sea Islands the volcano Mauna Loa has been sublimely and destructively active. As the natives conceived according to their old superstition that it was the expression of anger by a resident goddess, and a demand for some distinguished sacrifice, the gifted sister of the king allowed herself to be starved to death for the people's good, and to quell the wrath of their old volcanic deity, who then suddenly ceased or greatly diminished her violence, as it happened.

All Italy has been in suffering and terror from earthquakes, as well as from the violent action of Mount Etna. The loss of life and destruction of property has been very great. It is said that 676 persons have been killed,

434 injured, and 20,000 rendered homeless, while the material loss is put down at \$10,000,000.

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THE Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that the contested lease between the Boston and Lowell Railroad and the Northern Railroad is invalid, because against the protest of a portion of the stockholders of the latter road. This is a far-reaching decision, and may produce other dissolutions as well as new complications. The decision, however, seems to be generally considered wise and just.

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OUR Federal Legislature has passed a strong bill of retaliation against Canada, which cannot fail to be injurious to both sides, though it may be just, and do good in the end.

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KANSAS has just decided that women shall vote in municipal elections, and the New York Senate has passed a similar bill. The same subject is under serious consideration in other States. The Maine Senate has also voted, seventeen to five, to submit to the people a constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage. But on Saturday the Senate reconsidered this action, and decided to debate the question on the next Wednesday. The subject is frequently under discussion in Massachusetts, but we do not see that the cause makes any real progress.

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GENERAL BUTLER has been sued for \$100,000 damages for imprisoning John H. Lester in Fort Hatteras during the war. He pleaded his own case and won it.

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THE Massachusetts Legislature has passed a bill providing for an investigation of the municipal government.

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ANOTHER railroad calamity, of frightful character and proportions, occurred at the bridge crossing South Street, between Roslindale and Forest Hills, on Monday, March 14, early in the morning. The place is on the Dedham branch of the Boston & Providence Railroad. Twenty-four were killed, and eight more have died up to this time (March 18), while several more are in a very critical condition. Besides these there are nearly one hundred wounded. The cause is undecided, — whether a broken girder in the bridge, or a car off the track, or a truck disordered. The people, however, had been for some time in growing fear about the bridge, and what they feared came.

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THE stated meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society was held March 17, and the president, Dr. George E. Ellis, occupied the chair. His opening remarks were as follows: "The happy clearing up of the mystery

investing the birthplace and parentage of John Harvard by the intelligent methods pursued by Mr. Waters promises to be followed with like success in the case of another distinguished man of our earliest colonial years. Roger Williams, as regards his origin, age, and kinship, has always been a puzzle to his many biographers. From the few fragmentary helps to our inferences on these points, his age, at the time of his arrival in Boston, on the 15th of February, 1631, N. S., has had a range between twenty-five and thirty-two years. Those who have shown the most of charity for his 'unsettled judgments,' by which he first was brought into notoriety here, have been willing to give him the allowance for immaturity. I have recently received from Mr. Reuben A. Guild, librarian of Brown University, a note accompanied by a newspaper slip containing a report of an interesting paper read by him, on Feb. 22, before the Rhode Island Historical Society. Mr. Guild thinks he has come to the knowledge of the early personal history of Williams. Though he admits that the story seems too good to be true, he thinks the evidence is very strong in favor of the conclusions which he has reached. Substantially they are as follows: That Roger Williams was born on Dec. 21, 1602, of a wealthy, aristocratic, high church English family; that his mother was an heiress; that he came into possession of his property just before entering Pembroke College, at the beginning of the second term, January, 1624, and that he was probably the son of William Williams, of Gwinear, Cornwall. Mr. Guild has certainly cleared one mistaken assumption, as he has found proof that the Roger Williams who was a foundation scholar at the Charter House in 1621, and who was sent to the university in July, 1624, being a good scholar, was not the Roger Williams of Rhode Island, who, at that very time, had finished his first year at Pembroke. This other Roger, who may have been the son of Lewis Williams of St. Albans, had, in June, 1629, discontinued his studies, and his education was suspended just about the time that our Roger Williams, who had been preaching in Lincolnshire, embarked for New England. We shall look with interest for a full presentment of this new material by Mr. Guild."



## NECROLOGY.

COMMANDER EDWARD P. LULL, U. S. N., died at the naval station at Pensacola in March, at the age of 51 years. He was a native of Vermont, and in 1851 was appointed to the Naval Academy from Wisconsin. He was graduated in 1855, and was a serviceable officer all through the Rebellion, and remained in the service to the day of his death.

MR. CHARLES J. PETERSON, publisher and proprietor of Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine, died suddenly in Philadelphia in March, aged 68. In summer Mr. Peterson resided at Newport, where he owned a fine estate. He was a native of Philadelphia, and an author as well as publisher, his books being very numerous. Among the best known are "Military Heroes of the Revolution," with a narrative of the War of Independence; "The Military Heroes of the War of 1812," and of "The War with Mexico," "Grace Dudley, or Arnold at Saratoga," "Cruising in the Last War," "The Naval Heroes of the United States," "The Valley Farm," "Kate Aylesford," "Story of the Refugees," "Mabel, or Darkness and Dawn," "The Old Stone Mansion," and other works. Mr. Peterson also added a continuation — from 1840 to 1856 — to Charles von Rotteck's "History of the World," and has contributed many tales and critical articles to magazines and newspapers.

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GEN. ROBERT B. POTTER, a prominent citizen of New York, and one of a family of brothers who attained eminence in various walks of life, died in March. He was a son of Alonzo Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, and a brother of Bishop H. C. Potter, Howard Potter of the banking house of Brown Bros., and the late Congressman Clarkson N. Potter. His grandfather was the late Bishop Horatio Potter of New York. Born in Boston in 1829, Robert B. Potter, after leaving college, studied law in New York. At the breaking out of the war he went to the front as a lieutenant-colonel, and saw active service at Roanoke, where he was the first to lead several companies into the works at Newburn, where he was wounded, but did not leave the field until night; at the second Bull Run; and at Antietam, where he was also wounded. During the siege of Knoxville his bravery was especially noted, as well as during the Wilderness campaign. In 1865 he received a full major-general's commission. For several years General Potter was receiver of the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. Subsequently he went to Europe, and upon his return purchased a residence in Newport, though he spent a part of his time in Washington.

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EX-PRESIDENT JOHN B. WHITE, D.D., of Wakeforest College, of North Carolina, died in Greenville, Ill., in March. He was born in Bow, N.H., in 1811, fitted for college at New Hampton, and was graduated from Brown University in 1832. In the Civil War he was chaplain of an Illinois regiment. President White was a scholar of eminent standing and was one of the most influential men of his denomination in the West. He leaves a family.

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MR. CHARLES E. MARSHALL, a Boston printer, and lately connected with the Boston Journal, died last month at the age of 37. He learned his trade in Fredericton.



CARDINAL JACOBINI died in Rome, February 26. He was considered one of the most influential men of the college of Cardinals.

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COL. A. B. JEWETT, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., died last month at Jacksonville, Fla., at the age of 60. He went to St. Johnsbury as superintendent of the St. Johnsbury and Montpelier Railroad, of which road he was made one of the receivers in the subsequent year. When it afterwards took the name of the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad, he was superintendent until after it was leased to the Boston and Lowell Railroad. He was vice-president of the road at the time of his death. He served in the army during the Rebellion, and for a part of the time commanded a Vermont regiment.

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LORING CROCKER died in Barnstable, Mass., last month in his 78th year. He was a native of Barnstable, but lived in Boston for a few years previous to 1830, during which time he became one of the earliest members of the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association. For many years in conjunction with his brother, the late Hon. Nathan Crocker, he was the largest manufacturer of salt on the Cape.

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CAPT. JOHN DOAK died at Natick, Mass., early in March at the age of 86. He was born in Haverhill, Mass., and was in the old artillery training-school. He formed a company of militia in Natick, which became Company H, of the Massachusetts Thirteenth Volunteers, that took part in the war of the Rebellion. Captain Doak was the last living member of the Washington Artillery Company, that paraded at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument.

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HON. SAMUEL R. MATTOCKS died early in March, at Lyndon, Vt., at the age of 86. He was born in Middlebury, Vt., and during his long life served as registrar of probate, clerk of the county and supreme courts, judge of probate, and State senator and representative.

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MRS. ELEANOR FRANCIS died at Greenpoint, L.I., on the 9th of last month, at the age of 84. She was one of the old residents of Boston, and a sister of the late Elisha V. Ashton who died, leaving many liberal bequests to the charitable institutions of the city. Their old family house still stands in Spring Lane.

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REV. WILLIAM S. HOWLAND died in March at Auburndale, Mass., only forty-two hours after the decease of his wife. He was born in Ceylon in 1846, and was the eldest of the six sons of Rev. W. W. Howland, for forty years missionary in Ceylon. He graduated at Monson (Mass.) Academy in 1866, at Amherst College in 1870, and at Andover Theological Seminary in

1873. In June of the latter year he married Mary L. Carpenter, of Monson, and sailed for India in the following September as a missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Madura, India. While he performed his thirteen years of work there he had the charge of an extended field and built up a number of churches.

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EX-ALDERMAN ANDREW J. HALL died in March at his farm in South Barnstead, N.H., at the age of 56. He was a native of Stafford, N.H., his father having been sheriff of the county. He went to Portsmouth, N.H., and learned the baker's trade, afterwards coming to Boston, and shortly engaged in the restaurant business, owning no less than fifteen restaurants at different times in different parts of the city. He was at one time proprietor of the Webster House, and for three years during the war was post sutler at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. He afterwards engaged in the livery business, and had in repeated years been an alderman in the city government.

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REV. DR. JAMES R. ECKARD died in March, at Abington, Penn., at the age of 82. He had performed in his life missionary service in Ceylon, had been pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., and was professor of *belles-lettres* in Lafayette College from 1858 to 1872. Dr. Eckard was a grandson of Col. James Read of Revolutionary fame, and a grand-nephew of George Read of Delaware, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

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ESTUS LAMB died at Providence, R.I., in March. He was 78 years' old. He was born in Worcester County, Mass., and at the time of his death was president of the Providence and Worcester Railroad Company. He was interested in a number of business enterprises, among which were the Monohansett cotton mills at Putnam, Conn. For over twenty-five years he had been a member of the board of directors of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, having been chosen president in 1884.

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HON. EBEN F. PILLSBURY, a native of Maine, died at Allston, Mass., in the middle of March, at the age of 64. In early life he was a school-teacher, and afterwards engaged in the practice of law at Augusta, Me. He was esteemed one of the foremost lawyers of the State. In politics he was always active, and was the candidate for governor of Maine for the Democratic party of that State in 1866. For several years he was the editor of the Maine Standard at Augusta. He left Maine and came to Boston in 1880, where he resumed legal practice. He was appointed United States Internal Revenue Collector by President Cleveland, but failed of confirmation by the Senate.

MOSES MILLER died recently in Medford, Mass., at the age of 94 years. He was formerly a well-known resident of the North End, Boston, his birth-place being Portsmouth, N.H. He was drafted into the army as a drummer-boy during the War of 1812, and served for a short time at the fort in Portsmouth harbor, but afterwards procured a substitute and went out privateering. He came to Boston in 1816 and established himself in the fish business on the old Hancock wharf. He built the first wharf in East Boston and carried the first business over there. He was the oldest deputy fish inspector of Boston, and he had been a member of the old school committee. Just previous to his death he had celebrated the 67th anniversary of his marriage.

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MOTHER ANGELA died very suddenly at St. Mary's Academy last month. She was one of the most widely known women in the country. She was a niece of Thomas Ewing, Secretary of State under President Harrison, and a cousin of the wife of General Sherman. She was likewise a cousin of the Hon. James G. Blaine, and was born in the same house with him in Brownsville, Penn., they passing their earliest years together. Her maiden name was Miss Eva Gillespie, and at one time she was a great belle in Washington. At the age of twenty-six she joined the order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, of which she became Mother Superior.

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CAPTAIN EADES died at Nassau, N.P., on the 8th of last month. He was well known as the engineer who successfully deepened the channel of the Mississippi River at New Orleans, and at the time of his unexpected decease his plan for the construction of a ship railway across the Isthmus of Panama was before Congress.

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THE REV. BENJAMIN PILLSBURY, D.D., a native of Boscawen, N.H., a graduate of Wesleyan (1847), died in Middletown, Conn., on the 27th of February, of heart disease, aged 62 years.

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THE REV. JOHN HANCOCK PETTINGILL, graduate of Yale (1837), died in New Haven, Conn., on the 27th of February, aged 71 years. He was a voluminous writer on theological topics and treated at length conditional immortality and second advent.

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MR. GEORGE E. BAKER died in New York last month. He was born in Dedham, Mass., in 1816. For many years he enjoyed the intimate friendship of William H. Seward, and was the close associate of Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed. Under President Hayes he became comptroller of the city of Washington.

## LITERATURE AND ART.

## MUNKACSY'S CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

THE use of art for advertising merchandise shows enterprise, whatever we may think of it from an æsthetic point of view. On turning over the pages of almost any of our leading magazines we see cuts of fine pictures devoted to the interest of soap, or perfumery, or plasters for rheumatism. It degrades the picture by the law of association of ideas, reducing the artist to the level of the artisan. A fine picture of "Moses in the Bulrushes of the Nile" is made ridiculous by its partial reproduction as a frontispiece in the book of a humorist like Mark Twain. But the desire for gain knows no conscience in dealing with art any more than it does in the presence of want.

A new feature in trade has recently been introduced by Mr. Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, in establishing a room of art in connection with his immense retail store, for the delight of his patrons, — including among his collection the great painting of Munkacsy, "Christ before Pilate." Whether this new way of advertising (for such it will be regarded, whatever the intention) will be to stimulate other great merchants to open art rooms, as they have already opened reception rooms, — and what will be the effect upon the art world, remains to be seen. Some will protest against this obtrusion of trade into departments foreign and superior to itself, as naturally tending to reduce them in fact, or by association, to its own level. But when the tide rolls in, it is useless to try to stay it by a shout or a growl. Besides, if a man of Mr. Wanamaker's high standing wishes to give the poor and rich, high and low, a chance to see one of the most remarkable pictures of our time, who should object?

Three years ago this painting was on exhibition in Berlin, and it was my good fortune to give to it considerable attention and study, not as an artist, but as a lover of art. In my notes written at that time, I find the following entry: "It is a very large picture, covering one side of a large room. Pilate sits on the judgment seat, dressed in a white robe trimmed with red, his left hand slightly lifted, and his fingers spread, indicating meditation, while his eyes are open toward Christ. The thought in his mind evidently is, 'What shall I do with Jesus?' The face of Pilate is of the well-known Roman type, with the strong features of one who would issue any sentence. On his left sit two Jews anxiously awaiting his decision, while on his right stands one who is a leading member of the Sanhedrin, urging the condem-



nation of Jesus. Near him are others with strong Jewish faces, all intensely interested in the issue of their appeal to Pilate against Christ.

"Not far away, leaning against the wall, is a woman holding in her arms a young child. Her face is regular and attractive, — perhaps almost beautiful, — slightly revealing a touch of sadness, although she evidently does not comprehend the full meaning of what is going on around her. Contrasted with the turbulent crowd who have come together in the judgment hall at that early morning hour, she is the representative of sympathy and good will toward the prisoner. The child in her arms is the innocent one — of innocence yet untried by temptation. Why the artist has introduced these characters into a picture which, essentially, holds much more of the tragic than of the peaceful, it is not easy to explain. Their introduction renders it historically unfaithful; but we can allow the play of imagination, providing it represents a great truth, and doubtless women and children would have been more faithfully represented at the trial by this mother and child than in any other way. Just behind Christ a rough man with both hands lifted high, and with open mouth, is evidently crying out, 'Crucify Him!' 'Crucify Him!' Among the crowd a little further back, is one who, looking over the multitude, points the forefinger toward Christ, as if saying, 'That is He.'

"Christ himself faces Pilate, and on his right is a Roman soldier, while on his left is the maddened throng. Outside, the blue and starry sky is beginning to grow pale with the first streaks of the early dawn.

"The Wonderful Prisoner is simply clothed in a white robe. His hands are tied together at the wrists, and his feet are naked. His form is erect, with the bearing and aspect of an innocent man. The shape of the face is striking. It is rather long, with a sharp nose, a kindly mouth, with the lips parting just a little, and a chin which will not be called strong. His brow indicates a well-balanced and broad and imaginative mind, rather than a peculiarly great one. His hair and beard are lightly tinged with red, and his complexion is light. His hair falls down upon his shoulders, and is thrown back from his brown and clear-cut face. His eyes are upon Pilate, not in rebuke, but in pity. The whole scene is intensely realistic, but the face of Christ does not seem to be remarkable or adequate to so great a character. It would suit the prophet of the wilderness better than the Son of David. It is not Jewish of the prevailing type, but that is nothing against it. The fault to be found with it is, that it resembles the face of a fanatic rather than that of the profoundest and most evenly balanced of moral and religious teachers who ever lived among men. In his expression there is a touch of defiance, although the supremacy of innocence and the consciousness of a great mission are forcibly represented. In his face is a light which cannot be found in any of the others, a spiritual radiance which comes from within even more than from without."

No one can go away from the painting without feeling that Pilate and the rest are on trial, and not he who with bound hands stands in the presence of his accusers and unreasoning enemies.

JOHN G. TAYLOR.

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THE CONCEPTION OF THE INFINITE, by Geo. S. Fullerton, A.M., B.D., is a metaphysical work which will command the respect of its readers, though it settle not the point it discusses. Its "Infinite," Sir William Hamilton would probably pronounce to be only the *indefinite*, which is all we can make it out to be. The never-ceasing continuance of a motion is surely only the indefinite. This is easily conceivable; but it is not the conception of the infinite. Yet we do not think that the infinite logically transcends the power of conception, else we should have no meaning in using this very common word; and it had better be disused altogether. That cannot be, simply because it is pregnant with thought, and a clear, definite thought in constant recurrence. It is the logical counterpart of the word "finite"; and as logical counterparts are conceivable and intelligible only together in comparison and contrast, so finite is without meaning except as mentally contrasted with infinite, and by that contrast is made clear; so the word, "infinite," is equally clear and intelligible by mental contrast with "finite." Without this comparison both are equally unintelligible, and with it they are equally intelligible. Each is the logical opposite of the other, and as such logically comprehensible. We know what power is: and a power which can do all things that do not involve a contradiction is as clear as the negative or finite, — a power which cannot do this. The one is positive and infinite, the other primitive and finite.

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HEART'S OWN VERSES, by Edward R. Champlin, from the house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, are well described by the title. The verses are simple and natural, and the sentiment they convey is pure, and not always without pathos. We should be glad to know that the book was having a wide circulation.

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WE are pleased to mention the receipt of the Christian Metaphysician, a new magazine in the interest of mental healing, one of the very best of the kind — for whose success we can reasonably wish.

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IT is seldom that the anniversary of a town or city is commemorated by the issue of so large and valuable and so attractive and convenient a work as the one entitled "The Providence Plantations."<sup>1</sup> The history of these — even to a recent time — is unique among the American States, as that of

<sup>1</sup> The Providence Plantations for Two Hundred and Fifty Years. Illustrated. By Welcome Arnold Greene, Providence, R.I.: J. A. & R. A. Reid, Publishers. Cloth, 4to; pp. 470.

the latter is among the nations. The literary work was done chiefly by W. C. Greene, who was assisted by many other writers. They have treated comprehensively and—for most readers—amply, not only the city of Providence, but many other towns having close relations with it in the present or the past,—including some as far away as Newport and Westerly at the south, and Woonsocket on the north. The number of views, portraits, maps, diagrams, etc., is very large.

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A LARGE number of American readers should be interested in the history of the Normans, since in their veins runs a rill which, in some degree, had its source in Normandy in times antedating William the Conqueror. In her history of this people,<sup>1</sup> Miss Jewett has treated an important as well as an interesting subject in a sprightly and in a worthy manner. In their own land they are brought to our view in the persons of the first seven dukes, the successive rulers of Normandy, who were “typical of their time and representative of the various types of the national character.” The author regards these Normans as the foremost people of their day, “the most thoroughly alive, and quickest to see where advances might be made.” This is observed to be true in regard to their methods and skill in government, and in the extension of their power and their national growth. It is shown in their very striking and original architecture, which has had so wide an influence, and whose beauties are constantly reproduced in modern structures. The same eminence is perceived in the social field; for it is admitted that this people were gifted with sentiment and with good taste, together with intellectual cleverness. Yet as with others there is a dark side to the picture,—failures in point of noble action, and misfortunes that involved much privation. These were owing, as usual, to a blindness to the inevitable results of certain courses, and the accompanying unwillingness to listen to their best teachers. In order that we may understand the old Norman beauty and grace, their manly strength, courage, and courtesy, the author would have us go now to the shores of Norway, where in the country of the saga-men and the rough sea-kings, beside the steep-shored harbors of the viking dragon-ships, linger still the constantly repeated types of our earlier ancestry, and where the flower of the sagas blooms as fair as ever. This is a rather romantic view of the subject, but in a certain sense, it is probably a true one.

<sup>1</sup> The Story of the Normans, by Sarah Orne Jewett. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1887. Cloth, 12mo.; pp. 373, \$1.50.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

A HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS. By Thomas Armitage, D.D., LL.D., with an introduction by J. L. M. Curry, D.D., LL.D. Illustrated. New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co. 1837. Cloth, 8vo; pp. 978.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE. By Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1887. Cloth, gilt top. Illustrated, 8vo; pp. 478. Price \$3.00.

CASELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. Edited by Prof. Henry Morley. Paper. Issued weekly at \$5.00 a year; single copies, 10 cents. Vol. II., No. 56, CROTCHETT CASTLE. By Thomas Love Peacock. No. 57, Plutarch's Lives of Pericles and Fabius Maximus, \* Demosthenes and Cicero. No. 58, Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. No. 59, Sermons on Evil Speaking, by Isaac Barrows, D.D. No. 60, The Diary of Samuel Pepys. No. 61, The Tempest, by William Shakespeare.

THE EMANCIPATION OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Brooks Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, gilt top, 12mo; pp. 382. Price \$1.50.

FIFTY NOTABLE YEARS: Views of the Ministry of Christian Universalism during the last half-century, with Biographical Sketches. By John G. Adams, D.D. Illustrated with portraits. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 1882. Cloth, 8vo; pp. 336.

AMERICAN COLLEGES: Their Students and Work. By Charles F. Thwing. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. Cloth, 12mo; pp. 213. Price \$1.25. Boston: for sale by Clarke & Carruth.



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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### HISTORY OF BREAD-MAKING.

By WM. H. RHODES.

THE origin of bread-making is wrapped in the obscurity which envelops most of the initial history of civilization, especially concerning its domestic affairs. These are considered as of the least dignity and public interest. The masculine gender, too, has always disdained to pay any respect to the concerns of his female domestics; and no improvement in their methods would be deemed worthy of remark. These improvements therefore could be chronicled incidentally only, by their necessary connection with history,



or be found registered in the monumental forms which they have left behind them. These, however, are few. Yet they are enough to shed quite a clear light far back into the history of bread-making.

In some of the lake dwellings bread has been found well charred with the fire which consumed the dwelling, and preserved the better by being thus charred. Also on Lake Constance, in the vicinity of the lacustrine villages, a pre-historic granary has been discovered containing hundreds of bushels of wheat and barley, which indicates that the baking process was prevalent among them.

We do not find any proximately civilized people who are utterly ignorant of the art of baking or roasting meats and cereals. This is one of the initial domestic achievements of those who have learned the use of fire, which speedily suggests, by accident or reflection, that it may thus be made to minister to the gratification of the palate and appetite. Hence we find fire used for this purpose among the lowest of existing savages; and monumental evidences of its use among some of the most ancient and primitive savages are not wanting.

The oldest literature we have also makes allusions to baking as if it were a settled and universal practice among the people. The "baker" seems as familiar as the "butler" in the story of Joseph and Pharaoh. Still earlier Abraham is described as giving instructions to Sarah to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it and bake cakes upon the hearth." So, in Sodom, Lot entertained the angels with "a feast, and did bake unleavened bread, and they did eat."

Unleavened bread would be the first form in which it was baked. The simple must precede the complex. How long this was used before the process of leavening was discovered we cannot tell. It may have been, and not improbably was, ages on ages that unleavened bread was the highest attainment in the art of baking cereals. This was the bread which Abraham furnished to the "Lord" and the two "men" with him; and this was the kind of bread with which these two men under the designation of angels were fed by Lot in Sodom. This was the "angel's food" in those days, and, with the kid, formed Abraham's feast for the Lord himself. It has been suggested that since it is said that Lot made unleavened bread he must have been acquainted with leavened bread. That argument holds good for the writer of the narrative, not for Lot. The writer lived later than the alleged time of Lot; how much later is not yet definitely settled — probably several hundred years. Bread made hastily would have to be unleavened, — and so the writer intends to explain.

It is probably true that unleavened bread was all that the posterity of Abraham ever tasted before their sojourn in Egypt. The bread of wandering tribes has nearly always been unleavened. It is so generally to this day among the Bedouins of the Arabian Peninsula. They carry with them



meal and water, and when they stop take their meal and mix it with water into a dough, kindle a fire, and bury their thin cake in the ashes to bake.

It was partly, no doubt, from the feeling of conservatism in favor of this more primitive practice that unleavened bread only was allowed at the most sacred feast of the Jewish nation, as well as from its symbolic significance. This had no doubt a large influence on the general practice and habit; so that probably most of the bread made by them till a late period of their history was unleavened. The general use of leaven in Egypt would by reaction operate to the same effect.

In the days of unleavened bread, when men were too low in the stage of development to know how to raise their bread, their skill and facilities and implements for grinding their flour or barley meal would be very crude and imperfect. Hence the earliest bread of which we have any historic knowledge was not only unleavened, but unground. The grains of wheat and barley were only crushed, so as to be made softer and more pervious to the action of water and heat, and so adhere together in the form of a cake. The bread discovered in the lake dwellings was of this kind. They had no millstones. They only brayed and bruised the kernels of the grain till the starch in it was set in some degree free. When, after the long lapse of an untold period, millstones came into use, they had to be operated wholly by hand, and by the weak hands of women. Even then, therefore, the grinding must have been very poor and coarse compared with that of our modern flour. This would be especially so in poor families, where implements would be inferior and the labor scant. In the wealthier families there could be procured something which was relatively "fine flour," which doubtless would be far coarser than the coarsest flour of our time.

Egypt is the country where we have the earliest evidence of the making of leavened bread; but we have no intimation of the method or occasion of its origin among them. To themselves it was probably unknown, lost in the very early and pre-lettered period of their domestic life. There are two general classes of leaven which have been used both in ancient and modern times. One is sour dough; the other is yeast from some other fermented substance. A bit of dough left over, especially if quite moist, would sour and ferment; and if this were mixed with a new batch, as it would naturally be, from economic motives, it would leaven all the new lot. Thus the making of leavened bread might come naturally and accidentally at an early period in the history of bread-making. This is the leaven which is now almost exclusively used by the bakers of Paris in making bread; as in this country, pancakes, after the first batch, are usually leavened in this way.

The other kind of leaven in its use with bread is more artificial, and would necessarily come later. The fermentation of grapes (and other fruits) would be early discovered in the warm countries where they

flourish, and hence wine is among the earliest known product there. From the natural fermentation they would discover that the yeast thence generated would hasten fermentation in connection with other batches of grapes ; and thus the process of making artificial wine was inaugurated. It was quite a step, yet natural and easy, to proceed from this to the use of yeast in making leavened bread. But having already observed that fermenting dough is a yeast-forming process, the suggestion was readily made that the application of yeast would answer the purpose of sour dough, and more speedily.

Thus from very early times, from the very dawn of civilization, we have seen these two methods of leavening bread in operation. For thousands of years there was neither addition nor change in these methods. Improvement was never once thought of. These, it was supposed, were to be the processes to the end of time. When they could not thus have their bread leavened they could bake it unleavened ; and to eat this, and have plenty of it, was never deemed any hardship.

Conservatism is nowhere more conspicuous than in bread-making. Women are everywhere more conservative than men ; and they have been the domestic bread-makers of the world. From this conservatism, as well as from poverty of thought and resources, the crudest kind of bread made in primeval times is still made and eaten extensively in various portions of the civilized world. In the rural districts of Sweden the people's bread is rye cakes, made only twice a year, and almost as hard as stone. Similar cakes, made of barley and oats, were the common staple of food in Scotland within a hundred years ; and oat cakes still have a place in the diet of many of the common people there, and in the northern counties of England, nowadays usually leavened, but not always. In the northern portions of the continent of Europe, especially Russia, hard unleavened bread is the rule, not the exception. Speaking of the various cereals and non-cereals from which bread is made, a great authority has said : " Excepting rye, none of these substances is used for making vesiculated or fermented bread." That must be a " slip of the pen." In our youth we have seen " oaten cakes " scores of times made of leaven, and never saw them made any other way. This is the common method of making " haver bread " in Yorkshire, which was baked on a " back stone," a kind of thin, smooth soapstone over a furnace, on which stone was spread the thin leaven oat-meal batter, much as we here bake our buckwheat cakes ; only that the haver bread cake was a little thinner, and oval in form, and from eighteen to twenty-four inches long and twelve or fourteen inches wide, one only being baked at a time.

In America, unless otherwise indicated, we always mean by bread wheat flour made into dough and then leavened and baked. We generally use some specific adjective to designate any other kind of bread, so completely

from common use has this form of bread monopolized the name ; and it is chiefly in this light that we have used the term in this article.

There are several advantages in leavening bread. It is more pleasing to the eye. No unleavened cake or loaf can compare in beauty with one that is nicely leavened and baked. This is a great recommendation. Beauty, even among savages, is always a prime requisite, for which they readily sacrifice more solid and substantial comforts. This alone would win for it general acceptance so far as there is time or means for its indulgence.

Another advantage is its greater agreeableness to the teeth and palate. It may be hard and it may be sour. But neither of these is the ideal leaven bread ; and it can have, and usually has, an agreeableness which never belongs to unleavened bread. This more than pays for the trouble and expense to those who can afford it ; and from long habits with the common people of this country and with many in Europe it has come to be considered one of the necessities, not luxuries, of life.

But its greatest advantage is the least obvious and the latest to be discovered and appreciated, — its superior digestibility. This arises from its vesicular form, as it is honeycombed by the gas and vapors generated by the fermenting and baking processes. The two great products of fermentation are alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The heat in the process of baking vaporizes the alcohol and distils away both it and the gas. In their way out through the pores of the baking dough they find obstruction from the adhesive tenacity of the gluten, which is one of the constituents of the flour ; and by pushing against these obstructions they expand the dough in every direction. This expansion for the most part remains, because the thin walls of gluten through which the gas and vapor pass remain firm, and stiffen as the bread cools. While it is quite fresh, the gluten is yet soft and pulpy, and so when masticated it solidifies into a heavy gummy mass in the mouth, impervious to the saliva and the gastric juice, when its digestion will be very difficult and slow.

After the bread has been baked twelve to twenty-four hours the cell walls become hard and firm, and they are only partially broken down in mastication, so that the saliva and the gastric juice can readily penetrate it all through, and soon reduce it in the stomach to chyme. Here, then, is the great advantage of leavened bread, its vesicular character, presenting the largest possible and the most freely accessible surface to the saliva and gastric juice. Whatever will effect this most healthfully, speedily, and cheaply is the great desideratum of modern times in making bread.

The ordinary methods of raising bread are very tedious from the length of time and particularity of circumstance and temperature required, and the result is therefore quite uncertain, though probable. Then the process involves a vast waste of the most precious product of the earth. This waste consists in destroying, putrifying, and turning into carbonic acid gas



and wasted alcohol from six to ten per cent of the flour used in making bread. As a faint indication of this waste we may mention that it has been estimated that more than three hundred thousand gallons of alcohol are annually evaporated from the bread ovens of London alone; and costly attempts have been made to collect and utilize this, but in vain.

To escape these objectionable features attaching to ordinary bread-raising, chemists have resorted to various powders. We have all been long familiar with *saleratus* and sour milk, and the jaundiced biscuit which they often gave us: and we have often prayed for some further advance in panary science; and we approved the discretion of our housewives who steadily refrained from using this modern discovery whenever they had time to leaven their bread by the old methods.

Bi-carbonate of soda has also been used with sour milk in the place of *saleratus*; but it has not been a conspicuous success, because the proper adjustment of the acid and alkali is very difficult and seldom attained. Bi-carbonate of soda with cream of tartar is another of these attempted substitutes of fermenting leaven; but eminent physicians have pronounced its use injurious to the alimentary organs. Among the more recent and best advertised invention was that of the "aërated bread," the merit of which is due to Mr. Daughlish of London. He prepared carbonic acid gas independently, and then injected it into the dough, so that its expansion and escape through the dough in the process of baking raised the bread. This method was admirable in design; but it is possible only by means of a costly apparatus which only large bakeries could afford, and even to them it was too costly to make it pay so as to bring it into general use. The use of alum in connection with bread-making was first mentioned in 1874. The use of this substance alone may properly be considered as an adulteration, because — without going into the question of the deleterious effects which it may produce upon the human system — it permits of the use of poor or damaged flour in the preparation of a bread which would apparently be otherwise perfect. Baking-powders made with desiccated ammonia, alum, and bi-carbonate of soda, will leave an alumina hydrate in the bread, and a difference of opinion exists among authorities whether bread made from such a baking-powder can be wholesome. All the modern inventions so far, for superseding the use of fermented leavens in making bread, may therefore be pronounced failures. They have but poorly attained the end they seek; besides, whatever their success otherwise, the only gain they even attempt to secure is an increased economy of time and trouble, and the saving of the loss caused by fermentation. This would indeed be a great step forward were it really achieved. Now if we could find a powder, or combination of powders, which should not only accomplish this fully and to universal satisfaction, but also supply the valuable constituents to the flour which are taken from it by our modern refinements in bolting it, we should



have here a great and precious benefaction for mankind. There is a baking-powder coming into extensive fame and use which seems to possess these excellencies.

It is conceded on all hands that our modern fine flour is deficient in the properties which go to make bone and cartilage and teeth, and also brain and nerve, and that these properties are disproportionately carried off with the bran in bolting. As people will have the fine flour because of the look and taste, the phosphates carried away with the bran must, if possible, be restored by some other method. This is designed to be done in these baking-powders. By elaborate chemical processes phosphoric acid is produced, and then for convenience it is mixed with a dry farinaceous substance or powder. This powder is then mixed with bi-carbonate of soda, forming a baking-powder; and the combination generates carbonic acid gas, which raises the dough in its effort to escape. This is a very intelligible theory, and is thoroughly scientific. It has already had a growing and extending trial of some twenty or more years. Its originator, E. N. Horsford, formerly a professor of chemistry at Harvard College, has devoted a large portion of a long life to its perfection, having also the co-operation of other distinguished chemists.

Professor Charles A. Doremus, Adjunct Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, says: "The natural phosphates removed from the grain in the process of bolting the flour, are by Horsford's method restored through the baking-powder. While the residues which all baking-powders leave, except those which consist of salts which volatilize completely under the heat of the baking-oven, are of a nature which makes it a matter of doubt whether they should be introduced into the system. In the case of the phosphatic powders the residue is of positive value, and is not foreign to the flour, but composed of the same salts, practically, which form the ash of the cereal grains.

"It is a serious problem for the physiological chemist to discover the best method of supplying the human system, especially an exhausted one, with the requisite amount of phosphatic food for the organism to remain in health. The phosphatic salts are never wanting in the most nourishing varieties of food, whether vegetable or animal. They are closely allied to all the vital functions, are constantly being eliminated from the body, and must be replaced by a fresh supply. The testimony of thousands goes to show that under the prevalent conditions and habits of American life, there are few who are not greatly benefited when they partake of these same phosphates as restorative agents. The sales of phosphatic preparations for medicinal use, or as mild tonics, have assumed enormous proportions.

"Elaborate experiments on the effect of the residue left by cream of tartar and other baking-powders, on gastric digestion, showed that the digestion of albumen by gastric juice was greatly retarded by the residue which would

be left in biscuit made by cream of tartar baking-powders. Besides retarding the digestion of albumen, it was observed that the tartrate residue rendered the mass liable to fermentative changes.

"That the phosphates can have any detrimental influence on either gastric or intestinal digestion is improbable, since the juices of the digestive organs contain these salts in relatively large proportions. From what has been said, it should be apparent that while there are many baking-powder mixtures of quite dissimilar composition, yet they have essentially but one office, — that of raising bread. Their action may take place at the time of kneading or subsequently. They may possess some advantage in regard to cost or of the quantity to be used, and in the residue — if there is any — being small or less injurious than some other ; but in all cases save one, the element of adding a nutritive character to the bread is entirely lacking.

"Unless a phosphate form one of the ingredients of a baking-powder, there is no residue left of nutritive value.

"We are in the position to-day to select from among many of approximately equal value in other respects, a powder which shall, through the foresight of one versed in science, surpass all competitors in possessing the additional quality of restoring or adding to the flour nutritive elements."

The public will be interested to know, at home and abroad, that the result so impressed Baron Liebig, the most distinguished food chemist of his time, that he wrote to its inventor and elaborator as follows : —

"I have, through a great series of experiment, satisfied myself of the purity and excellence of your preparation. The bread has no acid, is easily digested, and of the best taste. Aside from the conveniences this invaluable idea of yours has proved, I consider this invention as one of the most useful gifts which science has made to mankind. It is certain that the nutritive value of the flour will be increased ten per cent by your invention, and the result is precisely the same as if the fertility of our wheat-fields had been increased by that amount. What a wonderful result is this !"

Wonderful indeed, and blessed is the accomplishment of such a result.

THE excellent work published last year by the enterprising house of J. A. and R. A. Reid, of Providence, R.I., "The Providence Plantations," is stated to have already had a sale of 10,000 copies. By the courtesy of the Messrs. Reid, we have been able to increase the illustrations of our April number by the use of several fine cuts used for this work.

THE Photographic Studio of H. G. Morton, 75 Westminster St., Providence, has a well-deserved reputation for producing first-class work at reasonable prices. Any of our readers, whether in want of anything in his line or not, will do well to call on Mr. Morton and examine the fine collection of pictures with which his rooms are filled.

THOS. S. HAMMOND has an elegant line of stationery, especially blank books. Good, durable blank books are a rarity in the present rush for cheapness, but Mr. Hammond has combined durability and cheapness; and no one will be disappointed who expects a good article for a reasonable price, if bought at 39 Weybosset St.

DR. FRANK W. SHATTUCK, 357 Westminster St., Providence, is using the Boston Vegetable Anæsthetic in extracting teeth, and is earning the highest encomiums from those who seek relief from painful teeth. He also makes sets which he warrants to please, and at very reasonable prices.

THE Bigelow Printing Company, 45 Eddy St., Providence, is prepared to fill orders for job printing at very reasonable prices.

To put this magazine on a permanent and substantial basis, it has been decided to organize an incorporated company, and thus furnish means for co-operation by persons desiring to interest themselves in this great work of collecting and presenting in popular form the vast amount of hitherto unwritten New England history. We wish to emphasize the following facts: 1. New England, more than any other part of this great country, is especially rich in historical material. 2. Only a small portion of that history has been as yet treated. 3. Facts are really stranger than fiction, and history can be made as fascinating to the reader as romance, without detracting from literary and historic considerations. 4. This magazine is the first to definitely set forth these views, and the first and only one devoted to this noble work. 5. These studies, presenting facts and principles correctly, are valuable, and, indeed, necessary to the development of a right national and patriotic sentiment alike in the native youth and the multitudes which pour into our country from the old world. 6. This work should be substantially encouraged by all thoughtful people. It has only just begun, and can be made far more effective through the direct co-operation of a few progressive and able persons. 7. This is one of the few objects combining the very highest type of philanthropy with a good financial return. 8. That all persons interested will confer a favor, and, we trust, will not be disappointed, by corresponding with the publisher of this magazine in regard to these points.

"The contents are exceedingly timely and readable, the articles being from good writers, and the subjects well chosen."—THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

Comparing THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE with others, THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION (Boston) says: "It has an historical value second to none in this country."

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A POPULAR ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

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Four volumes (24 numbers) are now completed, and the fifth volume begins with the number for November, 1886.

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